

JUNE 1921

CURRENT OPINION

Formerly CURRENT LITERATURE

Edited by Edward J. Wheeler & Dr. Frank Crane



Germany Promises To Be Good Again

Dr. Frank Crane on Harding's Policy

Mme. Curie—the Most Famous Woman in
the World

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The Mysterious Power of Pelmanism Disclosed

A New and Easy Process That Practically
Forces Men and Women to Succeed

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The Bells of France

AFTER desolation—Silence.

Not the happy Silence of peace and plenty, but the bitter Silence of wretchedness.

Silence like that in the house when the dead lies in his coffin in the front room, like that which is left when the baby prattle and patter is no more because the baby is out in the graveyard, like that left in the wretched village where the tornado has gone over.

When the Boche devastated Northern France he took all the bells of the churches to melt them and make cannon of them.

The Church bell means much to the French villager. It greets the day, it tolls for the passing soul, it summons to festal days, at the sound of the Angelus all labor stops, while the workers remember they are sons and daughters of God.

The American Committee now at work helping restore the desolated regions is doing all it can toward restoring business, farms, houses and schools.

Then one woman on the committee, one whose husband gave his life in the war, was struck by this pitiful Silence. She determined to give a bell to one village in his name.

So beautiful an idea could not stop there.

It is now proposed to give a bell to each of a hundred French villages.

The cost of each bell will be 1,200 francs, or about \$100, with an inscription.

What better memorial could an American family make than to cause a bell, named for the lost son, speak forever to the people he died to rescue?

What more Christly deed could a Protestant Church in Massachusetts do than to present a bell to a Catholic Church in Picardy?

In this most beautiful movement CURRENT OPINION is glad to do its part. It will be pleased to receive \$100 or more from any person or organization to put a bell in a French village. Money sent to us will be receipted for and faithfully handed over to the Committee.

How fine for an American town to give a bell to a town in France, that its tongue may forever proclaim our friendship.

Send your money to CURRENT OPINION, 50 West 47th Street, New York City.

Every cent you send will go into the bell.

And forever its sweet tongue will cheer our brothers and sisters, the French people, and somewhat heal by its daily message of friendship the dreadful Silence of ruin.

Frank Crane



"THE BEST PERSON IN ALL PARIS TO SEND TO MARKET"

That is the way the cousin of Madame Curie speaks of her. The most famous woman in the world to-day, the discoverer of Radium, a professor in the Sorbonne, now an honored visitor to this country, keeps the simplicity of character and the domesticity that characterized her when, as a little Polish maid, she first went to Paris to study.

CURRENT OPINION

Editor:
Edward J. Wheeler
Editorials:
by Dr. Frank Crane



Associate Editors
Alexander Harvey
William Griffith

VOL. LXX

JUNE, 1921

No. 6

Getting Back Into the Game

JUST two months and two days after his inauguration, President Harding, who was going to call back our boys from Coblenz almost at once and who expected to sign a separate peace treaty with Germany as soon as it could be railroaded through Congress, proceeded to put the United States back into the very center of the world-game.

On May 5, a letter from Lloyd George, as President of the Allied Conference, was handed by the British Ambassador to Secretary Hughes. It was an invitation to the United States to resume representation in the Supreme Council, the Ambassadors' Conference and the Reparations Commission. Action on this invitation was prompt and decisive. Within twenty-four hours it had been presented to the Cabinet, a decision reached, representatives selected and a response delivered. There was no pussy-footing, no negotiating with our elder statesmen, no fumbling. In the reply, which the *New York Tribune* says might well have set the joy-bells to pealing in every belfry of the country,

and which the *New York World* says will be "welcome beyond power of words to express" to all thinking Americans, Secretary Hughes informs Mr. Lloyd George that (1) Mr. George Harvey, our new Ambassador to England, will be instructed upon his arrival in England "to take part as the representative of the President of the United States in the deliberations of the Supreme Council"; (2) that the American Ambassador to France will be instructed "to resume his place as unofficial observer on the Conference of Ambassadors"; (3) that Mr. Roland W. Boyden "will be instructed to sit again in an unofficial capacity on the Reparations Commission."

It should be noted that tho the last two appointees are to act in an "unofficial" capacity, nothing is said of Mr. Harvey's acting in an unofficial way. He is not merely to observe, but to "take part" in the deliberations of the Supreme Council as the representative of the President. Nothing, it seems, could be more official than that.



WE'LL SOON BE ABLE TO RECOGNIZE OUR OWN
CHILD—THO HIS PLAYMATES MAY NOT KNOW
HIM AT FIRST

—Ding in *Springfield Republican*.

It is true that in our reply there is a sentence that seems to limit the range of our cooperation. The sentence is as follows: "The Government of the United States, while maintaining the traditional policy of abstention from participation in matters of distinctly European concerns, is deeply interested in the proper encouragements and in the just settlement of matters of world-wide importance which are under discussion in these conferences, and desires helpfully to cooperate in the deliberations upon these questions." The limitation does not mean as much as it seems to mean. It is obviously a sop thrown to the bitter-enders. For there are very few things being dealt with by the Supreme Council that are not "matters of world-wide importance."

The full significance of this quick and

decisive action appears when we consider the fact that the Supreme Council is a body continuing in existence to see that the Treaty of Versailles is carried out, and the Reparations Commission is a body created by that Treaty as one of the instrumentalities for its execution. "Our obligations," said President Harding in his first message to Congress, "in effecting European tranquillity, because of war's involvements, are not less impelling than our part in the war itself." He has lost no time in translating that sentence into action.

The League of Nations is one thing. The Supreme Council is another. The former is intended to include all nations. The latter consists of the representatives of five nations—Great Britain, France, Italy, Belgium, Japan. According to Louis Siebold,

Washington correspondent of the *New York World*, "the Wilson administration never recognized the authority of the Supreme Council after the signing of the Peace Treaty and the League of Nations Covenant at Versailles." Mr. Wilson seems to have held that the Council is an extra-legal enterprize, if not a wholly illegal one. Yet it is the Supreme Council, not the League, that is carrying out the Treaty, assigning mandates, settling controversies such as those between Poland and her neighbors and between Italy and Jugoslavia, determining the concessions to be made to Germany in the matter of reparations, preparing to support France in the seizure of the Ruhr region if necessary, etc. The League looks to the future—the prevention of other wars and the composing of fu-

ture difficulties. The Supreme Council is designed to take care of the consequences flowing from the recent war. It is a concert of Powers, bound by no Covenant, of uncertain duration, the nations composing it being at liberty to withdraw at any time and to support or not support any action agreed upon. Mr. Wilson's friends in Washington and, presumably, Mr. Wilson himself, according to Mr. Siebold, hold that "the Harding administration, by recognizing the authority of the Allied Supreme Council, has actually involved the United States in foreign entanglements much more menacing to American interests than would have resulted from the ratification of the Versailles Treaty by the Senate."

That, of course, is a disputable point. What is not disputable is that President Harding, face to face with the realities of the situation, only two months after taking office to which he was elected with the enthusiastic support of the bitter-enders, has found it so necessary to put this nation again into the world-game that, to do so, he is willing to jeopardize the unity of the Republican ranks at the outset of his term. The fact speaks volumes for the force of those realities. What are they? The *London Daily News* gives a pretty good idea of them when it says: "America to-day is not isolated. She is in contact with Japan over the Pacific Island called Yap and over the whole Chinese question. She is in contact with Britain over oil and may soon be over Panama tolls. She is in contact with Britain and France over cables. She is in contact with a large part of Central Europe by reason of the mag-

nificent efforts her people put forth, largely through Hoover's agency, for the relief of distress in that afflicted area, and she is conspicuously in contact with all the Allies as a creditor for the vast sums she lent them during the war."

We are again in an "association of nations." It is not the League of Nations, but it is handling much more perilous questions than the League is handling and is far more of a super-state than the League has any notion of being. The Supreme Council is, while it lasts, far more of a "foreign entanglement" than the League is. The Council, during May, was moving armies and apportioning mandates and issuing ultimatums. What the League was doing was the holding of international conferences on the opium traffic (May 2), on health regulations (May 5), on reduction of armaments (May 12), on international maritime law (May 24), on international blockade



THEY MAY LET HIM WASH THE DISHES
—Bronstrup in *San Francisco Chronicle*.

and on registration of various treaties.

We are straining out a gnat and swallowing a camel with a vengeance, and, so far as we can see at this moment, the country is delighted that we are swallowing it. The *New York Tribune*, for instance, chortled with joy over the fact that "this nation is once more keeping step to the music of world-union," that "we are now members of a world concert," and that "President Harding puts us back in, and, in effect, restores, the alliance for the purposes for which it was formed." The *New York Times* thinks that the President has "taken a long step toward ending the senseless and unsafe policy of isolation we have for some time pursued." The *New York World* finds public sentiment "practically unanimous" in support of the new

policy. "The country is genuinely glad," it says, "to find itself emerging from the false position into which it had been led by Senate partisanship." It questions, however, whether history records any great event more charged with bitter irony, for it thinks that the policy the President has adopted "leads straight to the League of Nations," and it will be surprized if he stops this side of Geneva. The *Springfield Republican* finds President Harding "now headed in the right direction." The *Philadelphia Public Ledger* sees the "inevitable clash" between the President and the group of "Irreconcilables" coming faster than was expected, and with the President forcing the fighting. It thinks he has "broken with his old alinements and receded from positions that he maintained as Senator Harding," but the adroit way in which he has done this leaves the Senate helpless. It says: "A resentful Senate finds itself in a helpless position for the immediate present. The play has passed out of its hands; the ball is out of Senate territory. All the irate Senators can do just now is gnash their teeth and compare, while biding their time, the position President Harding now occupies with that held by Woodrow Wilson a few short months ago." In saying this, the *Ledger* is evidently referring to the fact that, as admitted by Republican and Democratic Senators, the action of the President does not require Senate approval or Senate action of any kind. One of the bitter-enders, Senator Moses, frankly admits this and the others seem to acquiesce. The *Louisville Courier*



JUST LIKE OLD TIMES

—Ding in *Springfield Republican*.

Journal praises the President's common sense, foresight and courage, and tho it sees inconsistency in his action it remarks that inconsistency is often a virtue. The *Brooklyn Eagle* sounds a more positive note of criticism. It draws a sharp contrast between the League and the Council. Both are dominated by the same Powers, but "the Council possesses all of the objectionable features and none of the virtues inherent in the two bodies." It was the Council, not the League, that gave Yap to Japan; that divided up the Ottoman Empire between its members, "excluding this country from participation in equal trade opportunities"; that "ignored this country for two years in dealing with the Adriatic and other vital questions"; that determined the policy in Syria, Poland, Russia, Persia—the Near and the Far East; that drew the attacks made by Senators Knox, Lodge, Borah and Johnson. If we limit our participation in European affairs to recognition of the Supreme Council, says the *Eagle*, "we will do nothing to remove injustice or lessen the possibility of war." The *Houston Post* takes a similar view. "We elect," it says, "to remain aloof from the negotiations which might prevent war and yet remain in a position to be forced in willy-nilly when the conflagration begins." But, at the same time, it concedes that this is probably the best that can be done just now. The *New York Evening Post* rejoices that "our retreat from the line of duty has ended," that we are passing from the rôle of waiters and sneerers and regretters to the line of doers.



WHEN PROFESSOR EINSTEIN CALLED ON PRESIDENT HARDING

—Thomas in *Detroit News*.

The apparent change of view of the President is emphasized by the report that the Knox resolution declaring the state of war at an end, so quickly passed by the Senate, is being held up in the House in deference to what the President's wishes are believed to be. It has not yet been considered in committee and the chairman of the committee nonchalantly remarks that no date has been set for calling the committee together for its consideration. This sounds rather ominous for the Senate, or at least for the group of bitter-enders who were packed into the Foreign Committee and who have been in control of it for two years. If the House is ready to support the President in breaking with their narrow policy they are going to have hard sledding for the next two years. The Republican majority is no longer so slim that it must tremble when Senators Johnson and Borah roar.

So far the only voices that have been lifted up in the Senate in open antagonism to the President's course are from those lovers of political solitaire, Senators La Follette and Reed. The former has introduced a resolution with five whereases which declare that the Treaty of Versailles is "a crime born of blind revenge and insatiable greed," that our participation in the Supreme Council may be taken as an endorsement of its "imperialistic policies," and therefore it is the sense of the Senate that such participation is contrary to American ideals and a sanction of the oppression of India, Ireland and other subject nations—with regard to which, by the way, the Supreme Council has taken no action whatever.

But Senator La Follette is almost as little *persona grata* to the other bitter-enders as to the other wing of the Republican Party, and even he, when introducing his resolution, "had nothing to say."

William Allen White, of Kansas, writing in the Washington *Herald*, diagnoses the situation as follows: "President Harding, being his own master at the moment, is gently working out a foreign policy which will land America in whatever league, association or court Republicans like Root, Hughes, Nicholas Murray Butler, Wick-ersham and Lowell decide shall be established upon the debris of Europe. That big, fundamental fact is growing more obvious every day."

□ □

Germany Promises To Be Good

THE world breathes more easily: Germany has made more promises.

On the last day before that on which the French troops were to march upon Essen, the new German Foreign Min-

ister wrote to Lloyd George, president of the Supreme Council, a very brief note, of 186 words. The German Government, it said, is "fully resolved" to do four things: (1) "to carry out, without reserve or condition, its obligations as defined by the Reparations Commission"; (2) "to accept and carry out, without reserve or condition," the guarantees prescribed by that commission; (3) "to carry out without reserve or delay" the measures of disarmament demanded by the Allied Powers"; (4) "to carry out without reserve or delay" the trial of war criminals, and "to execute the other unfulfilled portions of the Treaty."

From any other than a German Government, this would seem to be an eminently satisfactory note. But German notes require microscopic examination. One thing to be noted is that this is not, in form, a promise of any kind. It is a declaration. The last sentence is: "I ask the Allied Powers to take note immediately of this declaration." It is, further, a declaration that "the German Government is fully resolved" to do the things enumerated—a Government that had come into existence two days before and may go out of existence any day.

Judged by all the rules of international intercourse, the note is binding upon the German people. The Government's decision was sustained by a vote of 221 to 175 in the Reichstag, only two parties, however, Majority Socialists and Clericals, giving it undivided support. The new Cabinet had been formed after "two days of the wildest possible chaos, in which the parties met day and night," finally acting in desperation. It is an improvised Cabinet, an improvised Government, and its declaration of purpose, if it goes out of power, may be construed by its successor to mean nothing. It is just as well that the French have made

up their minds not to withdraw any of their troops from the points of departure for invasion of the Ruhr district.

The test of Germany's good faith comes close on the heels of her latest "declaration." The long-delayed trial of her alleged war criminals, scheduled to begin at Leipzig, May 23, furnishes such a test. Forty-four cases are presented by the Allies as the first batch, and the prosecution is conducted by German officials before a German court, but with British and other lawyers on hand to watch proceedings.

The second test will come in the payment of one billion gold marks

(about 240 million dollars) before June 1. The third test will come in the disarmament measures, which are to be completed by July 1.

What Germany is required to do, in the way of reparations, is to pay altogether 132 billion gold marks (about 31 billion dollars), plus the amount of Belgium's debt to her Allies. Germany is to issue bonds secured by the entire assets of the Empire, in three installments. The first installment, of 12 billion gold marks (about \$2,800,000,000), is to be delivered by July 1; the second, of 38 billion marks (about nine billion dollars), by November 1; the third, of



"AH! NOW I UNDERSTAND YOU"

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



"SHE LOVES ME, SHE LOVES ME NOT"

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

82 billion marks (about 19½ billion dollars), also on November 1; but this latter installment is to be without coupons, and is to be issued by the Allies only when the commission judges that Germany can take care of the interest and the sinking fund. On all these bonds Germany is to pay five per cent. interest, plus one per cent. for sinking fund. The total annual payment, when all the bonds are issued, will thus be about \$1,860,000,000, of which about \$310,000,000 will be for the sinking fund. The terms offered her at the London conference (about 21 billion dollars capital sum, plus 12 per cent. of her export trade) were much milder than those now made by the Reparations Commission and accepted at the point of French bayonets. Germany has gained nothing by her delay. A Committee on Guarantees is to be appointed by the commission which will see that certain German revenues are assigned to the payments of interest and sinking fund. These revenues are

to be such as maritime and land customs, all import and export duties, and 26 per cent. on the amount of exports. Germany may, with the consent of the commission, substitute other forms of revenue, if she wishes, and she may make part payments in such material and labor as are required for restoration of the devastated areas by any of the Allied Powers.

Those are the terms fixed and accepted. Two large interrogation marks still accompany them. Will the German people stand the gaff when their Government applies it to them in the form of taxes? Can the bonds be marketed within a reasonable time at a reasonable rate?

What will a German bond, paying 5 per cent., be worth in the market next July and next November? It will make a big difference to France whether she can market her bonds at par or must market them at 75 per cent. of par or even less.

Germany's ability to pay is, by this time, pretty well established. There is now lying in 252 German savings banks a sum slightly less than 15 billion marks. In the Post Office Savings Bank there is a total of 8,300 million marks. During the first four months of this year, German industry has called for and secured 3,500 million marks of new capital, breaking all records. Industries are paying surprising dividends. According to the Berlin correspondent of the *New York Times*, the Varziner Paper Factory made a net profit last year of 5 million marks and paid 40 per cent. dividends; the Goldback Colored and Art Paper Co. paid 55 per cent.; the Hanover Paper Factory doubled its net profits of the

year before; the Bavarian Mirror and Mirror Glass Co. added 50 per cent. to its capital and then paid 40 per cent.; the Saxon Glass Co. raised its dividend from 35 to 40 per cent.; Messrs. Goertz raised theirs from 8 to 15.

If the amount of reparation seems, as the Hearst papers claim, "excessive," what about the amounts that were to have been demanded if Germany had won? "As a member of the Foreign Affairs Committee," said Rudolph Breitschild in the Reichstag last month, "I have seen the Kaiser's peace terms. The Kaiser demanded 30 billion dollars of America, 40 billions of France and 30 billions of England." This revelation, according to the Chicago *Tribune's* Berlin correspondent, "left the Reichstag breathless." It ought to leave all our German apologists here breathless, but that is too much to hope for.

The results of the settlement, assuming that Germany plays fair, ought to be felt in all parts of the world. Thomas W. Lamont, the New York banker, says: "There will ensue in Germany itself a tranquil and vast increase in production. Abroad she will secure the added credit of the renewed life of international commerce and intercourse. For the Allies will come relief and with it the knowledge that, tho still sore beset with difficulties, the great barrier to restoration of economic quietude and progress has been finally swept away.

"For America there can be only one result from Germany's acceptance of the London plan. It will in the long run mean a stimulus to manufactures, better markets for our farm products and sound and increasing pros-

perity in both domestic and foreign trade." As confirmation of this prediction, the rates of exchange for pounds sterling, marks, francs and lire promptly took a marked jump upward.

The last straw that broke the camel's back was the short and decisive note sent to Dr. Simon by Secretary Hughes. Germany had appealed to Switzerland for help, to the Vatican, even to Czecho-Slovakia. Her final appeal was to the United States. "Let us not forget," says the London *Chronicle*, "the valuable moral support we have received from America." But the part played by France was the real effective factor, just as it was in the war itself. "The whole is a marked vindication of French policy," says the N. Y. *Times*, "and its triumph will not lapse with the immediate occasion. France has found out the way to deal with an evasive and untrustworthy Germany. And it is a way just as valid



WE HOPE THE IDEA DOESN'T SPREAD

—Thomas in Detroit News.

for the future as it has been shown to be for the present." "The French," says the *Philadelphia Ledger*, "knew the formula to apply, the key that fitted the German lock. They speak the language that is understood in Berlin."

With Germany, as sometimes with schoolboys, it is a case of salvation through marks.—*Boston Transcript*.

France-Politics & Govt.

The Trials of Briand

PITY the sorrows of a statesman in these parlous days. This is true of all countries, but it is especially true of France. The footing of a French Premier is at the best an insecure one, divided, as French voters are, into so many "blocs"; but the trouble-makers now have a new and

tremendously resonant string to play on in the deep distrust of Germany and in the sense of insecurity and injustice. Anything an impassioned orator may say in these days about Germany "goes."

With the impassioned oratory of the Chamber ringing in his ears, Briand goes to confer with Lloyd George and the other members of the Supreme Council. If he were to heed all the demands of the fire-eaters in France he would be compelled to break with the Allies and act alone. He is accused of truckling to London and Washington. Poincaré and his powerful following are convinced that Germany is nourishing the hope of attaining her revenge in five or six years and is even now scanning the Russian horizon wistfully, seeing there unlimited reserves of an

economic as well as military sort. Caillaux and his agents are again active in France. Briand is told with Gallic fervor that Germany must be reduced to a group of little states, and that the unity of Prussia in particular must be ended. The peasants of France listen to all this thunder and are filled with alarm. They invested all their savings during the war in Government loans and they are told that the French securities will be worth nothing if Germany is not made to pay to the last mark. France has her group of "irreconcilables"—militarists, clericals and radicals—and the carrying on of a government is no child's play.

Here is an instance of the way in which, reinforced by German tactlessness, a French orator plays his part to-day.

It is Monsieur Léon Dau-



THERE'S NOT MUCH USE WHIPPING THE HORSES
TILL WE GET THAT WHEEL ON
—Ding in N. Y. Tribune.

det, a leader of the Conservatives, and he rises to talk on the theme of the funeral, in Berlin, of the Empress Augusta. If ever the French forget that funeral, he declares, they will deserve the fate of all fools. What a funeral! All the schools, all the colleges and academies of the Prussian capital sent pupils and professors bearing crowns and garlands. Veterans of the wars of 1864, '66 and '70 formed a line the whole length of way. Ten thousand officers of the recent army, in gorgeous costumes, were there to grieve for their dead sovereign. Five thousand men of the Reichswehr took part in the grand parade. Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Falkenhayn, Mackensen — all of them were there.

As M. Daudet draws the picture, it was not a funeral service, it was a review of militarist Germany, defiant and unrepentant, who will not admit her guilt, not admit her defeat, not admit anything.

Uniforms at the funeral recalled the pride of the great days of William II. Significant was the attitude of the officers who saluted Hindenburg in the imperial manner. Those members of the Hohenzollern family who attended received imperial and royal honors. The departure of Hindenburg and of Ludendorff afforded opportunities for a demonstration against France, against England, against the enemy in general. A wreath brought by an infantry regiment from Saxe-Weimar bore the words: "We swear to remain faithful until the hour strikes, until the shame is wiped out."

It is an orator's picture, heightened



GETTING MAD AT HER BECAUSE SHE DOESN'T GIVE AS MUCH MILK AS SHE DID TWO YEARS AGO ISN'T GOING TO HELP THE SUPPLY ANY

—Ding in New York Tribune.

by passion; but how much truth there is in it! And one can imagine the effect of it as the orator proceeds to call for immediate action, for an end to conferences and palaverings and delays. France, he cries out, is on the eve of grave events. Sign after sign is given of the impending return of William II. and the Crown Prince amid the acclamations of all Prussia. German militarism, which has been manifesting a certain reserve, would never have risked such a demonstration if it had not had popular support and governmental approval. Those who do not discern all this are either fools or blind.

And yet—France has not lost her head. It is a wonder that she keeps her poise and temper so well. She has moderated her pace to keep in step with

her Allies. She has kept her soldiers ready but in leash. Not a rash and overt act has been committed. Men are losing their heads in Russia, in Poland, in Italy, in Ireland, even in England. But in spite of her fiery orators and all the inflammable material they have to work with, France is steady and dauntless and clear-eyed. She is never so glorious as in the midst of peril and suffering.

Germany may feel blue, but it is consoling to note that she is not turning red.—*Chattanooga News.*

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What Ails Our Railways?

"IT IS obvious that the present condition cannot long continue without general and widespread bankruptcy of the railroads." So says Secretary McGinty of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

"The railroads are in a desperate condition—almost in death throes."

So says the Chairman of the Board of the Southern Pacific Railroad.

What is the matter with our railroads? A year ago the Esch-Cummins law returned them to private ownership under conditions fairly satisfactory to their officials. At least they declare that they ask for no change. A few weeks ago the Wage Board declared that the National Rules would terminate July 1. This at the urgent solicitation of the railway officials. The Federal Government has paid them in guarantees nearly a billion dollars. Why are they on the verge of bankruptcy?

If we are to believe Wm. R. Hearst and Senator La Follette, it is because the men who own and manage them don't know how to run them. If they don't know, who does? Senator La Follette gives an elaborate diagram to show how the "money-kings," by interlocking directorates, have control of all the great systems. Well, if they have, that doesn't explain why they should head them all into bankruptcy. Is that

what they have obtained control for—to wreck them?

Mr. Hearst's papers tell us that the railroads were on the verge of collapse at the outbreak of the war, and all that prevented a complete collapse was the act of the Federal Government in taking them over and running them efficiently. If that was the case, why did the "money-kings" ever want to take them back? Having loaded their collapsed systems on Uncle Sam, why were they so foolish as to ask their return?

According to Senator Capper, of Kansas, the trouble with the railroads is that they are charging too much for shipment of freight, and he tells us that a bale of cotton



"WAIT!"

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.

can be shipped from Galveston to Germany for 35 cents per 100 pounds, while it costs 95 cents to ship it 300 miles on a railroad. Well, that sort of thing might account for bankruptcy of the farmers, but how does it account for the distress of the railroads? The men who advance such explanations are not children, but they seem to think that all the rest of us are.

If we turn to the railway men, they give us at least a clear and reasonable explanation. It may not be conclusive, but it is not an insult to our intelligence.

In 1916, before the Adamson law went into effect, they tell us, the amount paid labor, in wages, by the railroads, was 1,468 million dollars. The Adamson law added 270 millions for 1917. Then the roads were taken over by the Government and the Railroad Administration added 874 millions more for 1918. In 1919 it added 229 millions more, and in 1920 wages were further increased by 855 millions, despite the fact that the Railroad Administration had charge but a part of that year.

1916	1920
\$1,468,576,394	\$3,698,216,351

The increase in gross revenue has been 54 per cent. while the increase in labor costs has been more than twice that.

But the labor costs are but a part (64 per cent.) of the total operating expenses. The total operating expenses for 1920, including taxes and rents, were \$6,163,138,341, while the total operating



THE FOUR HORSEMEN

—McCutcheon in Chicago Tribune.

revenue was \$6,225,402,762, or only \$62,264,421 larger. The railroads can't change their rates for shipment without permission by the Government, they



"WILSON SHOULD HAVE STAYED AT HOME"

—Cassel in N. Y. Evening World.



WE CAN SEE HOW SUCH A QUESTION MIGHT NATURALLY ARISE

—Wahl in *Sacramento Bee*.

can't change their wage-rates without such permission, and a large part (about one-half) of the material and supplies purchased in 1920 had to be purchased at prices contracted for by the Government before the roads were returned to private control. In other words, 82.5 cents out of every dollar of operating expenses in 1920 were paid out at prices fixed by the Government.

What other business is there that could keep out of bankruptcy if the wages it paid, the prices it paid and the prices it charged were all determined by outsiders holding their authority by political appointment? Yet there is still more to the story. For in addition to the Federal Government there are 48 State Governments. Many of

them have passed full-crew laws (saying how many men must be on a freight train) and other similar laws. In 1913, in 42 States, there were 1,395 bills introduced for the regulation of railways. That one full-crew law, of the State of Pennsylvania, cost the Pennsylvania Railroad, according to its officials, 5 million dollars in 1920. It was repealed last month on the same day that the Pennsylvania Railroad announced a reduction of dividends from 6 per cent. to 4 per cent.

The one immediate remedy that the railway officials can find in sight is to be allowed to reduce wages. They want to purchase labor, they say, at the market price. "Farmers



WE MUST DAM THE FLOOD!

—Harding in *Brooklyn Eagle*.

along our lines," said Julius Kruttschnitt, chairman of the Southern Pacific Board, before the Senate committee a few days ago, "are employing men at \$1.75 a day for 10 hours. The Railroad Labor Board requires us to pay several times that. Railroads must be allowed to purchase their labor at market prices, but the Board is very slow to act." And even when the Board does act in regard to wages, it appears, it cannot take into consideration the financial condition of the road. It must consider cost of living, wage scales in other industries, the hazards of employment, the skill and responsibility required, but it is not allowed, as it construes the law, to give any consideration to the financial condition of a road in determining a proper wage for the road to pay. It so announced a few weeks ago in vetoing a lower wage scale put into effect by the receiver of a Southern railroad—the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic.

So there you are! When it comes to reducing wages the men have something to say. What they have to say is that they find food-costs and rentals just as high as during the war and are entitled to the same wages. That is what they are saying in the shipping industry, and in the clothing industry and in other industries. The railroad officials' side of the case is not the only side. The question has many sides when you study it all around. The continued profiteering in food and building supplies is one side of it. The high taxes are another. The demoralization of European industry is another. The collapse in international exchange



GETTING THE LAST BOY OUT OF THE TRENCHES
—Reid in N. Y. Evening Mail.

is another. The whole vast train of devils that are turned loose on the world in a great war, to plague us for years after the peace pacts are signed, is what we all—employers, employees and ultimate consumers alike—have to fight these days, and we have to do it with as much patience and charity for each other as we can command.

As for the railroads, the worst may be over. March reports showed a surplus for the first time since December. The net operating income was over 30 million dollars, nearly half of what it was for the whole of the year 1920. "Feeling as we do," says T. De Witt Cuyler, chairman of the Association of Railway Executives, "that the world has definitely turned the corner of its most acute depression, so we feel that the railroad situation has likewise passed through its darkest hour and

has now definitely turned for the better."

In jumping out of Leavenworth Prison into Red Russia, Big Bill Haywood showed that he has lost none of his capacity for taking punishment.—Indianapolis News.

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Dissensions Among the Reds

THE news from Russia is, as usual, murky and inconclusive, but the most reliable reports indicate that the cleft between Lenin and Trotzky is growing into a chasm. The Rome *Avanti* (Socialist) quotes Kopp, the Bolshevik emissary in Berlin, to the effect that Lenin is becoming a figurehead and that the important decisions are now made by a group composed of Trotzky, Radek and a mysterious personage known as "the new one."

Lenin is supposed to have been won over to the view that economically the capitalistic system of the Western world has merits that the Marxian Socialists overlook, and that Soviet Russia must yield in some matters of detail to insure an economic revival. Trotzky is for a fight to the bitter end, and he controls the well-fed troops who stand between the Bolshevik government and the slumbering discontent of the masses. There are, thus, two governments, or at least one government functioning in two widely divergent ways. The one is pacific, signing agreements with Great Britain and Italy, through Krassin and his staff. The other continues to foment revolution in other countries, especially Germany, through Kopp and his staff. Lenin wants Kopp recalled. Trotzky sees that Kopp is supplied with funds. German communists, says the *Action*, of Paris, are often found mysteriously well provided with gold. There is no open break between Lenin and Trotzky,

but in the end, if European forecasts are to be credited, they must come to grips.

In the big Russian towns the proletariat are still fed with reports of the impending social revolution in other countries. Hamburg, they are assured, may come under the red flag at any moment. Saxony is aflame. Ebert's sham republic in Berlin must soon go. There is reason to believe that the reds are really responsible for the uprisings that come regularly each month in Germany. Ebert stands midway, in fact, between two forces, one seeking a red revolt, the other composed of Junkers and conservatives who seek a counter-revolution and the restoration of the monarchy. If the reds break Ebert, it is likely to mean a reactionary triumph of the Junkers. It is to the interests of the Allies, so the British Liberal organs insist, that Ebert be sustained.

In these troubled waters, Kopp fishes for anything that can be exhibited to the Russian proletariat to sustain their hopes that capitalism is crumbling in its citadels. The failure so far of the miners' strike in England to overthrow the capitalistic system has been a blow to Soviet Russia; but, as the *Frankfurter Zeitung* points out, the Soviet leaders can cite successes here and there. The revolt of sailors at Kronstadt was speedily quelled. So was the revolt in Crimea. Peace has been patched up with Poland. The trade treaty with Great Britain has been signed.

On the other hand, the Bolshevik leaders are alarmed at the fact that they have lost all touch with Siberia, and the various organs that voice the views of refugee Russians in different parts of Europe, such, for instance, as the *Volia Rosii*, of Prague, see in the Kronstadt uprising a spontaneous movement of the Russian people that was put down not by troops of Rus-

sians, but by Chinese and Sashki mercenaries and other hireling troops alien to Russia. "This," says the Prague journal, "was the victory of the mercenary Asiatic Third International—its last, fatal Pyrrhic victory."

But the "last" victory of the Bolsheviks has been proclaimed often before. If their power is breaking, no conclusive evidence of the fact has yet been allowed to penetrate to the outside world.

Significant Sayings

"One of the things that ought to be done is to have government clerks work eight instead of seven hours a day. Then, right at once, we could get along with one-eighth less clerks."—*Thomas R. Marshall, ex-Vice-President.*

"Never was public sentiment in America in a state more dangerous to organized labor itself than it is right at this moment."—*George Harvey, now Ambassador to the Court of St. James.*

"We are a generation behind the times so far as progress in police affairs is concerned."—*Commissioner Enright.*

"We are now entering upon the last stage of the post-war period. As far as the banking world is concerned our worst problems are past."—*W. P. G. Harding, Chairman Federal Reserve Bank Board.*

"The greatest singer of the Christian truth."—*Pope Benedict in Encyclical on Dante.*

"Jack's (Dempsey's) style is made to order for me. I believe I'll floor him in three rounds."—*Georges Carpentier.*

"What is the death of a million soldiers to a man like me."—*Napoleon.*

"You must seek knowledge. Knowledge will not seek you."—*Madame Curie.*

"The United States has asked for nothing and is entitled to have her way about Yap. She ought to have it and the Italian Government desires her to have it."—*Count Sforza, Italian Foreign Minister.*

"Men who have gone through college I find to be amazingly ignorant. They don't seem to know anything."—*Thomas A. Edison.*

"I never see a university from the outside that I do not feel like taking off my hat in reverence."—*Don C. Seitz, Publisher N. Y. World.*

"A boy should go to college at any sacrifice and at almost any cost."—*Darwin P. Kingsley, President New York Life Insurance Co.*

"A brief and discreditable episode in the life of one of the meaner planets."—*Mr. Balfour on the story of the human race.*

"That monument of iniquity, that has done more harm than anything else to the cause of the Allies."—*René Viviani, on Keynes's book, "Economic Consequences of the Peace."*

"Every decade has regularly been alarmed at the deterioration of the minds and morals of the young and the fearful effect it will have upon the future of the country. And every decade, in my opinion, has marked an improvement in the minds and morals of the young."—*Chauncey M. Depew.*

"I know of no important railway company controlled by bankers."—*Mortimer L. Schiff.*

"Most men commit suicide."—*Earle Taylor Rush.*

"America came into the war late, but she came. She is coming late into peace, but she will come."—*Bainbridge Colby.*

"Bankers are poor men, contrary to general suspicion. I cannot speak on Thrift because I am not thrifty and never saved any money."—*David R. Forgan, President City National Bank, Chicago.*

"I have found the labor people much more reasonable to deal with than employers, generally, and I have had many dealings with each."—*R. J. Caldwell, Chairman of the Connecticut Mills Company.*

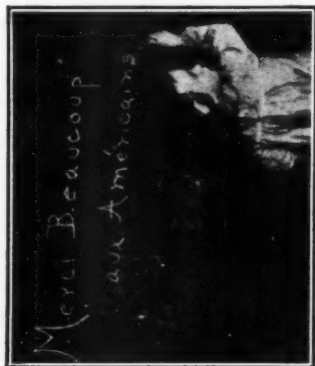
Feeding the Starved Souls of the French Villagers

Where the Church Bells Are No More and the Angelus Has Ceased to Ring

You or Your Church or Society Can Restore a Bell and Have It Inscribed With
an American Soldier's Name for One Hundred Dollars

IN the devastated regions of France thousands of church bells were destroyed—melted down or broken up—by the German troops. In the region cared for by the American Committee for Devastated France, in the Department of the Aisne, not one church has a bell.

The church bell has been in times past the Voice of the Soul in these 200 villages, summoning to prayer and praise, noting the passing of a human life, telling the



hour, especially the hour of the Angelus, that beautiful devotion so touchingly depicted by Millet.

In these 200 villages (and in many others) the Angelus is no longer rung. The Soul of the Village is no longer audible. Something beautiful has passed. But not forever. The American Committee has started a fund of Ten Thousand Dollars to purchase one hundred church bells.

YOU can purchase a bell for a French village, have it inscribed with the name of an American soldier (one or more) who laid down his life in France, and have it hung, all for the sum of 1,200 francs—about \$100. What more beautiful memorial was ever devised, linking the memory of our heroic dead, daily and hourly, with all that is deepest and most sacred in the life of France?

THE American Committee for Devastated France has done splendid work in that country in the way of material assistance. Millions of francs have been expended. But it finds that



nothing else is so important now as social service—ministering to the morale of the stricken people. The President of the Committee is HON. MYRON T. HERRICK, just reappointed Ambassador to France. The Chairman of the Executive Committee is MISS ANNE MORGAN. The Honorary President is M. ANDRÉ TARDIEU. The Department of the Aisne, in which it is operating, includes Châtea Thierry. The capital is Soissons. The work of restoration has been rapid. Thus 99 per cent. of the schools have been reopened (generally in baraqucs), 84 per cent. of the canals repaired, 68 per cent. of the arable soil reclaimed, 54 per cent. of the bridges rebuilt, etc.; but the people still live in ruins, cellars, cinder piles, dugouts, huts, and the social life is meager and barren.

EVERY church that has on its roll of honor a name with a golden star, every club, every society, every town or village, every family that can afford it, every regiment or squadron, should be only too eager to participate in this ANGELUS BELL FUND of the American Committee. Contributions may be sent direct to the Committee, payable to Mrs. Arthur Ellis Hamm, treasurer, 16 East 39th Street, New York City, or, if you prefer, send to "Current Opinion" and the amount will be handed over to the Committee and acknowledged in the pages of this magazine.

Dr. Frank Crane's Editorials

Communist Answered

ONE of the circulars that are being distributed by the apostles of protest, according to the report of The American Defense Society, is as follows, and coming from the U. S. A. it is in its way a gem:

"Just look back upon the history of the class struggle the last two years. The longshoremen strike, the coal strike, the steel strike, the 'Outlaw' railroad strike, the 'Outlaw' printers' strike, the nation-wide raids, the deportations, the jailings.

"Where were the courts? On the side of the capitalists and against the workers.

"Where were the policemen, the sheriffs and the soldiers? On the side of the capitalists and against the workers.

"Where was the Church? On the side of the capitalists and against the workers.

"Where were your labor leaders? On the side of the capitalists and against the workers.

"Where was the Government—local, state and national? On the side of the capitalists and against the workers.

"The only way in which you can put an end to the profit system which keeps you in poverty, misery and degradation, and gives all the good things of life to the rich, is to conquer political power for your class, and make the working-class the ruling class in society. You must first destroy the present capitalist government and establish a workers' or soviet government in its place by force—just as the workers and peasants of Russia!"

The only excuse we have for reprinting such stuff is that there are a few in every community who believe it.

Wherever a dozen or more human beings are corded together there you will always find a crooked stick or so.

And because they are hot and busy and lead many ignorant minds astray, it is well, once in a while, to mark and categorically answer their statements, lest contemptuous silence and sheer amazement be misconstrued as dismay.

(1) There is no class in the United States except of those who insist upon calling themselves a class. We are all equal before the law. We all have an equal chance to elect the lawmakers. And what officials we have are chosen by the majority of the people. When a minority turns sour and talks this sort of desperate nonsense it is simply cracked.

(2) Talk of capitalist and working class in this country is ignorant and vicious bunk. Every worker worthy of the name is becoming a capitalist as fast as he can, and every capitalist that won't work, soon loses his money.

The doors are all open. The ways are free. The majority of the people can do as they please. No autocrat awes them.

(3) You can advocate any change you see fit in the Government, so long as you do not incite to law-breaking. When you preach violence, you will be arrested, and you ought to be. You are a bum sport and a criminal. We'll do anything if you convince us, but when you can't and you get mad and threaten, then your place is in jail or in Russia.

(4) As for courts and laws, there are

nine laws to protect the workmen where there is one to protect the rich man.

Rich men are prosecuted for combining, but laborers can make all the unions they please and no law interferes.

(5) Police, sheriffs and soldiers all come from the so-called working class. Practically none of them are endowed, wealthy or trust magnates.

They are appointed by officials elected by the workers.

To say they take sides against the workers is a twisted lie. They take sides with law and order as a rule, and naturally the agitators who are slugging, burning and intimidating other workers who don't agree with them and won't join their union, hate them.

(6) The Church is composed nine-tenths or more of working people.

The idle and endowed do not go to church. If they do, the Church has little influence on them.

The Church was founded by a carpenter and its Bible is full of warnings against riches.

That the Church wants to oppress the worker is about as near a one-hundred-per-cent. lie as anybody can manufacture.

(7) The labor leaders in this country are not "on the side of the capitalists."

The trouble is that many of them are just and sincere men, who feel their responsibility, and dread the ravages of loud-mouthed professional trouble-makers.

They do not urge strikes just to make trouble, for they know that the strike cripples industry, and in the end the worker has to pay for it; hence, they reluctantly consent to strikes only as a last resort.

The envious and dirty-hearted agitator hates these sober labor leaders worse than he hates the rich.

(8) Any man who says this Govern-

ment, meaning its courts, army and navy, is on the side of the capitalist and against the poor man, or is on the side of any one class as against another, is a foul and slanderous traitor.

That is not free speech. That is not fair discussion of politics or principles. It is pure poison.

And the man who utters it ought in decency to go to some other country, and if he will not he ought to be deported.

(9) As to "conquering the political power for your class," go to it! The polls are open every so often and you can elect whom you please. Only if you fail, don't be a piker and a cry-baby. Take your medicine, and try again. Play ball. Don't slug the umpire.

(10) As for "the working class being the ruling class in society," it is that now. Our city, county, state and national officials are chosen by workers. The most numerous and influential organizations are composed of workers, such as the Masons and similar orders, the Rotary Clubs, the Granges, the Churches, and the Labor Unions,—in fact, every sort of society with a large membership.

(11) When you talk of "destroying the present capitalist government" you are a criminal and a miscreant and your place is behind the bars.

There are some four million ex-soldiers in this country who will not stand for that kind of gospel. They risked their lives to save this Government from the Hun, and they would not stand idly by and see it blown up by the Bum.

(12) As for holding up to us as a model the Soviet Government of Russia, what kind of sap-heads do these apostles take us for?

Do they think we want New York devastated, its stores boarded up and its population decimated, like Petrograd?

Do they want its factories shut down, its railroads streaks of rust, its money so worthless that a loaf of bread costs ten thousand dollars, everybody hating everybody else, every other nation afraid to do business with us, and hell to pay in every city and town in America?

As was stated, the only reason for thus answering this screed at all is to remind certain ignorant and perverted persons that there is an answer.

And what I have written above is the sentiment of ninety-nine out of every hundred citizens of America.

Crimes and Criminals

Punishment

A RETURN to the whipping-post as the most effective deterrent of crime was advocated the other day by Justice Fawcett, in the Brooklyn Supreme Court, when he sentenced Sol Deneff to from ten to twenty years on a highway robbery charge.

Prisons are too comfortable to serve as threats to those of criminal tendencies, the court pointed out, because there is no pain suffered and no humiliation.

"The time has come," Justice Fawcett said, "when the judicious use of the lash would meet a long-felt want in making our streets and parks safe and in protecting the lives and property of our people. This would not be going back to barbarism or the Dark Ages, but would be a means of affording honest, decent-living people the full enjoyment of their property and a peaceful pursuit of their righteous ways."

Turning to Deneff, the justice continued:

"If, for instance, in your case, you were to receive six months in prison and sixty lashes, administered ten every thirty days with a cat-o'-nine-tails by a rugged officer, I am sure that it would cure you of your ambition to live with-

out working and would cause your kind to abandon crime as a means of livelihood."

So reports the daily press.

It gives us a very concrete and vivid illustration of one of the most ancient and honorable errors in the world.

That error is a belief that the way to prevent men from doing wrong, or from repeating a wrong, is to hurt them.

It is so simple, so self-evident, so plain as the nose on your face, that the only thing, it would seem, to answer to those who deny it is, pooh-pooh! and, bless my soul, is the man mad?

Spare the rod and spoil the child, said the ancient wiseacre. And ever since then we have accepted punishment as the natural and logical cure for evil.

To encourage goodness, reward it; to discourage badness, punish it. That is ordinary common sense.

There's only one trouble with it.

It is not true.

No, there's more than one trouble with it. For it is not only not so, but it will not work, it never did work and never will work.

Of all the real goodness and virtue in mankind since the world began, not one ounce of it was ever created by the hope of reward or pay of any kind.

And of all the wrong-doing that has been prevented among men since the day of Cain, not one man has ever been held back from evil by fear of being hurt.

He may have been restrained from committing some certain form or act of evil, but it was only to break out somewhere else and do evil as bad.

The trouble with Deneff was that he was a sick man, a moral pervert, for to have your mind, desires and will out of order is just as much a pathological situation as to have your liver out of order.

We don't beat a man who has the earache nor send one to prison who has

the smallpox. We isolate the patient, if he is dangerous, but at any rate we try to cure him in an intelligent way.

Punishing a criminal never cured him. Deneff will go to the pen and continue to be just as bad as ever. Any warden will tell you that the penitentiary is not to reform criminals, but to punish them. If the miscreant breaks out or serves his term he is worse than ever.

Why cannot people look at *facts*, instead of plunging ahead in delusion.

There should be no prisons. Every one of them should be a hospital.

They should be run, not by turnkeys and police, but by physicians who have specialized in psychic diseases.

Society is absolutely, fundamentally wrong on this question. All punishment is wrong. For the simple reason that it does no good.

To punish a man or boy for a crime is precisely on a level with kicking a horse in the belly when he balks and makes you angry, or chopping the piano with an ax because you bumped into it.

It gratifies your vengeance. That's all.

Cure, not hurt! That is reason.

Of course, the average man will not believe this, and will think it utter twaddle. Neither will a savage believe you are not joking when you tell him the earth is round like a ball. And for the same reason in both cases.

But, says the objector, are not the fear of pain and the desire for pleasure the very first teachers? Do not children so learn?

Yes. It is fundamental. But it is a law of animals, and governs human beings only as they are animals.

In the complicated condition of civilization this law is wholly inadequate. If all that held people back from crime was the fear of the sheriff, the city would be burned up and drenched with blood before to-morrow.

It is the Invisible Policeman that really protects us. It is Conscience—a sense of decency, self-respect and an innate desire to do right—that makes the streets safe.

Anyone who thinks he is secure just because a few bluecoats stand around is foolish. It is Something inside the breast of Everyman that protects us.

You can subdue animals by fear, and you can keep savages in a state of subjection by fear, but fear can never save civilization.

Our Real Police are the teachers in the schoolhouse, the priests and pastors in the church, and most of all the mothers in the home.

These rule spirits. And we are spirits, not apes.

If the people in New York City did not, almost all of them, instinctively desire to be honest, if they all were determined to steal, to rape, to kill and to burn if they got a chance, the whole regular army of the United States could not save the city from becoming a hell within a week.

To be sure, the idea that the way to stop crime is to punish it seems common sense; but the greatest and densest errors in the world are the errors of common sense.

The average man thinks Jesus a little crazy when he tells us to return good for evil, but all the evil that has ever been stopped in the world has been stopped by good.

We used to torture criminals. We have got far enough along to see that does no good. We still punish by prison and killing, and we haven't grown up enough yet to see that that is equally futile.

What to do then? Let all crimes go unpunished?

I have given the answer.

Change your prisons into hospitals. Cure, heal, help, and quit trying to put out fire with gasoline.

The Real Issue

MR. WILSON had a distinct policy, and he stated it so that it was perfectly clear. It may have been wrong, but at least it was intelligible.

Glenn Frank, in the *May Century*, accurately diagnoses the case thus:

"Mr. Wilson's aims were morally creative. His failure was that of technic, and not of purpose. And once morally creative ideas are loosed in the world, they can never be recaptured or killed.

"If Mr. Harding is to win a place in history, he must win it by attaining the aims of Mr. Wilson. He will never win it by adjourning the aims of Mr. Wilson. A foreign policy for America that falls short of the war aims of America will be nothing short of moral apostasy."

He goes on to say that if the Hardings, the Lodges and the Knoxes go ahead with a constructive policy that makes, for a better and decenter condition of world affairs, they will be remembered in history as men of singular vision and statesmanlike strategy.

But if all they can do is to wake the applause and enthusiasm of "most or all of the anti-social reactionaries, recklessly irresponsible radicals, blatherskites and Jingoese," and capitalize the present moral cynicism and vulgar despair by adopting an every-nation-for-itself and devil-take-the-hindmost foreign policy, "they will be remembered as Benedict Arnolds to the greatest adventure ever undertaken by this nation."

As to the present situation, common sense would observe:

(1) That we are either going to co-operate with the other nations to stop the war program, reduce armament and prevent universal bankruptcy, or we are not.

(2) The other nations, almost fifty

of them, have formed an association which is now functioning.

(3) We shall either go into that or go it alone.

(4) Not quite alone, for on the outside we will have the companionship of Russia, Germany, Turkey and Mexico, a fine lot.

(5) After a while, when we get through stalling around, we shall have to quit just being opposed to things, and be for something, in the way of international policy. And we will have to be either for our late Allies, especially Great Britain, who now constitute the League, or against them.

And to be against them, especially Great Britain, means to be for their enemies, who include Germany, the Sinn Fein, the Bolsheviks, and the Jingo press.

Sooner or later the camouflage is going to be stripped off, and the people will get a chance to vote squarely upon the issue.

That issue is not Harding or Wilson. Wilson is gone, and nobody can tell yet what Harding means.

This issue is, on the one hand, the ideals we fought for in the war, and on the other, that congeries of shameful and unworthy motives represented in the group mentioned.

The cry of all the earth now is for disarmament. As far as we are concerned we are interested in the League of Nations mainly if not only because it is a definite plan towards disarmament.

Mr. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, expressed the matter succinctly on May 10th, in a speech before the convention of Masonic Clubs at Washington. He said:

"Disarmament or bust is the problem that faces the people of this and every other land. The nations of the world are engaged in competitive armament—a thing that breeds war. The time

has come when we must secure some remedy sanctioned by all the nations. I don't care whether you call it a League of Nations or an association or whether President Harding was for or against it and President Wilson championed it.

"I wouldn't have America disarm unless we have an understanding with the other powers, unless we have an agreement. If we agree on that sort of thing—disarmament—and preserve the relative strength of all nations concerned, then there will be no danger."

□ □

The Farmer

THE biggest business in the world is farming.

The horny-handed sons of toil are more important than all the gentlemen with manicured hands that file papers in pigeon holes and push buttons for secretaries.

The Secretary of Agriculture made a speech not long ago before the Rotary Clubs of New England and gave the public some idea of the magnitude of his office. He brought out some interesting facts and comparisons.

The manufacturer, for instance, receives most of his materials to work with from the farmer. The railroads carry the farmer's supplies. The merchant has the farmer's output on his shelves. And the bankers skim the cream off of all of them. The farmer is the cow.

Getting something to eat and something to wear and something to shelter us constitute the main part of our business, and these depend almost entirely upon the farmer.

Through his Department of Agriculture Uncle Sam is actually helping all the people of the nation.

Among other things it introduces new seeds and plants, experiments with new

methods to increase crops, finds the best soil fertilizers and fights plant diseases and pests.

The Bureau of Animal Industry administers quarantine laws, and wages incessant war against hog cholera, the cattle tick and tuberculosis among beasts, besides constantly improving the quality of the live stock.

The Bureau of Entomology studies the insect pests.

The Insecticide and Fungicide Board looks after the various ammunitions by which insects and fungi are destroyed.

The Weather Bureau helps the farmer protect his stock and produce.

Besides these is the office of Farm Management, the Bureau of Crop Estimates, and so on.

One item, among the activities of the Department, is of singular interest. It is our old boyhood acquaintance, the Corn-cob. Said the Secretary:

"Corn-cobs, which from the beginning of agriculture in America until now, have been a waste product, are about to become an important raw material in manufacture. Capital at various places is becoming interested in the establishment of cob utilization plants.

"This is all due to a set of discoveries made in the Bureau of Chemistry by which it was found that the entire content of the corn cob can be made into highly useful articles. From it, our chemists produced a very excellent adhesive. After the high-grade adhesive is removed, a considerable quantity of a lower-grade product can be made and the residue is practically pure cellulose, from which it is possible to manufacture a great number of commodities, including a very good quality of paper. Some valuable lime products also are recovered.

"After all these processes had been worked out, it was discovered that a considerable quantity of a very costly

chemical — furfural — was being lost. This is now saved as a by-product, and an even larger quantity of it can be produced by redistillation of the adhesive. Before this discovery was made furfural used to sell as high as \$20 a pound. Furfural is a basic intermediary in dye manufacture and, in addition,

is so effective as an insecticide that it was used for that purpose even when it was sold at twenty dollars a pound."

We all love to abuse the Government, but it is as well to remember that, after all, it is helping us along a bit in a very practical way.

U.S. Foreign Relations

OUR ECONOMIC DEPENDENCE ON EUROPE

By Francis H. Sisson

Vice-President, Guaranty Trust Company of New York

WE ARE too prone to think of what the United States means to the remainder of the world. It is time for us to realize fully what the rest of the world, and especially Europe, means to this country. We have lately put too much emphasis on our help to other nations; we need to understand that we require *their* assistance.

Ever since the Pilgrim Fathers landed on these shores 300 years ago we have looked to Europe for help in developing this land. We need Europe's aid to-day quite as much as in the past. We need European markets to preserve our national prosperity, and that fact, clearly foreseen long ago by the keenly observant, is just beginning, apparently, to dawn upon popular consciousness. For the first time in our history, at least since the days of our colonial dependence on Great Britain, the American people as a whole are beginning to visualize the fact, if not yet completely comprehending it, that economic conditions in Europe have their reactions here and that, consequently, it is necessary for us to think of Europe in its relations to American conditions.

We are just awakening to the fact that, while we did not annex a square

foot of Europe politically in the war, we annexed, almost unwittingly, a large part of that continent economically, and find now that we cannot withdraw from it, if we would, except at the sacrifice of our own prosperity—except, indeed, at the cost of great economic loss.

Stupidity has always exacted tremendous penalties from the human race, but the most crass and costly of all stupidity would be for the American people to fail of full appreciation of that paramount fact.

While it is true that the United States is more nearly economically independent than any other World Power and that the great market for our products is our own country, nevertheless we are economically dependent upon other nations to a larger extent than has generally been understood.

Let us trace some of the important facts which have produced the present situation. Shortly after the outbreak of the World War the United States participated in the conflict economically long before its own declaration of war. First it bought back from Europe about two billions of dollars of our securities held abroad and gave of our wealth in exchange. Then it purchased from Europe more than two billions of their

obligations, and more of our wealth was poured into the cauldron of war. Then we entered the struggle and loaned to our Allies nearly 10 billions more of our wealth to support their failing hands, and we placed our own army and navy in action and millions more were poured from our treasure store into the destruction of war. All the belligerent nations were giving of their treasures in even greater measure, until more than 300 billions of the world's wealth were spent in war's activities, for the most part without economic or replacement value.

But, more than that, 10 millions of the world's most productive lives were laid down on the fields of battle and 40 millions more of the world's productive lives were deflected from productive activity into the wasteful activities of war. The world's debts were increased from 40 billions of dollars to more than 250 billions. The world's trade, industry and finance were all thrown completely out of balance and the need created for a complete economic reconstruction of the whole world.

That is the situation we face to-day, and it presents a problem in which we are involved in common with all other nations, and, whether we will or no, we must consider our relations to other nations as an essential feature of our own national life. We can no longer dwell within the narrow insularity and provincialism of the past. We can no longer be content to live and let live, but we must live and *help* live if we are to enjoy the fullness of life ourselves. While before the war we were a debtor nation in the sum of five billions of dollars, we are to-day the world's creditor in the sum of over 15 billions, and our entire relationship to the world's business and the world's interests is completely altered — a change which we are tardily recognizing and the full significance of which

we have not yet begun fully to comprehend.

The reactions here of economic disturbances in Europe are beginning to manifest themselves so plainly that every element of our body politic—the business man, the banker, the manufacturer, the farmer, and the laborer—cannot fail to see and feel them.

The most patent and perturbing evidence of those reactions is unemployment, unquestionably due in considerable degree to world-wide conditions. Organized labor has computed the number of unemployed at four million, but that is probably a grossly exaggerated estimate. But whatever the number of unemployment is, it is large enough to exert a very depressing effect on domestic conditions, for men out of work mean lessened production and curtailed purchasing power, which every retailer, wholesaler and manufacturer is feeling to-day in reduced sales and slackening business activities.

As a consequence of business depression and price recessions, wages are on a decline throughout the United States in practically every industry, amounting to as much as 33 1/3 per cent. in certain lines.

At this writing there are more than 400,000 idle freight cars in this country; and, despite an increase of approximately 35 per cent. in railroad rates which became effective last September, the railroads, as a whole, show practically no net operating income, while many of them have not earned even the cost of maintenance and operation. It is true that operating costs are too high, largely as a result of present wage scales. But the serious financial predicament of the railroads is due in considerable degree to the slowing down of general business activities, and more than 300,000 railroad workers have been thrown out of employment since last September.

The industrial slump has had a marked effect, too, on our merchant marine, which has cost us four billion dollars. The United States Shipping Board now has approximately 600 steel vessels idle, aggregating more than 3¾ million tons deadweight and more than half of the Shipping Board's total tonnage, in addition to idle wooden and concrete vessels.

The reactions here of European conditions are also reflected in the large accumulations of some of our principal export commodities. With foreign demand reduced to approximately one-third because of a lack of buying power abroad and with domestic consumption greatly curtailed, there is cotton enough in this country now to supply the actual demand for at least a year, even if no cotton at all were raised in this country during 1921. We have a total supply of more than 16½ million bales of cotton, which is a greater surplus than at the corresponding time in any year in the past. Leading cotton authorities estimate that there will be a carry-over of 8 million bales on July 31 of this year, with a new crop coming into the market. And as, normally, foreign countries consume about two-thirds of the American crop, which supplies the world with 60 per cent. of its cotton, it is obvious that the demand in the near future for our greatest single export commodity must depend upon the fortunes of Europe.

Larger stocks of grain were held on farms in this country on March 1 this year than on that date in any other year in history. Almost one-half of the country's record corn crop of last year remained on the farms on March 1, more than one-quarter of the wheat crop and almost one-half of the large crop of oats. There is about a two-years' supply of tobacco and wool on hand. The bituminous coal industry is developed far beyond present or imme-

diate future demands of domestic trade. There are indications of an over-supply of zinc, shoes, and manufactures of leather. And the decline in the operations of our iron and steel mills would seem to indicate that, altho there is not a surplus of finished products on hand, there is opportunity for much larger production if latent foreign demand can be stimulated.

The surplus copper, raw and refined, in this country is estimated at more than one billion pounds. Europe formerly took about half of our copper, and the world depends upon the mines, refineries and smelters of the United States for its copper. Yet, despite our enormous surplus, the world for years has not been so badly in need of copper as it is to-day. Lack of credit alone has been responsible for the piling up of that surplus of the red metal in the United States.

There was less meat produced and less exported in the United States in 1920 than in either of the two previous years, altho consumption here in 1919 and 1920 varied but little, the great change being in exports.

A glance at our latest foreign trade statistics may also be illuminating. There was a decrease of 105 million dollars in the country's export trade during March, as compared with February, and a decrease of 435 million dollars as compared with March, 1920. The monetary value of exports for March was 62 per cent. above those for the corresponding month in 1914, but, calculated on a pre-war price basis, would have been worth only 81 million dollars more.

Let us not be deceived into thinking that we have vastly increased the volume of our exports during the last six years. As a matter of fact, quantities have not increased anything like values. The value of exports increased by 219 per cent., whereas the quantity of ex-

ports increased only about 33 per cent. from 1913 to 1920; or, in other words, the value of exports in 1919 was three times greater than in 1913, but the physical quantity of exports was only one-third larger.

If our increase in the volume of exports has been only 33 per cent. since 1913, a pronounced decrease in volume of exports would have a more serious effect upon production generally in this country than most of us seem to realize, for our margin is considerably less than many have appreciated, dazzled as they were by the colossal monetary values of our exports. In brief, it would not take so tremendous a slump in exports to put us back to the pre-war quantity basis, and the calamitous effect which that would have now on our expanded industry requires no exposition.

The enactment of emergency tariff legislation, the changing of taxes, the return to inflation, the reduction of railroad rates, and other similar measures can not materially better domestic conditions even were all of them sound and safe, which they are not, because the real reason for our present depression lies in international economic paralysis. Our task, therefore, is to help speed world stabilization, and the sooner we appreciate that the quicker will we dissipate the depression that retards business activities in this country. We must aid far more than we have aided in putting Europe back to work, which must be done largely through the extension of adequate and proper credit.

The enormous surplus of exports in the last six years could never have been made had exports not been financed on the *faith* that they would ultimately be paid for. In the twelve months of 1920, 73 cents out of every dollar of exports represented goods shipped abroad on credit, and in January of this year 82 cents out of every dollar

represented credit. It has been estimated that our commercial credits to foreign buyers now aggregate four billion dollars.

But our existing facilities for financing export trade will not permit an indefinite extension of the credit necessary. That is the chief reason our foreign trade faces the prospect of a serious decline.

Financing our foreign trade on the scale demanded is an investment and not a banking matter. It is neither desirable nor possible for our banks, the assets of which must be kept liquid at all times, to tie up their capital and credit in long-term loans. But such organizations as the Foreign Trade Financing Corporation, with a capital of \$100,000,000, can, under the provisions of the Edge Law, safely extend credit to the amount of one billion dollars on sufficiently long terms to foreign buyers of American goods who are solvent and reliable but who are not now in a position to purchase for cash or on a short-term credit basis. The Corporation proposes to offer its debentures to the public, and to use the proceeds in financing our foreign trade.

We cannot, however, expect to continue indefinitely to sell vast quantities of our products unless we buy in return commensurate amounts of foreign goods.

The world cannot long continue to pay us in gold, and we do not need more gold. The only other way the world can repay is in goods and services. And only as we accept such payment can we hope to maintain our exports. We need not fear a rising tide of imports *provided we keep up our flow of exports.*

The chilling effect of the loss of foreign markets upon our domestic industries will certainly be reflected in a lessened demand here for raw materials, and this will tend further to depress the

prices received for such materials. Our farmers and cotton growers, especially, should remember that only as Europe's purchasing power is restored will she be able to buy the surplus products of our fields, and that there is more to be lost in retarding the restoration of Europe's purchasing power than is to be gained by tariff differentials.

The United States, with an aggregate favorable trade balance exceeding 17 billion dollars for the last seven years, now has a very heavy stake in foreign trade, too heavy to ignore or to risk by uneconomic or ill-considered legislation.

What is chiefly needed is that form of action that would force into motion again the interchange of commodities between all the now stagnant markets of the world. The spot at which the channels of this movement are clogged is evident enough to all eyes. It is in Europe, with its idle workers, its underfed peoples and its struggling industries. The exchange difficulty now definitely blocks the normal method of

free purchases by nations in which currencies are at such low levels, yet it is vital for the interest of all that these nations shall secure supplies just as it is essential that in other countries idle and accumulating surplus stocks of food, raw materials and manufactures shall be utilized for the support and stimulation of the world's activities.

Is it not becoming daily more imperative that these goods shall be moved promptly and that the exchange barriers shall be evaded in the only practicable method, namely, the postponement of payment for a considerable period, during which means for the final liquidation of accounts may be accumulated through thrift and productive labor? If wisdom and foresight characterize our action towards foreign nations in the next few years there is nothing that can dislodge us from a position of leadership, both in trade and finance. It will be unfortunate if we jeopardize this great opportunity by a shortsighted and provincial outlook upon the present situation.

PRICES

THE ECONOMIC STRIKE OF THE AMERICAN HOUSEWIFE

By Christine Frederick

Author of "The New Housekeeping" and of "Household Engineering"

WITHOUT the help of funds, organization, mass-meetings or soapboxes, the American housewife has initiated and carried to a successful conclusion the most stupendous strike in economic history. There came a day in the spring of 1920 when every housewife seemed to have ouija-board communication, one with the other, and started to defy the seemingly endless egotism of price. Mrs. Porter of Peanutville, South Carolina, refused to buy shoes costing \$18 a pair; Mrs. Browning, of Bean Center, Mass.,

refused to pay \$4 for a suit of cotton underwear for her baby; Mrs. Collins, of Corncob, Iowa, refused to give \$9 for a kitchen chair; and Mrs. Thompson, of Tincup, Texas, refused to eat another pound of bacon costing 54 cents per pound. A universal sisterhood of revolt rose in the housewifely breast and almost overnight the cobwebs began to gather over the retail store entrances.

We, the plain housewives, are still out on strike. We are still eating margarine instead of butter, potroast

instead of porterhouse; we are repairing our old shoes until the number of cobblers has increased 75 per cent. in the past three years; we are making the old suit and the old car do another season. We are refusing to build or buy, and I feel safe in saying that we will continue to refuse to buy until prices become "right." Everybody is asking, "When are you going to quit the strike? When are you going to begin to buy?" And we, the plain housewives, who know nothing about Federal Reserve systems, credits, silver and inventory charge-offs, can only reply: "When all the wind and water are taken out of the situation, and when we can get more than one chop, one roll and one subway ticket out of a dollar!"

We have all been participants in a wild, bacchanalian orgy wherein we cast aside our usual sense and caution and flung our money insanely to the winds, gorging ourselves on every delicacy and indulging our desire of licentious spending until we finally achieved an economic debauch. From this debauch the housewife was the first to awake and come to her senses, the first to refuse to be a party longer to such gross inflation and unwise spending. By refusing to buy she has stopped the economic riot.

We women, by sex, marriage and present conditions of servitude, are the country's buyers. We are the 25 million purchasing agents of the home. Women buy 48.4 per cent. of all merchandize for family use, and have an important voice in selecting 23 per cent. more, making a total of 71 per cent. bought by us. Women buy:

- 48% of all the drugs
- 96% of all the dry goods
- 87% of all the foods and market products
- 49% of hardware and housefurnishings
- 41% of all the automobiles

Indeed a recent investigation shows

that the only things men buy alone are:

- 36% of newspapers
- 28% of the dogs
- 24% of the phonographs
- 60% of the boxed candy

Men will be further shocked to learn that women alone buy 11.2 per cent. of men's clothing without consulting them, and help men buy 22.9 per cent. more. In short, 34 per cent. of the clothing worn by men is picked for them by women.

Hoover and the engineering societies have started a great anti-waste campaign. Hoover is the one man in political life whom the housewife understands because he thinks in terms of consumption as well as in terms of production. We hear a great deal about the American housewife's waste—and I readily admit that the garbage-pail is our national emblem and the frying pan our national coat of arms. But the waste in industrial production and distribution also has been stupendous. Our recent inflation was actually comic as well as tragic. Let me give a cross-section of how it worked at the peak of inflation a year ago.

I went to my local dealer and tried to buy an alarm clock. He said he was all out, but had expected a shipment for some time; he would order again. Impatient for a clock, I crossed the street to another retailer and received the same story. Each of those dealers, started with my need for one alarm clock, ordered twelve clocks from the wholesaler, hoping to get six; the wholesaler ordered a gross, hoping to get a half gross, and *repeated his order to another manufacturer* to make sure. Thus my authentic demand for one alarm clock arrived on the manufacturers' desk as a seemingly authentic demand for 288 clocks. This is only one instance of the fantastic inflation. Is it any wonder that the bubble burst like a child's toy balloon?

Why should the individual housewife save the tail of her steak to make into meat balls, pare her potatoes thin and camouflage stale bread into pudding when she knows that acres of fruit are left to rot each year in our orchards, that thousands of tons of food are purposely left to decay on the commission house floor to hold up the price, when boats of fish are dumped into the harbor, when quantities of good food suitable to masses of people is condemned for a tiny spot? Why should the housewife save her pennies when distribution creaks with the rust of inefficiency and when, last year, American men invested three billions of dollars in fly-by-night oil stocks?

The housewife has not quit buying—she has only ceased to squander. Her buying power is again gradually emerging as she sees a return to normalcy.

An important Dutch banker says there is no such thing as overproduction. Hoover says we are suffering from under-consumption, not overproduction. There are billions of articles which the consumer needs and will buy when the prices become right. During the war I spoke in defense of conservation in 110 towns in 10 different states. Such unpainted houses, such lack of conveniences, such need for the accepted comforts of living—bathtubs and paint and hardware and kitchen

cabinets and musical instruments and screens and furniture! It would take a top-notch production of ten years to satisfy the needs of this section alone.

The consumer will buy when the producer, the manufacturer and the distributor do their duty. Get these three, and the banker as well, to organize their production and their distribution and there is not this seasonal inflation, this scandalous frequency of overinflation and depression, this enormous top-heavy cost of distribution which makes many articles cost, to distribute, from three to five times their production cost, and when we suffer from this constant locking horns of capital and labor at the expense of the consumer.

The housewives' power is undervalued. Millions of new women voters means that millions of housewives and family purchasing agents will carry their point of view to the ballot box. This is no longer suffrage oratory, but fact. A new orientation is due in national housekeeping.

The poor old world went off on a business bat, had a night out, came back with a splitting headache and hasn't been able to find the keyhole. I am afraid that Mrs. Friend Consumer Wife will have to get up and open the door for him, and administer a Red Raven Split!

Great Britain - Labor

THE SHIFTING OF CONTROL IN GREAT BRITAIN

By Sir John Foster Fraser

"IS there going to be a revolution in England?"

That is the question put to me at least once a day during the time I have been in the United States. Generally it is asked hesitatingly, as tho

it were a terrible prospect, only to be talked about in a whisper.

I am obliged to smile. For England has always been in revolution, certainly ever since the days of Magna Charta at Runnymede. Wat Tyler and Jack

Cade were the precursors of our modern regenerators of society. A century ago the citizens of Middlesex rioted when the House of Commons tried to keep out of Parliament John Wilkes, a man of "advanced" opinion—a different proceeding from that of the voters of New York State when the legislature at Albany decided that men of "advanced" views should be excluded from that body.

From the time of Milton, right on through a succession of resisters to the conditions of the day, England has been in steady revolution. Indeed, the principles of revolution have constantly flourished in Britain; they have been the torch of emancipation in other countries and the American Revolution was an acute accentuation of British principles.

So when I am asked if there is going to be a revolution in England I have to reply: "There has always been a revolution in England." Only our revolutions are not somersaults. There is a turn of the wheel and then a spring back called a compromise, but with the position well ahead of where it was. In course of time we complete the circle. So to-day the common people of Britain are the supreme authority and Britain has the most democratic form of government in the world. In matters of industrial dispute, if I may venture on a generality, I would say that the disposition of the British is always toward compromise, whereas the disposition of the Americans is to "fight to a finish."

It is not at all a proved fact that democracy—the most easily-mouthed platform word—is the cure-all for world evils. It has been within easy memory that the democracies have had an open chance to express themselves—and recent evidences of that expression do not seem to have been very propitious. Democracy is on its trial.

Mob opinion is invariably ill-informed. The individual is the leader and the opinion of a dozen men well versed is more valuable than the shout of a thousand men in the street. Democracies are always led by individuals—it is the law of fitness which cannot be evaded—and whilst I would tremble at the fate of Britain if I believed its destiny was to be decided by the mob, I find repose of mind in the knowledge that the mass of Englishmen have confidence in the men who by their ability and probity are the leaders.

Recently I went to a meeting in Chicago where a speaker advocated for the United States a general workman's compensation act; national insurance against unemployment, so that a man or woman should draw money when out of work; national insurance against sickness, so that there will be official doctors and free medicine when illness comes; State labor bureaus to know the labor market and to pay the railroad fares of men from places where labor is too plentiful to where it is scarce; a sliding scale, so that wages depend on prices; city committees, so that in industrial disputes representatives of capital and labor shall meet and discuss the situation under an impartial chairman before the test of a local strike is applied; old age pensions, so that at a particular age the worker shall receive an allowance from the State. "Going some?" remarked a friend sitting by me. "Well," I replied, "we have every one of those things in practice and in force in Great Britain at the present moment."

The reason we got over our unemployment difficulty last winter without as much trouble as was expected was because Britain had laid aside over \$100,000,000 as unemployment insurance. Seven dollars a week may not be much, but to the man or woman legitimately out of employment—the

State insurance does not apply in case of strikes—it is a serviceable sum.

At the present time there are between 60 and 70 labor members of the House of Commons, not agitators in the usual meaning of the description, but men who have actually worked at their trades, gained the confidence of their fellows, became their spokesmen and are ultimately sent to Parliament. Now and then there comes to the House a flatulent, noisy person; but, writing after a quarter of a century's close association with Westminster, I would say the labor M.P.'s compare very favorably with the representatives of any other class who sit in the House of Commons. They bring into the debates the advantage of personal experience and, being invariably well-read men, show a close acquaintance with economic laws, so that their opinions always carry weight in the House of Commons, at once the most critical and most indulgent of assemblies. The fact, however, that in Parliament they have to listen to men fundamentally opposed to them has the salutary effect of frequently bringing them to realize there is much to be said for other points of view than their own. A number of these men have reached Cabinet rank, held high office as Secretaries of State, and the interesting consequence, which many of us have noticed, is that responsibility has softened their radicalism and more often than not they pursue the most conservative methods in administration.

It is, however, to be recognized there are many hot-heads in the labor movement, very much dissatisfied with the slow procedure of Parliament toward the millennium, holding socialistic, syndicalistic and bolshevistic creeds, men who are showing an increasing disposition to ignore the cautious advice of the experienced labor leaders and, in defiance of counsel, to

have break-away strikes. Collective bargaining is an accepted policy in Great Britain; but the difficulty the employers have and ultimately the Government when it intervenes, is that it is the captains of the trade-unions who direct, but the sergeants and corporals who control. So the labor party may roughly be divided into two sections: the impatient, who want direct action, and the thoughtful, who see the goal, who know it must be reached by steps and constitutionally, and who have widened the portals of their trade-unions, so they are not confined to actual workers, but can secure the assistance of the intellectuals who hold the same economic views. Thus, in the mass, the labor question in Great Britain has been placed on a higher level than a contest between those who want more wages and those who think they are very well paid already.

Quite apart from those who divide themselves into antagonistic economic schools the yeast of amelioration is fermenting in the public mind. There is universal agreement not only that lock-outs and strikes are barbaric, but that the time has arrived when there must be a fundamental change in the relationship between capital and labor. To alter the practice of centuries is not easy. But there is an ardent quest for a solution and the leaning of popular thought is that it will somehow be along the lines of copartnership or profit-sharing.

Americans who were intimately acquainted with British domestic affairs before the war now find there has been a great alteration. The war changed Britain much more than the average Englishman can gauge. Of course, there are still the plutocrats, exploiting the public, and the nether world of the proletariat, seething with class discontent. But neither of these represent the new spirit amongst the British which is

exemplified in a hundred ways. Not the least important of these is the Middle Class Union, composed of the professional and salaried classes, whose incomes have lowered but the charges upon whom have increased, who have neither the power of the financial corporations nor of the trade-unions to force what they desire, but who are banding together to resist being turned into the humble beast of financial burden in all national expenditure.

The young men who went through the war, sadly disillusioned by subsequent events, have been brought with a sharp jerk to look at problems from a different angle than would have been the case if there had been no cataclysm. Four and a half million British men came out of the furnace seared and thoughtful. They asked awkward questions to which they got no satisfactory answers. To them talk about making the world safe for democracy was merely a waggle of words without substance. They felt much was wrong and they have their brows seriously knit thinking out how the wrong is to be righted.

I find in the United States that those who are making endeavors toward regeneration are pleasant, portly and more or less prosperous middle-aged or elderly gentlemen. In Britain it is the young men in the thirties who are eager. I am not writing about the extremists, the syndicalist nor the bolshevist youths in the shipyards on the Clyde and in the coalfields of South Wales, but of the mass of intelligent young men, whether they belong to what are known as the aristocratic classes or fellows who have gone back to their stools as bank clerks. I would say that the most marked concern for real reform in Britain to-day is to be found amongst the young men of prominent family, well-to-do, in many cases of leisure, and who are facing the problems with determination

to solve some of the industrial and social riddles.

Sometimes I hear people in America talk about England's "ruling class." If ever there was such a class it disappeared half a century ago. Compare Cabinet with Cabinet and the proportion of men around Mr. Lloyd George who are humbly born is quite as marked as those Mr. Harding has called around him. Tho in a multitude of ways the patrician families are rendering as valuable, but quiet, undemonstrative service to their country as ever they did, they do not loom so large because the plebeians have taken a front place. The men who count most in popular estimation to-day all sprung from common soil. Ordinary working men in their clubs, or in dinner-hour chats, or at Sunday morning open-air meetings, reveal a knowledge of current affairs which is often surprising.

The remarkable thing about the social position in Britain to-day is that the young men and women—fond tho they be of the joys and frivolities of youth—are concerning themselves with the big national problems. To say that the great Universities, like Oxford and Cambridge, are seething with socialism would be an exaggeration; but it is unquestionably the fact that the younger English mind is rather contemptuous toward old doctrinaire theories and accept that new conditions must meet new times. More than once at luncheon or dinner parties, where present-day issues are discussed, I have heard the younger men of the family give expression to views that are not far short of socialistic. It is not so much sympathy for the demands of the laboring classes, who can be as unreasonable as anybody else, but a frank realization that things are out of joint and must be righted.

Of course, there are in London many dilettante reformers, folk with quaint ideas and curious clothes, to whom

platitudes about a loftier humanity are like the preaching of a new cult. Their views can be dismissed as silly effervescence. The people, however, who are going to be reckoned with are the educated young men who went through the war, or who are just stepping into active public life and who are caught up into the world's confused aftermath of the war. Without deliberation, and almost unconsciously, they are taking hold of the tangled threads and trying to unravel them. The younger race is not animated by antagonism but by appreciation of the necessity to find a new way. This attitude of mind is reflected in all talk amongst the educated people of Britain. Tho there are conflicts between interests, as between the coal mine owners and the colliers, there is practically no class prejudice in England. There was in the spring of 1914, but the war—especially the manner the young men of the best families by the hundred thousand sprang to arms—killed it. In some countries I visit I notice discontent at the heavy burden of taxation consequent upon war. In England, carrying an unprecedented burden, raising this year something like \$6,000,000,000, a third of which is allocated to discharging war debts to other countries, it is "bad form" to complain of taxation. Reform, better conditions, housing, are not party questions but national questions. The old political landmarks are gone and there are millions of people in Britain who would have some difficulty in telling to which of the political parties they belong.

The astounding thing is that the most energetic, disinterested campaign for betterment is being advanced by the scions of the old Tory stock. It is not at all an unusual thing for the heir to a peerage to appear on the same platform with a labor agitator. And if "blood will tell," it is significant how

clear-headed these young fellows are in facing the conundrums of life. They are well read, many of them have traveled extensively, and all over the country the ferment is going on. Sometimes I am asked if there will be a Labor Parliament in Britain? Not in the sense that the question is usually asked. But that there will be a Parliament chiefly desirous of benefiting labor and making war on entrenched vested interests is more than likely. And when a majority, so pledged, is returned to the House of Commons, I quite expect that the leader will be Lord Robert Cecil, a man held in high esteem by everybody. He is a real aristocrat, son of the late Marquis of Salisbury, who was Prime Minister and the direct descendant of a Prime Minister in the days of Queen Elizabeth. That Lord Robert is moving toward the leadership of an enlightened liberal democratic labor cause I am convinced.

So, tho there will be quick political movement in Britain there will be no convulsion. Fortnight visitors to England who come to America with alarmist stories that the country is on the edge of a revolution only advertize their inability to understand British psychology. They see what has always been going on in England but assume it is something new. Freedom of speech, even to the wildest of extremists, is allowed, and as the British never think of checking it the visitor jumps to the conclusion that the extravagant talk is the preliminary to extravagant action. Nothing of the kind. England has always been discontented—and I hope always will be. The good thing to-day is that the discontent is shared by those who under other circumstances might resist forward movement. For centuries, in all great questions, the English have been in the habit of walking straight up to the precipice. They look over; but they do not go over.

A DEMOCRATIC VIEW OF OUR THREE-MONTHS' PRESIDENT

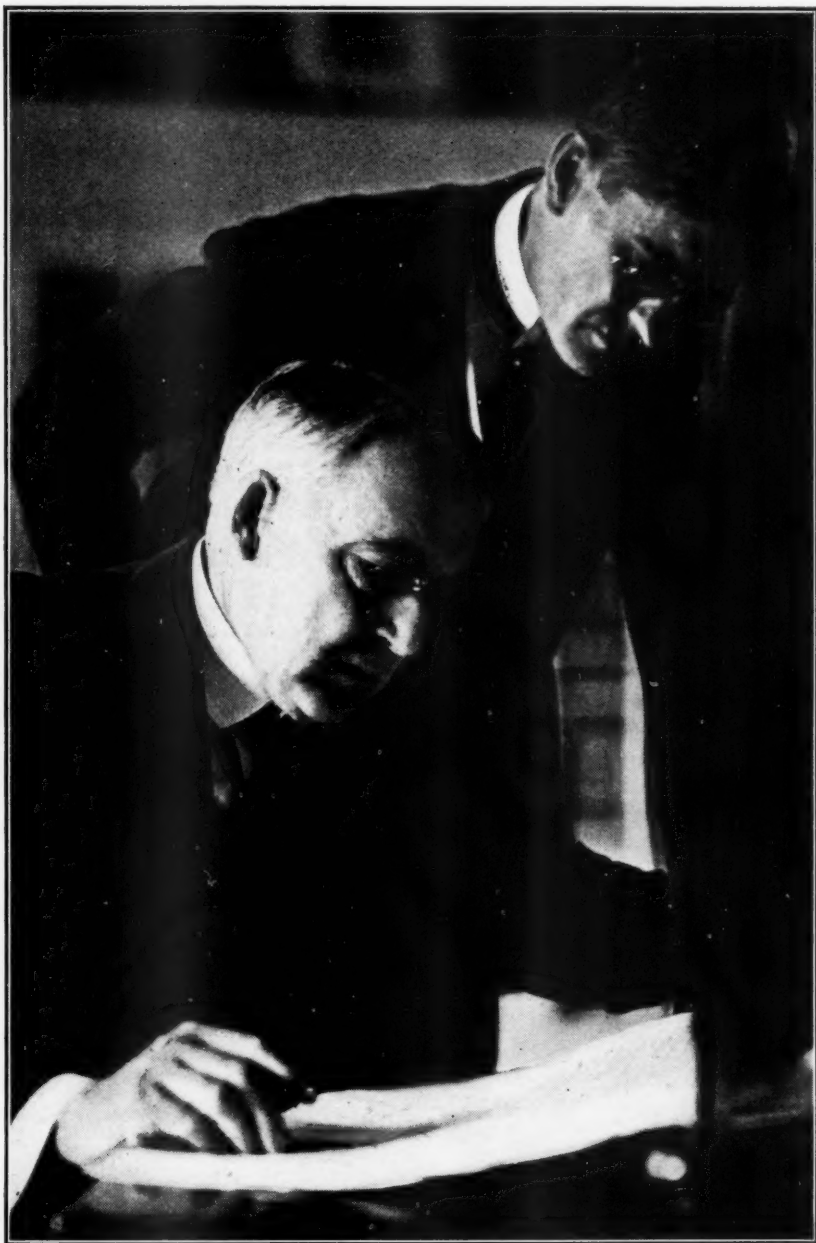
ALTHO three months have passed since Warren Gamaliel Harding was inducted into the Presidency, the people of this country are no nearer a conclusion as to his presidential caliber and capability than are observant and equally curious peoples elsewhere. With what sort of man are Congress at home and statesmen abroad reckoning? That he is a big man physically, of great vitality and possessed of courage is an accepted fact. Those who have had the best opportunities to study Woodrow Wilson's successor are agreed that he boasts no transcendent genius and clearly recognizes its absence in his willingness to accept advice and counsel of men perhaps abler than himself; a man, as William H. Crawford observes, in the *World's Work*, who is conscious of his present power, but who has no desire to force his will upon his fellow workers on whose shoulders coequally rest the responsibilities of government; a man of good judgment and entire practicality, kind-hearted, thoughtful of his subordinates, generous to his adversaries and cordial to his equals—a plain, every-day, practical man without illusions or visionary ideas.

This *World's Work* biographer recently "spent a week in the White House," taking notes and looking at the President through the eyes of "a life-long Democrat." He confesses that as an admirer of Wilson he had been more than exasperated at what he considered the unjust calumny heaped upon him during the campaign for partizan political purposes, and was inclined to attribute it "partly to the nomination of the Republican Party." Consequently, he began his sojourn at the White House "with no prejudice favorable to the new President."

Among other things this writer discovered was that the pictures of the twenty-ninth President of the United States never do him justice. The deep lines separating his cheeks from his chin cast a shadow that is increased by the camera. This,

we are told, prevents the people who know him only by photographs from appreciating his remarkably strong face. To complete the pen picture: "The President is tall, well over six feet; his head is covered with iron-gray hair beginning to get thin on top, and he has a remarkably large leonine head cast on Roman lines. His eyes are large, light blue, and well shaped, and he looks at you directly in the face—a look that is rather disconcerting when he is listening to you, especially when you know that the owner of those eyes is the President of the United States. His head is set upon a remarkable pair of broad shoulders and, as is the case with most tall men, his shoulders are slightly rounded. His body is well knit, with no superfluous flesh. His limbs are sinewy, indicating great physical strength, and his vitality is something amazing." There is a certain engaging frankness about the President that usually goes with the possession of superb physical power, a something that subconsciously says that he is more than a physical match for the men that he meets and therefore does not need subterfuge.

His head, we are assured, has not been turned in the least by his elevation. While he feels the responsibilities that have been placed upon him, "it has not given him any stiffness or hauteur, any sense of importance, or any demand upon the people for recognition of his executive position." This was shown very distinctly in several instances on the golf course at Chevy Chase. There were several parties ahead of Harding and Crawford. On account of the rapidity with which the President walks and the quickness of his play, he caught up with them. They invariably stepped aside and requested that the President precede them. He always refused their proffered courtesy, and with a smile requested that they continue, nor was there with this any evidence of condescension on his part or of affected humility.



Courtesy of The World's Work

THE PRESIDENT AT HIS DESK

Warren Gamaliel Harding works with great rapidity, determining quickly on the papers submitted to him and making pencil notations in the margins of letters to be answered by his private secretary, George B. Christian, Jr.

Mr. Harding is described as a "neat dresser," whose clothes are always well cut, well pressed and of good material, running to somber colors. He eats his breakfast in a well-quilted, wine-colored jacket. In the morning hours he wears a sack suit, usually of dark gray, almost black. If he goes golfing in the afternoon he puts on the regulation togs—plaid, a light cap, dark red golf stockings and brown shoes. Underneath his Norfolk jacket he wears a white woolen sweater. But as he grows warm from the exercise off comes his coat, which he sticks under his arm. The President does not dress for dinner unless he is going out or has company.

Every morning, regardless of how late he may have been up the night before, the Chief Executive arises by seven o'clock, shaves himself, takes some exercise, and then reads the newspapers, especially, we are told, editorials touching upon national and international affairs. Breakfast in the White House is served on the stroke of eight. The Harding manner of receiving visitors is thus described:

"He has a warm hand-clasp of evident sincerity, and they leave him with pleasant tastes in their mouths, regardless of the fact that he has been particularly careful to make no promises that he cannot fulfill, the usual formula being something like this: 'I assure you, Senator, that the application of Mr. Jones will have due consideration, and you may be assured that your recommendation will be given due weight.' I felt like suggesting that it would be an excellent idea to have a phonographic record made of this statement; it would save time. I do not wish to give the impression that Mr. Harding is practicing deception, only that his natural kindness and thoughtfulness prevent him from being blunt and inconsiderate of his callers, and his natural carefulness from making positive promises that he may not be able to keep, for there aren't enough offices to go around. Let me remark that the President is no sycophant. He receives with equal cordiality Senator Lodge, Speaker Gillett, ex-Speaker Cannon and Squire Jones of Cross Roads, Ohio, the only difference is that he addresses the squire as Bill if he knew him as such back in the home state."

Gastronomically, the man who sits at the head of the Cabinet table and at the

foot of the White House dining-table is not shy. He possesses a hearty appetite, as this typical menu for the day indicates: For breakfast he has half of a grape fruit, bacon and eggs, the bacon cooked to a golden-brown; buttered toast and coffee, followed by waffles, such as Mrs. Harding has made famous. His luncheon is a substantial meal, usually including a meat and two or three vegetables, but the dinner is the principal meal. It is complete, from soup to nuts. He enjoys his meals and mixes with them a full amount of laughter and light-heartedness. He throws off what little official manner he has at other times. He is no longer President, but is just Warren, and his wife is Lou.

Scrutinized by this Democratic biographer and seven-days' guest at the White House on the score of his capabilities, characteristics and mental make-up, the President comes off with more than half-flying colors. An impression has found currency that Warren G. Harding will, as we are reminded, be "a tool in the hands of the master minds of the Republican Party, an *alter ego* for Lodge and Penrose and Smoot." This is attributed to his natural friendliness of disposition, to his lack of desire for domination and his willingness to listen to advice. His friendliness and politeness have been misconstrued as subservience and a lack of a will of his own. But "there has never been a greater misjudgment of a man in political life," in the judgment of this observer. "He may be influenced in the formation of his judgment by cogent reasoning, but his final decision will be the opinion of Warren G. Harrington, after he has carefully weighed the pros and cons of the matter. Mr. Harding, by his willingness to accept advice, will be a second Henry Clay, the great compromiser in American politics. Each side will feel that they have had a chance to add something to the constructive management of our national affairs, because it is highly probable that a final decision on each point will be the result of the taking of the best and the discarding of the worst from all the plans submitted."

MADAME CURIE: THE MOST FAMOUS WOMAN IN THE WORLD

THE genius of Madame Curie is primarily mathematical, and she had the good fortune to find in her father, the eminent Professor Sklodowsky, of Warsaw, a man who understood this from the first. He wrote of her to a friend in Paris, so we learn from the *Paris Temps*, that she would infallibly make a name for herself, but he protested against any idea that she was abnormal or neurotic or characterized by any of the traits usually associated with gifts like hers. Before she entered her teens she displayed a love for music that has never declined, and the memory for which she is famous was originally displayed in the recitation of patriotic Polish poems. Her native land is a passion with Marie Sklodowska Curie, and the motive that prompted the name she bestowed upon polonium is well known. She was quite a young lady before she quitted her native city of Warsaw, where she studied at the Lycée and dived deeply into the theory of differential equations. It is recorded of the gifted young lady that on the day that she received her promotion to a high school she confided to her father that the greatest minds in history were Gauss, Newton and her own Papa. "My child," sighed the professor, "you have forgotten Aristotle."

Excellent as were the introductions she brought with her from Warsaw to Paris, the clever girl, it appears from the *Action*, found her labor at the Sorbonne, where she went in for the physical sciences, long, arduous and attended by a disheartening indifference. A few of the professors did not take her very seriously, and all of them looked with little favor upon the invasion of their classrooms by a young woman. Some memories of this period, it seems, underlie her sensitiveness to any emphasis upon the fact that she is a woman. The slightest suspicion that special consideration was given her on account of her sex never failed to agitate the dark, black-haired, silent little Polish

girl. Mathematics, physics, laboratory research and synthetic chemistry were assumed to be for men. Becquerel is said to have shrugged his shoulders when he learned that she was conducting experiments relating to the magnetic properties of tempered steel. Her allowance from her father was adequate for necessities, but it did not suffice for extravagances. Luckily, she could sew her own clothes, and she had been initiated at home into every mystery of housekeeping.

Even after getting her degree she had to pine in obscurity and loneliness because her intense absorption in physics and mathematics made her uninteresting, the candid French chronicler admits, to the friends of her family in Paris, who welcomed her for her father's sake, but who found her too serious, too preoccupied. Allowance must be made for the fact that the Russian secret police were busy in Paris in those days, and the youthful Marie, with other young Poles, was under suspicion of conniving with a group of political exiles under cover of their mutual interest in the mathematical sciences. Even her letters from home were opened and freshly sealed, and there is a suggestion in one study of her career that she narrowly escaped arrest as a conspirator against the ally of France.

Meanwhile her progress as a laboratory worker had attracted the attention of Pierre Curie, "gifted young man," several years older than herself, who was much impressed by the failure of Becquerel to continue the researches suggested by his astonishing experience with the protected photographic plate. Pierre Curie had an idea, the French paper says, that fluorescence had something to do with it. Mademoiselle Sklodowska suggested an electrical examination of minerals containing uranium and thorium, but Curie pointed out that many abstruse mathematical calculations must be verified before such a procedure could be thought of. The young lady dumbfounded the young man with a

quiet assurance that all calculations were verified—she had seen to this herself. Curie had a theory regarding chemical action by vapors due to salt, but the young lady talked him out of this idea with such a wealth of technical learning that he confessed himself staggered by such attainments in a girl. "I wonder, Monsieur," she retorted nettled, "where you can have imbibed your strange notions of a woman's limitations. I do not deny the validity of your theories on the ground that you are a man." Thus, according to the *Indépendance belge* (Brussels), opened the first chapter in one of the classical romances of science.

The tragic death of Pierre Curie—he was run over and killed by a truck in the streets of Paris—left his widow still a young woman, but an established one and famous. She supported her young family—which includes the two daughters who accompany her on her American tour—by means of the lectures which have been so successful and with the emoluments of her Sorbonne professorship. Carefully as she supervised the domestic establishment which she maintained in the Boulevard Kellermann, she never remitted either her application to the most abstruse mathematical studies or her laboratory researches in the field of radioactivity. Her habit of early rising, acquired as a girl in Warsaw, remained with her in Paris. She sewed frocks for her little girls when her fame was world-wide, and one of her cousins recently assured a French journalist that "the best person to send to market in all Paris" is Madame Curie, who cannot be imposed upon with inferior butter or poor joints of meat. "She makes little cakes that are delicious."

Time, so gracious to Madame Curie in most things, has not spared a face which, says the *Gaulois*, was unlined and smiling when she entered the Sorbonne, but now reveals plainly the fifty-three years that have passed over it. The gray hair is abundant, but worn uncompromisingly away from a high, wide forehead in accordance with Madame Curie's dread of even seeming to depend upon her sex for her effect in the classroom. She carries this mood into every detail of her attire,

banishing all jewelry, scorning everything modish in hats and clinging in the laboratory to an apron of a color which she concedes herself to be unbecoming. The long and supple fingers are conspicuous as she holds a tube up for inspection. Physically she is lithe and neither plump nor thin. The cheek bones are prominent in a typically Polish countenance, and the nose has the quivering nostril which denotes quick temper. In meditation, Madame Curie compresses the thin lips of a small mouth, but while speaking the laugh is ready and the words come with quickness in somewhat high-pitched tones. The eye has the depth and the steadiness of gaze usually encountered in mathematicians. She has a habit of rising abruptly whenever she becomes animated in her talk and of pacing back and forth—the familiar propensity of one whose speech gets its tone and temper from the classroom.

The shyness of Madame Curie has often been noted in the French press and is attributed to her consciousness of being slightly out of her element unless she is in her little home with her daughters or engaged in lectures or laboratory work for the benefit of a class. This temperamental timidity seems to explain her reluctance to become what she has herself called a spectacle. In the springtime of her fame the lecture rooms of the Sorbonne were sometimes invaded by tourists who had heard vaguely of Madame Curie as the discoverer of radium. She might be at a crisis of an important demonstration with a whole class on the alert when the door would unexpectedly open and a garrulous guide, heading a party of tourists, would point his stick at her. "Here, ladies and gentlemen, is the greatest woman on earth." Renan, in the heyday, of his renown, was embarrassed by these invasions. More than once an eminent savant has been obliged to lock the door of a classroom after sustaining inspection by English and Americans as an intellectual curiosity. Madame Curie was for a time the central figure in a positive run on the Sorbonne. She was forced in self-defense to appeal for protection unless she reconciled herself to abandoning

laboratory research altogether. By the time the war broke out, it had become an affair of no little formality to secure admission to her Sorbonne lectures. These would be wholly unintelligible, moreover, to the average layman, altho her popular lectures, under other auspices, are exquisitely lucid.

The intellectual traits of Madame Curie, like those of the late Henri Poincaré, have been made the subject of a medico-psychological investigation into the nature of mental superiority, and the result, our French contemporaries say, reveals no morbidity whatever, none of that abnormality usually associated with genius. In this she is exactly like Poincaré, affording fresh evidence of the unsoundness of Lombroso's contention that attainments like hers denote lack of balance somewhere. If she displays occasionally a trace of the nervousness of Poincaré she does not talk in his characteristically dis-

jointed fashion. She never leaps from topic to topic or manifests the absent-mindedness for which some Sorbonne professors are eminent. Her physiognomical aspect is said to suggest emotionality, but here again, the *Gaulois* says, appearances are misleading. She does not weep, at any rate, in the public fashion of some great French actresses, and she never appears before her public theatrically in the style of that neurotic woman mathematician, Sonya Kovalevska. Unlike that lady, Madame Curie is not pursued in her dreams by a diabolical man with a satanic laugh. Madame Curie is quoted in a French paper to the effect that she seldom dreams. A recent analysis of her handwriting indicates that she enjoys good health, is artistic in temperament and of a quick temper, while a palmist who scrutinized the life-line of her left hand affirmed that she would live to be a hundred.

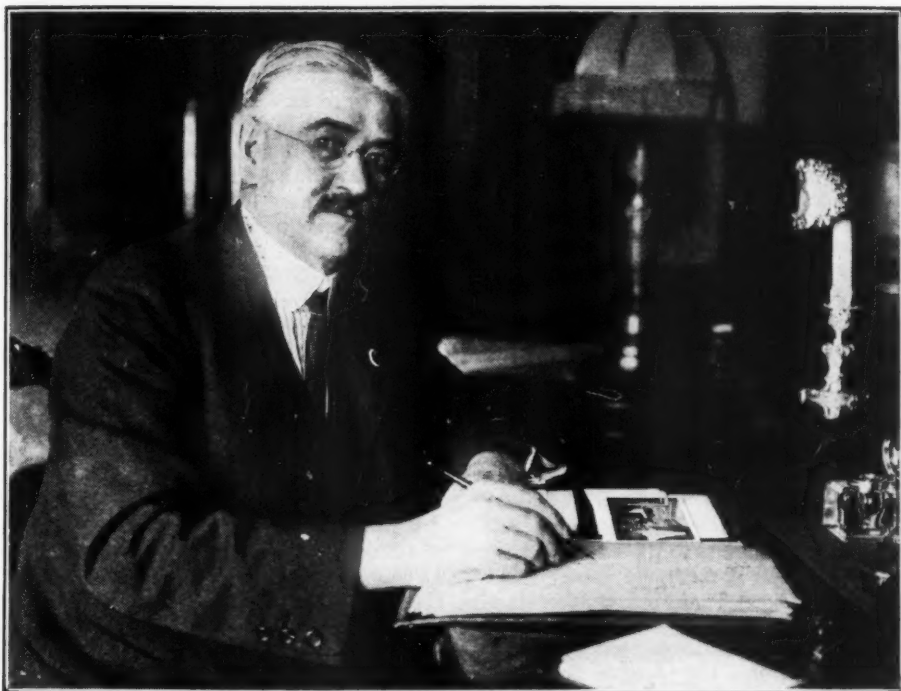
Miller, N.Y.

A GOVERNOR WHO PLAYS POLITICS WITH A CLUB AND A PRUNING KNIFE

TO those observantly concerned in workings of democracy, the new Governor of the Empire State, Nathan L. Miller, presents an interesting if not disquieting study. Judge Miller, who for several years had served on the New York State Supreme Court bench, came to general notice first at the National Republican Convention less than a year ago when he was the one lone delegate from his State who voted for the candidacy of Herbert Hoover. Despite his nonconformist attitude on that occasion, Judge Miller obtained the gubernatorial nomination, and in the first few months following his election he has been busy making political history. Among other things, as the now defunct *Harvey's Weekly* put it, he has reversed the process of State Governors and financiers, who have traditionally busied themselves with searching for new sources of revenue in order to increase taxation and make it possible to spend more money. This one, to

the dismay of his party leaders and the delight of his party opponents, has taken a stand on the New York City transit problem and is recommending economies that predicate a genuine business administration. Abolish the State Printing Board, for instance, and \$500,000 will be saved. Stop printing the laws in favored newspapers, and from \$1,000,000 to \$2,000,000 will be saved. Reorganize and consolidate the fiscal departments, and \$1,000,000 will be saved. Reorganize the Labor Department, and another \$1,000,000 will be saved. All of which, to quote *The World's Work*, "entitles Governor Miller, as a new figure in American politics, to the respect of those who admire courage," for "he has not hesitated to champion an unpopular cause and to tell several millions of voters that they are unreasonable and foolish, and that they have been made the victims of political tricksters and the gutter press."

Rather austere in bearing at the start, we read that the Governor has gradually



Photograph by Brown Brothers

A GOVERNOR WHO IS DETERMINED TO GOVERN NEW YORK

Nathan L. Miller, a new figure in American politics, is frankly a Republican Party man and he has legislative ideas whose enforcement will be a seventh wonder of the Empire State.

become less judicial and is developing a warmth and geniality of temperament wholly foreign to him during the years he graced the bench. He is still spoken of by the politicians as too frigid to be a great political success. There came a day when Mayor Hylan and other members of the New York City Board of Estimate presented themselves before the Governor to ask enactment of a bill enabling the city to run omnibus lines. He listened to the arguments until his patience was exhausted. Then in a dignified but very straightforward manner he told the Mayor and his associates they were not conducting the city's affairs capably, and were wasting their opportunities for service in "loose talking and loose thinking." The stir this occasioned brought both praise and condemnation.

The League of Women Voters was the next political element to feel the gu-

bernatorial lash. They invited Governor Miller to address them. He agreed, with the understanding that he should be at liberty to "speak his mind," and he frankly told them that he regarded an organization of voters aiming to control the balance of political power as "a menace to our free institutions." Subsequently Labor, represented by its local leaders, gathered at Albany to protest against a recasting of the Industrial Commission, and provoked a plainly-spoken rebuke from the Governor.

To-day, the Democratic *N. Y. World* assures us, Nathan Miller is universally conceded to be the undisputed leader and boss of his party, desirous of assuming responsibility for the legislative record of the past few months and determined to work out the alterations he has made in governmental agencies to justify the "ripping" process resorted to by the Senate

and Assembly under his direction. He is ready to make the fight in New York City this fall for the election of a Republican Mayor, confident his traction reorganization plan for the city will receive indorsement of the voters through the defeat of Mayor Hylan and his associates on the Board of Estimate who stood out against it.

It was six years ago that Judge Miller resigned from the Court of Appeals to become the general counsel for the Solvay Process Company and to associate himself with the big business interests of Horace S. Wilkinson, head of the Crucible Steel Company. His genius as an administrator, legal and otherwise, promptly manifested itself. He quickly organized the chemical industries of the country under one head, and within a few years was on "easy street" financially. The salary of a Court of Appeals judge was only \$10,000. To a friend, Judge Miller had explained: "There are seven reasons why I had to quit the bench and resume the practice of law—Mrs. Miller and my six daughters."

Politicians are already speculating on Governor Miller's future. Some say he is

headed for the White House, that, in case the Harding administration is not a triumph, Miller is destined to head the next Republican national ticket, even if he sticks to his determination not to run again for Governor. Others say he will be New York's next United States Senator. He himself says he is going back to the practice of law after he has devoted two years to his present job.

Governor Miller is fifty-two years old. He is a self-made man. His father was a farmer and not at all prosperous. Until he was thirteen the Governor attended elementary school in the village of Groton, New York—not the well-known school in New England. He worked his way through Cortland Normal School, from which he was graduated when nineteen. For a year he taught school in MacLean, Tompkins County. He afterward studied law and became the partner of James Dougherty, at which time he failed in his race for a State Senatorship nomination. When he was nominated for Governor he was one of the most successful corporation attorneys in the Empire State, with a practice netting him a fortune every year.

Japan - Politics 2 Govt

HIROHITO: THE IMPECCABLE CROWN PRINCE OF JAPAN

A DIFFICULTY has arisen, apparently, over the return to Tokyo of Hirohito, who is first of all the heirs to the throne of the rising sun to quit the sacred soil of Japan. It had been arranged that His Imperial Highness would go home by way of New York and San Francisco after his brilliant welcome in London. The Prince himself makes no concealment of his eagerness to study the Americans in their own country, for he is most partial to them at home.

He is now in his twenty-first year, and the *Paris Temps* is much struck by his resemblance to his immortal grandfather, the Emperor Mutsuhito, who inaugurated the constitutional era, who made his country modern and who displayed a keenness

of interest in the outside world which in the Crown Prince amounts to a passion. Hirohito remained unmoved by the frenzy of his people when they learned of his projected tour. They flocked to the Shinto shrines and prayed there for the abandonment of so mad an enterprise. Mobs attacked the son of the Marquis Saion-ji with clubs, for upon that Gallicized statesman was charged the crime of suggesting the impious pilgrimage.

It was all in vain. His Highness had already revealed his temperamental recklessness, observes the *Paris Matin*, by courting the accomplished and exquisite daughter of Prince Kuni—the Princess Nagako, whom he means to wed in the teeth of hostile clansmen. His Highness

thus breaks with a tradition which, affirms the Paris paper, has for nearly two thousand years given to five families exclusively the right of marrying their daughters into the imperial house. He manifested no less unprecedented a boldness when, at the magnificent interment of his departed grandfather on Peach Hill—the Crown Prince being then a mere boy in his teens—he himself held one of the flickering torches that shed such an uncanny glare over the procession. The youth got wet to the skin on that memorable night in a pouring rain.

Pious Japanese clansmen, it seems, fancy, when Hirohito appears, that the departed Mutsuhito has come forth from the sarcophagus of polished granite where he was assumed to repose forever behind walls of charcoal. Hirohito has his grandfather's eyes, so keen yet so bland; his grandfather's wealth of dark hair, his grandfather's irresistible smile and his grandfather's incomparably musical voice. This youth has inherited, too, the senior's poetical genius, and it finds expression in the same sort of fanciful quatrains on the symbolism of Nature and her soothing reflection of all our moods. There is in Hirohito, as well, that majesty of deportment, tempered with affability, which won for his grandfather the credit of having caught his dignity from the chrysanthemum and his sweetness from the rose.

So amazing a reincarnation of traits has impressed all classes of Japanese society, filling the remotest villages with awe and intensifying the dynastic cult to such a height of extravagance that samurai committed harakiri in the manner of the Count and Countess Nogi, who slew themselves that they might follow their royal master into another world. Such acts in protest against his trip failing to move the Prince, patriots hurled themselves in front of the train that took him to Yokohama, whereupon the engine had to be slowed up while members of the suite reproved the obstructionists for assuming their judgment on such a point to be superior to that of the Elder Statesmen.

It would be calumnious to infer from these and similar episodes in the career of Hirohito, says the *Temps*, that he is

self-willed, opinionated, disposed to assert himself whatever the consequences. The same spirit that prompts him, in private conversation, to employ the old Kyoto dialect and to wear white silk garments in the domestic circle, inspires his deference for the judgment of the ancient advisers of the dynasty. He would not defer to Prince Yamagata in the matter of his marriage, but that was an exceptional circumstance. Hirohito realizes that he is still a very young man and that the wisdom of his ancestors, to use a phrase put into his mouth by one chronicler, is "the light of the world." He is a frequent visitor to the sanctuary within which his father, the Emperor Yoshihito, worships the departed spirits of their house. He is deferential, in the traditional style, to his mother, who was a Princess Sadako, herself highly educated in both the European and Japanese style. Like his father, Hirohito speaks both English and French, and he has the good luck to be of a far more robust build. His respect for his parents will not permit him to defeat either in the game of golf, to which he is partial. He is devoted to athletics, but never is he so impolite as to display his well-known skill as a horseman when his father is in the saddle. He displays this traditional courtesy whenever he finds himself in the presence of an aged person, declining on one occasion to permit the motor car in which he was riding to warn an elderly pedestrian out of the way with the horn. The chauffeur had to alight and respectfully entreat the white-haired stranger to permit the Prince to proceed, as His Highness was on his way to the bedside of a sick brother—otherwise he would not have taken the liberty to interrupt the stranger's obvious admiration of the flowers, then in bloom everywhere.

In person, the French dailies tell us, the Prince is slightly above the average height of his countrymen. The features are typically Japanese, even to the almond slit in the somewhat narrow eyes and the marked sallowness of the skin. The chin is not at all heavy, and some critics might suspect that it denoted indecision, despite the self-assertion of recent months. The lips are somewhat thick and prominent.

The Prince has just a trace of an impediment in his speech, which makes him seem to hesitate for a word at times, but he always recovers from this temporary embarrassment, especially as he is not in the least shy. His athletic habits have saved him from the debility which was once thought hereditary in the imperial family. Yoshihito, the Emperor, suffers from sensitiveness of the lungs, and the great Mutsuhito was all his life a victim of indigestion. Hirohito, unlike most of his ancestors, has had the benefit of European medical science in all his attacks of illness. This was the more essential because of the sternness of the military training to which the Prince had to submit. His participation in maneuvers in the unprecedentedly low rank of captain and the obedience exacted of him in the field are among the remarkable innovations in dynastic history.

Hirohito is suspected of indifference to the glories of the Italian marble palace which he has all to himself in the great royal park at Tokyo, a pretentious edifice in the French style, suggesting the grandeur of Versailles. There is a considerable garden around which tower high walls. Behind these the Crown Prince plays occasional games of tennis. For golf he invades the precincts of the greater palace grounds close by, and here stands the immense monument to one of his heroes, Kusunoki Masashige, which inspired him, at one time, to attempt a little modeling himself. Under the aged and twisted trees in one of the many secluded parks the Prince sat with his tutors as a little boy wrestling with French verbs. Not far away is the window from which he peered in those days at the interminable lines of pilgrims praying there for the life of his grandfather, who died on that close July night, whereupon the boy, it is said, nearly died of grief. The shock was so great that for a time it was feared the Prince would develop the melancholia for which the royal family is famed.

Kyoto, the ancient capital of his dynasty, is the earthly paradise of Hirohito, in the opinion of those who know his tastes. He is said to share the secret disdain felt for Tokyo by the ancient aris-

tocracy which made such thrilling history in Kyoto. His happiest hours have been passed in contemplation of its fantastic festivals. He never could spend much time in the somewhat austere edifice which is his father's home whenever Yoshihito comes to Kyoto, but he made the most of the garden, said to be the finest in all Japan, and he liked to do his lessons in a room of the suite once occupied by his grandfather. Those lessons must have been severe, for they included, in addition to every accomplishment acquirable by a native gentleman of the finest breeding, a complete western training. He was accustomed from the first to European attire, which he donned at stated intervals so that when he grew up he might not display the least embarrassment in a high hat and a frock coat. He was taught to tolerate heavy sofas and to adapt himself to every mode in European furniture. On certain days of the week he had to speak only French while others were consecrated to English. There were fencing masters and even lessons in bridge and chess.

On more than one occasion, the little boy, supported by his three brothers, would organize a rebellion against all this tutoring and training. He declared that he did not want to grow up an emperor and speak English and eat roast beef. Then, as our French contemporary tells the tale, his mother would remind him of the difficulties that beset his grandfather Mutsuhito because he lacked proficiency in the very arts Hirohito was acquiring with such pains. Mutsuhito was always devoted to the little boy who so greatly resembled him. He would take him on his knee and test his intelligence with questions put at random or explore his memory by means of recitations. Nothing delighted the child as these exhibitions of what he had learned. Mutsuhito sat dumbfounded by accomplishments so varied in one so young. He predicted that the little boy on his knee would grow up to become one of the ablest, the most energetic and the most beloved of all the rulers of men. Thereupon, we are assured, the young prince resumed with a sigh his seat on a European sofa.

GRIT, THE TALE OF A JUNK-MAN

By Tristram Tupper

Illustrations by Arthur Fuller

GRIT was dead. There was no mistake about that. And on the very day of his burial temptation came to his widow.

Grit's widow was "Great" Taylor, whose inadequate first name was Nell—a young, immaculate creature whose body was splendid even if her vision and spirit were small. She had never understood Grit.

Returning from the long, wearisome ride, she climbed the circular iron staircase—up through parallels of garlic-scented tenement gloom—to her three-room flat, neat as a pin; but not even then did she give way to tears. Tears! No man could make Great Taylor weep!

However, drawing the pins from her straw hat, dyed black for the occasion, she admitted, "It ain't right." Grit had left her nothing, absolutely nothing, but an unpleasant memory of himself—his grimy face and hands, his crooked nose and baggy breeches. . . . And Great Taylor was willing that every thought of him should leave her forever. "Grit's gone," she told herself. "I ain't going to think of him any more."

Determinedly Great Taylor put some things to soak, and, closing down the top of the stationary wash-tubs, went to the window. The view was not intriguing, and yet she hung there: roofs and more roofs, a countless number reached out toward infinity, with pebbles and pieces of broken glass glittering in the sunlight; chimneys sharply outlined by shadow; and on every roof, except one, clothes-lines, from which white cotton and linen flapped in the wind at the side of faded overalls and red woolen shirts. They formed a kind of flag—these red, white and blue garments flying in the breeze high above a nation of toilers. But Great Taylor's only thought was, "It's Monday."

One roof, unlike the rest, displayed no such flag—a somewhat notorious "garden" and dance hall just around the corner.

And adjacent to this house was a

vacant lot on which Great Taylor could see a junk-cart waiting, and perhaps wondering what had become of its master.

She turned her eyes away. "I ain't going to think of him." Steadying her chin in the palms of her hands, elbows on the windowsill, Nell peered down upon a triangular segment of chaotic street. Massed humanity overflowed the sidewalks and seemed to bend beneath the weight of sunlight upon their heads and shoulders. A truck plowed a furrow through push-carts that rolled back to the curb like a wave crested with crude yellow, red, green and orange merchandise. She caught the hum of voices, many tongues mingling, while the odors of vegetables and fruit and human beings came faintly to her nostrils. She was looking down upon one of the busiest streets of the city that people sometimes called the Devil's Own.

Grit had wrested an existence from the debris of this city. Others have waded ankle-deep in the crowd; but he, a grimy, infinitesimal molecule, had been at the bottom wholly submerged, where the light of idealism is not supposed to penetrate. Grit had been a junk-man; his business address—a vacant lot; his only asset—a junk-cart across the top of which he had strung a belt of jingling, jangling bells that had called through the cavernous streets more plainly than Grit himself: "Rags, old iron, bottles and ra-ags."

This had been Grit's song; perhaps the only one he had known, for he had shoved that blessed cart of his since a boy of thirteen; he had worn himself as threadbare as the clothes on his back, and at last the threads had snapped. He had died of old age—in his thirties. And his junk-cart, with its bells, stood silent and unmanned upon the vacant lot just around the corner.

Great Taylor had seen Grit pass along this narrow segment of street, visible from her window; but his flight had always been swift—pushing steadily with head bent, never

GRIT was a junk-man of New York City. He died before the story opens, but he dominates it just the same. This is one of the two or three best stories of the year thus far, according to the markings of the O. Henry Memorial Committee. The author was a major in the 27th Division and helped to break the "Hindenburg line" in France. He is one of our new writers of fiction. This story is reprinted by permission, from the "Metropolitan" for April.



The man allowed his singular eyes to move over her. "How would you like that—cashier of the Garden?"

looking up. And so it was not during his hours of toil that she had known him. . . .

Nell closed the window. She was not going to think of him any more. "Ain't worth a thought." But everything in the room reminded her of the man. He had furnished it from his junk-pile. The drawer was missing from the center table, the door of the kitchen stove was wired at the hinges; even the black marble clock, with its headless gilt figure, and the brown tin boxes marked "Coffee," "Bread," and "Sugar"—all were junk. And these were the things that Grit, not without a show of pride, had brought home to her!

Nell sank into a large armchair (with one rung gone) and glowered at an earthen jug on the shelf. Grit had loved molasses. Every night he had spilt amber drops of it on the table, and his plate had always been hard to wash. "Won't have that to do any more," sighed Nell. Back of the molasses jug, just visible, were the tattered pages of a coverless book. This had come to Grit together with fifty pounds of waste paper in gunny-sacks; and though Nell had never undergone the mental torture of informing herself as to its contents, she had dubbed the book "Grit's Bible," for he had pawed over it, spelling out the words, every night for years. It was one thing from which she could not wash Grit's

grimy finger marks, and so she disliked it even more than the sticky molasses jug. "Him and his book and his brown molasses jug!" One was gone forever, and soon she would get rid of the other two.

And yet, even as she thought this, her eyes moved slowly to the door, and she could not help visualizing Grit as he had appeared every evening at dusk. His baggy breeches had seemed always to precede him into the room. The rest of him would follow—his thin shoulders, from which there hung a greenish coat, frayed at the sleeves; above this, his long, collarless neck, his pointed chin and broken nose, that leaned toward the hollow and smudges of his cheek.

He would lock the door quickly and stand there, looking at Nell.

"Why did he always lock the door?" mused Great Taylor. "Nothing here to steal! Why'd he stand there like that?" Every night she had expected him to say something, but he never did. Instead, he would take a long breath, almost like a sigh, and, after closing his eyes for a moment, he would move into the room and light the screeching gas-jet. "Never thought of turning down the gas." This, particularly, was a sore point with Great Taylor. "Never thought of anything. Just dropped into the best chair."

"It's a good chair, Nell," he would say,

"only one rung missing." And he would remain silent, dropping there, wrists crossed in his lap, palms turned upward, fingers curled, until supper had been placed before him on the table. "Fingers bent like claws," muttered Great Taylor, "and doing nothing while I set the table."

Sometimes he would eat enormously, which irritated Nell; sometimes he would eat nothing except bread and molasses, which irritated Nell even more. "A good molasses jug," he would say; "Got it for a dime. Once I set a price I'm a stone wall; never give in." This was his one boast, his stock phrase. After using it he would look up at his wife for a word of approval; and as the word of approval was never forthcoming, he would repeat: "Nell, I'm a stone wall; never give in."

After supper he would ask what she had been doing all day. A weary, almost voiceless man, he had told her nothing. But Great Taylor while washing the dishes would rattle off everything that had happened since that morning. She seldom omitted any important detail, for she knew by experience that Grit would sit there, silent, wrists crossed and palms turned up, waiting. He had always seemed to know when she had left anything out, and she always ended by telling him. Then he would take a long breath, eyes closed, and after fumbling back of the molasses jug, would soon be seated again beneath the streaming gas-jet spelling to himself the words of his coverless book.

So vivid was the picture, the personality and routine of Grit, that Great Taylor felt the awe with which he, at times, had inspired her. She had been afraid of Grit—afraid to do anything she could not tell him about; afraid not to tell him about everything she had done. But now she determined: "I'll do what I please." And the first thing it pleased Great Taylor to do was to get rid of the odious molasses jug.

She plucked it from the shelf, holding the sticky handle between two fingers, and dropped it into the peach crate that served as a waste-basket. The noise when the jug struck the bottom of the crate startled her. Great Taylor stood there—listening. Some one was slowly ascending the circular staircase. The woman could hear a footfall on the iron steps.

"Grit's gone," she reassured herself. "I'll do what I please."

She reached for the grimy book, "Grit's Bible," the most offensive article in the room, and with sudden determination tore the book in two, and was about to throw the defaced

volume into the basket along with the earthen jug when fear arrested the motion of her hands. Her lips parted. She was afraid to turn her head. The door back of her had opened.

Great Taylor was only ordinarily superstitious. She had buried Grit that morning. It was still broad daylight—early afternoon. And yet when she turned, clutching the torn book, she fully expected to see a pair of baggy breeches preceding a collarless, long-necked man with a broken nose, and smudges in the hollows of his cheeks.

Instead, she wheeled to see a pair of fastidiously pressed blue serge trousers, an immaculate white collar, a straight nose and ruddy complexion. In fact, the man seemed the exact opposite of Grit. Nell glanced at the open door, back at the man, exhaled tremulously with relief, and breathed: "Why didn't you knock?"

"Sorry if I startled you," puffed the man, entirely winded by the six flights. "Must have pushed the wrong button in the vestibule. No great harm done."

"Who are you? What you want?"

"Junk. That's one of the things I came to see about—the junk in back of my place. I suppose it's for sale." He thrust his white hands into the side pockets of his coat, pulling the coat snugly around his waist and hips, and smiled amiably at Great Taylor's patent surprise.

"You! . . . Buy Grit's junk business!" What did he want with junk? He was clean! From head to foot he was clean! His hair was parted. It was not only parted, it was brushed into a wave, with ends pointing stiffly up over his temples (a coiffure affected by bartenders of that day); and Nell even detected the pleasant fragrance of pomade. "You ain't a junkman."

The man laughed. "I don't know about that." He studied her a moment in silence. Nell was leaning back against the wash-tubs, her sleeves rolled up, her head tilted quizzically, lips parted, while tints of color ebbed and flowed in her throat and cheeks. She had attained the ripeness of womanhood and very nearly animal perfection. The man's attitude might have told her this. One of his eyes, beneath a permanently cocked eyebrow, blinked like the shutter of a camera and seemed to take intimate photographs of all parts of her person. The other eye looked at her steadily from under a drooping lid. "No," he said, after the pause of a moment, "I'm not going into the junk business." But he wanted to get the rubbish away from the back of his place. "I'll buy it and have it

carted away. It's too near the 'Garden.' He rocked up on his toes and clicked his heels gently. "I own the house just around the corner."

"I knew it," Nell murmured fatuously. The man was vaguely familiar, even tho she could not remember having seen him before.

"Set your price." He turned away, and Nell imagined that his cameralike eye was taking instantaneous photographs of all the broken and mended things in the immaculate room. A wave of hot blood made her back prickle and dyed her throat crimson.

"I don't like rubbish," said the man. "I don't like junk."

"Who does?" stammered Great Taylor.

"You dislike junk, and yet there was your husband, a junk-man." He watched her narrowly from beneath his drooping eyelid.

Great Taylor was not of the noblesse, nor did she know the meaning of noblesse oblige; and had she been a man, perhaps she would have denied her former lord and master—once, twice, or even thrice—it has been done; but being a woman, she said: "Leave Grit out of it."

This seemed to please the man from around the corner. "I think we are going to get on," he said significantly. "But you must remember that Grit can't take care of you any longer."

"Grit's gone," assented Nell; "gone for good."

"Uhm." The man allowed his singular eyes to move over her. "I think we can arrange something. I've seen you pass my place, looking in; and I had something in mind

when I started up here—something aside from junk. I could make a place over there—matron or cashier. How would you like that—cashier at the Garden?" He rocked up on his toes and clicked his heels quite audibly.

"I don't know anything about it."

"You'll soon learn," he was confident. He mentioned the salary, and that a former cashier was now half owner of an up-town place. And for half an hour Great Taylor's saturnine mind followed in the wake of his smoothly flowing words.

Why couldn't Grit have talked like that? she kept asking herself. Grit never said anything. Why couldn't he been clean like that, with hair brushed into a curl that sat up like that? . . . The man's words gradually slipped far beyond her and his pleasant voice accompanied her own thoughts. No reason why she shouldn't be cashier at the Garden. Only one reason, anyway, and that wasn't any reason at all. . . .

ON an afternoon more than a year ago she had gone to the place around the corner. She had told Grit all about it, and Grit had said in his weary voice, "Don't never go again, Nell." She had argued with Grit. The Garden wasn't wicked; nothing the matter with it; other people went there of an afternoon; she liked the music. . . .

And Grit had listened, drooping in his chair, wrists crossed and palms turned upward. Finally, when Nell had finished, he had repeated, "Don't go again." He had not argued,



He would lock the door quickly and stand there, looking at Nell.

for Grit never argued; he was always too weary. But this had been one of his longest speeches. He had ended. "The Devil himself owns that place. I ought to know, my junk-yard's right back of it." And he had closed his eyes and taken a long, deep breath. "When I say a thing, Nell, I'm a stone wall. You can't go there again—now or never." And that had settled it, for Great Taylor had been afraid of Grit. But now Grit was dead; gone for good. She would do as she pleased. . . .

When she looked up the man had stopped talking. He glanced at the clock.

"What time?" murmured Great Taylor.

"Five," said the man from just around the corner.

Nell nodded her head and watched as the man's fastidiously pressed trousers and polished shoes cleared the closing door.

Nell immediately went to the looking-glass—a cracked little mirror that hung by the mantelpiece—and studied the reflection of herself with newly awakened interest. She had never seemed so radiant—her smooth hair, her lineless face, her large gray eyes and perfect throat. "I ain't so bad looking," she admitted. Grit had never made her feel this way. And again she asked herself why he could not have been clean like the man from around the corner. She rehearsed all that had been said. She thought of the salary the man had mentioned, and made calculations. It was more than Grit had averaged for the two of them to live on. With prodigal fancy she spent the money, and with new-born thrift she placed it in bank. Limited only by her small knowledge of such things, she reveled in a dream of affluence and luxury which was only dissipated when gradually she became conscious that throughout the past hour she had been clinging to a grimy, coverless book.

Damp finger-prints were upon the outer leaves, and the pages adhered to her moistened hand. She loosened her grip, and the book opened to a particularly soiled page on which a line had been underscored with a thick, red mark. Dully, Great Taylor read the line, spelling out the words; but it conveyed nothing to her intellect. It was the fighting phrase of a famous soldier: "*I have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard.*"

"What does that mean?" she mumbled. Her eyes wandered to the top of the page, where in larger type was the title: "Life of 'STONEWALL' JACKSON." "Stonewall," repeated Nell. "Stone wall!" The word had the potency to bring vividly before her Grit's

drooping, grimy form. Her ears rang with his ridiculous boast. His voice seemed no longer low and weary. "When I say a thing . . . stone wall. Can't go there again—now or never." Great Taylor mumbled disparagingly, "He got it from a book!" And again she read the fighting phrase of Grit's hero: "*I have drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard.*" "Can't mean Grit," she mused. "He never threw away anything. . . ." And she tossed his desecrated Bible toward the peach crate; but, missing its aim, the book slid along the floor with a slight rustle, almost like a sigh, and struck the chair-board behind the wash tubs, where it lay limp and forgotten.

Back of Nell the clock struck the half hour, and she turned quickly, her heart thumping with the fear of being late. But the hour was only three thirty. "Plenty time." She gazed at the broken clock. "A good clock," Grit used to say; "keeps time and only cost a quarter." "Stone wall! . . . Humph! . . ."

Nell transformed the wash-tubs into a bath by the removal of the center partition, and within an hour was bathed and dressed. Sticking the pins through her straw hat, dyed black, she took from the bottom drawer of the cupboard a patent leather hand-bag with colorful worsted fruit embroidered upon its shining sides. She thought of the night Grit had brought it home to her, his pride—he had bought it at a store. But a glance around the room obliterated this memory, and she mumbled, "Wish I warn't never, *never* going to see this place again! Wait till I get money . . ." She glared at the broken furniture, each piece of which brought back some memory of the man. She could see him drooping in the armchair, with his wrists crossed, fingers curled. She glared at the shelf and imagined him fumbling for something that was not there. She started for the door, then, turning back, reached into the peach crate. "There! Keep your old molasses jug!" she said, in a dry voice, and, replacing the jug on the shelf, she went out into the hall.

Winding down through the tenement house gloom, Great Taylor was not without fear. Her footfall on the uncarpeted landings and iron treads sounded hollow and strangely loud. The odors that in the past had greeted her familiarly, making known absorbing domestic details of her neighbors, caused her neither to pause nor to sniff. She reached the narrow entrance hall, dark and deserted, and, hurrying down its length, fumbled with the knob and pulled open the street door. Dazzling sunlight, a blast of warm air and

the confused clatter of the sidewalk engulfed her. She stood vacillating in the doorway, thinly panoplied for the struggle of existence. Her body was splendid, it is true, but her spirit was small. Despite the sunlight and warmth she was trembling. And yet, for years she had gone down into this street confident of herself, mingling on equal terms with its wayfarers, her ear catching and translating the sounds that, converging, caused this babel. Now, suddenly, all of it was meaningless, the peddlers with whom she had bickered and bargained in a loud voice with gestures, breast to breast, were strangers and the street an alien land. Many things seemed to have passed backward out of her life. She was no longer Grit's wife, no longer the Great Taylor of yesterday. She was something new-born, free of will; all the old ties had been clipped. She could do as she pleased. No one could stop her. And she pleased to become a denizen of a world which, tho just around the corner, was unrelated to the sphere in which she had moved.

"What's the matter with me?" she asked herself. "Nothing to be afraid of. He's gone. I'll do as I please." With such assertions she bolstered her courage, but nevertheless she was trembling. . . .

Glossy-haired women jostled her with their baskets. Taller by a head, Nell pushed her way oblivious of the crowd. At the corner she paused. "I ain't going to be early." A clock across the avenue, visible beneath the reverberating iron work of the

elevated, seemed to have stopped at the half hour. It was four thirty. She watched the long hand until it moved jerkily. A policeman, half dragging a shrieking woman and followed by a jostling, silent crowd, swept Great Taylor aside and put in a call for the wagon.

She hurriedly rounded the corner and passed a window that displayed a pyramid of varnished kegs backed by a mirror with a ram's head painted on it in colors. Beyond was the side entrance. Over the door hung a glass sign, one word in large red letters: "DANCING." She caught the odor of cheap wine and stale beer. Again she said, "I ain't



A song burst from her throat: "Rags" she sang, "Old iron . . . bottles and rags. . . ."

going to be early," and moved away, aimlessly.

Beyond the end of this building was a vacant lot and Great Taylor moved more swiftly with head averted. She had passed nearly to the next building before she stopped and wheeled around defiantly. "I ain't afraid to look," she said to herself and gazed across at Grit's junk-cart, with its string of bells, partly concealed back against the fence. It was standing in the shadow, silent, unmanned. She walked on for a few steps and turned again. The cart was standing as before, silent, unmanned. She stood there, hands on her hips, trying to visualize Grit drooping over the handle—his collarless neck, his grimy face and baggy breeches; but her imagination would not paint the picture. "Grit's gone for good," she said. "Why couldn't he been clean like other people, like the man that owns the Garden. No excuse for being dirty and always tired like that. Anybody could push it and keep clean too—half clean anyway." She slipped a glance at the clock. It stood at twenty minutes before the hour of her appointment. "A baby could push it. . . ."

SHE picked her way across the vacant lot to the junk-cart and laid her hand upon the grimy handle. The thing moved. The strings of bells set up a familiar jingle. "Easy as a baby carriage!" And Great Taylor laughed. The cart reached the sidewalk, bumped down over the curb and pulling Great Taylor with it went beyond the center of the street. She tried to turn back, but a clanging trolley-car cut in between her and the curb, a wheel of the junk-cart caught in the smooth steel track and skidded as if it were alive with a stupid will of its own. "It ain't so easy," she admitted. With a wrench she extracted the wheel, narrowly avoided an elevated post and crashed head on into a push-cart, laden with green bananas resting on straw. An Italian swore in two languages and separated the locked wheels.

Hurriedly Great Taylor shoved away from the fruit man and became pocketed in the traffic. Two heavy-hoofed horses straining against wet, leather collars crowded her toward the curb and, shortly, the traffic became blocked. She looked for a means of escape and had succeeded in getting one wheel over the curb when a man touched her on the arm. "Some one is calling from the window up there," he said in a low, weary voice like Grit's. Nell swung around, gasping, but the man had moved away down the sidewalk

and a woman was calling to her from a second-story window.

"How much?" called the woman waving a tin object that glinted in the sunlight. Great Taylor stared stupidly. "Clothes boiler," yelled the woman. "Fifty cents. . . . Just needs soldering." "What?" stammered Nell. "Fifty cents," shouted the woman in the window. And something prompted Great Taylor to reply, "Give you a dime." "Quarter," insisted the woman. "Dime. . . . Ten cents," repeated Great Taylor somewhat red in the face. "Once I set a price I'm a. . . ." But the woman's head had disappeared and her whole angular person soon slid out through the doorway. Entirely befogged, Great Taylor fumbled in her patent leather bag with its worsted fruit, discovered two nickels, and placed the leaky boiler beside the rusty scales on the junk-cart.

"Ain't I got enough junk without that?" she grumbled. But the traffic of the Devil's Own city was moving again and Great Taylor was moving with it. She passed a corner where a clock in a drug store told her the time—ten minutes of the hour. "I got to get back," she told herself, and heading her cart determinedly for an opening succeeded in crossing to the opposite side of the congested avenue. There, a child, attracted by the jingling of the bells, ran out of a house with a bundle of rags tied in a torn blue apron.

THE child placed the bundle on the scales and watched with solemn wide eyes. Great Taylor again fumbled in the bag and extracted a coin which transformed the little girl into an India rubber thing that bounced up and down on one foot at the side of the junk-cart. "Grit never gave me only a penny a pound," she cried.

"Grit is dead," said Great Taylor.

"Dead!" echoed the child, clinging motionless to the wheel. "Grit is dead?" She turned suddenly and ran toward the house, calling: "Mama, poor old Grit is dead."

Great Taylor put her weight against the handle of the cart. She pushed on desperately. Something had taken hold of her throat. "What's the matter with me?" she choked. "Didn't I know he was dead before this? Didn't I know it all along? I ain't going to cry over no man. . . . not in the street anyway." She hurriedly shoved her cart around a corner into a less congested thoroughfare and there a mammoth, gilded clock at the edge of the sidewalk confronted her. The long hand moved with a sardonic jerk and indicated the hour—the hour of her

appointment. But Great Taylor turned her eyes away. "Pushing a junk-cart ain't so easy," she said, and for a moment she stood there huddled over the handle; then, taking a long, deep breath, like Grit used to do, she straightened herself and sang out, clear and loud, above the noises of the cavernous street: "Rags . . . old iron . . . bottles and ra-ags."

The city that people call the Devil's Own lost its sharp outline and melted into neutral tints, gray and blue and lavender, that blended like an old, old tapestry. It was dusk. Great Taylor strode slowly with laboriously long strides, her breast rising and falling, her body lengthening against the load, her hands gripping the handle of the cart, freighted with rusty, twisted and broken things. At crossings she paused until the murmuring river of human beings divided to let her pass. Night settled upon the high roofs and dropped its shadow into the streets and alleys, and the windows began to glow. Light leaped out and streaked the sidewalks while at each corner it ran silently down from high globes like full moons and spattered over the curb into the gutter and out as far as the glistening car tracks. She passed blocks solid with human beings and blocks without a human soul. Cataracts of sound crashed down into the street now and again from passing elevated trains and the noise, soon dissipated, left trembling silence like pools of sinister black water. She passed through stagnant odors and little eddies of perfume. She lifted her drooping head and saw a door open—the darkness was cut by a rectangle of soft yellow light, two figures were silhouetted, then the door closed. A gasoline torch flared above a fruit stand hard against the towering black windowless wall of a warehouse and a woman squatted in the shadow turning a handle. Nell pushed on past a cross street that glittered and flared from sidewalk to cornice and at the next corner a single flickering gas-jet revealed a dingy vestibule with rows of tarnished speaking-tubes. . . .

The air became thick with noise and odors and the sidewalks swayed with people. Great Taylor slowly rounded a familiar corner, slackened the momentum of the junk-cart and brought up squarely against the curb. Dragging at the wheels, she gained the sidewalk and, beyond, the rims of the cart cut into soft earth. She crossed the vacant lot. A city's supercilious moon alone gave its half-light to the junk-yard of Grit and here the woman unloaded the cart, carrying heavy unyielding things against her breast. She did

not linger. She was trembling from fatigue and from emotions even more novel to her. She closed the gate without looking back at the weird crepe-like shadows that draped themselves among the moonlit piles of twisted things. Nearing the corner, she glanced with dull eyes at a glaring red sign: "DANCING." Voices, laughter and music after a kind came from the doorway. A man was singing. Great Taylor recognized the voice but did not pause. She was not to see the man from just around the corner again for many years.

Hurrying, without knowing why she hurried, Nell climbed the circular iron staircase up through parallels of odorous gloom and, entering her flat, closed the door and quickly locked it against the world outside—the toil, the bickering, the sneers, the insults and curses flung from alley gates and down upon her in the traffic of the Devil's Own city. She closed her eyes and took a long deep breath almost like a sigh. She was home. It was good to be home, but she lacked the words and was far too weary to express her emotions.

LIGHTING the gas she sank into a chair. What did it matter if the gas was screeching? She drooped there, hands in her lap, wrists crossed, palms turned upward and fingers curled stiffly like claws—from holding to the jarring handle of the junk-cart.

Presently she raised her eyes and glanced across at the shelf with its row of tin boxes marked, "Bread," "Coffee," "Sugar." On the next shelf was Grit's molasses jug. She arose and fumbled behind this, but nothing was there—Grit's Bible was gone. Then she remembered and striking a match placed her cheek to the floor and found the grimy book beneath the stationary wash-tubs. "Stone wall," she murmured, "Grit was a stone wall." At the mantelpiece she caught a glimpse of herself in the cracked little mirror, but she was too weary to care what she looked like, too weary to notice that her hair was matted, that grime and smudges made hollows in her cheeks, and that even her nose seemed crooked.

She sank again into the chair beneath the screeching gas-jet. "Grit," she repeated dully, "was a stone wall." And between very honest, tired and lonely tears she began slowly to spell out the words of the coverless book, having gained within the past few hours some understanding of what it means in the battle of life to draw the sword and throw away the scabbard.

(Continued on page 848)



ARE THEY MARRIED OR ARE THEY NOT?

That is the question that concerns Olivia (Laura Hope Crewes) and George Marden, J. P. (Kenneth Douglas), in the new A. A. Milne comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By."

"MR. PIM PASSES BY"—A COMEDY OF BRILLIANT ERRORS

PUNCH'S young man, A. A. Milne, has proved a good second to George Bernard Shaw in the dramatic field that has been cultivated with eminent profit and artistic success during the past season by the Theater Guild in New York. His diverting comedy, "Mr. Pim Passes By," following Shaw's "Heart-break House," has scored a hit and has gained such momentum as promises to carry it well into, if not through, the summer. The Guild had a happy thought in casting Laura Hope Crewes as the heroine, Olivia Marden, and the spark which flies when this fine light comedienne comes into contact with a brilliant play is daz-

zling. Miss Crewes is never too light. Her interpretation of the stellar rôle in this play is curiously full of overtones. There is, as Heywood Brown observes, in *Vanity Fair*, body as well as flash to her performance, and when the need arises she has no trouble in swinging buoyantly from gayety to gravity and carrying her audience along. She says a good deal with silences, and in one particular scene in which she is equipped with needle and thread she is fairly eloquent in her sewing.

The action of the play befalls in Marden House, Buckinghamshire, England, to which Olivia came five years ago after her marriage, as the more or less merry

widow of one Jacob Telworthy, to George Marden, J. P. It is Marden House which Mr. Caraway Pim passes by. He is a genial, absent-minded old codger, who manages adventitiously to spill the beans right and left wherever he goes. He appears in the morning-room of the Marden establishment with a letter of introduction and is accosted by Dinah, niece and ward of George Marden. She inadvertently tells him that her uncle has married a Mrs. Telworthy, who had previously lived in Australia. The part of Dinah is delightfully interpreted by Phyllis Povah. Informed that the master of Marden House is out, Mr. Pim decides to send a telegram and departs for the adjacent village, saying that he will return in an hour. Meanwhile, Marden arrives and is besieged by a stalwart but impecunious artist, Brian Strange, for permission to marry Dinah. This Marden refuses to grant, despite the arguments advanced by his wife, Olivia, who champions the lovers. George Marden, justice of the peace and victim of conventional circumstances, maintains that hasty marriages cannot be successful, and that in this case "neither party knows its own mind." Whereupon:

OLIVIA. Of course, my first marriage wasn't a happy one.

GEORGE. *As you know, Olivia, I dislike speaking about your first marriage at all—(Olivia rises slowly and crosses to a writing-table)—and I had no intention of bringing it up now, but since you mention it—well, that is a case in point.*

OLIVIA. When I was eighteen I was in love. Or perhaps I only thought I was, and I don't know if I should have been happy or not if I had married him. But my father made me marry Mr. Jacob Telworthy—*(George looks up at her, annoyed; then sits on a settee, lighting his pipe)*—and when things were too hot for him in England—"too hot for him," I think that was the expression we used in those days—then we went to Australia, and I left him there, and the only happy moment I had in all my married life was on the morning I saw in the papers that he was dead.

GEORGE. *(Very uncomfortably, yet lovingly taking her hands with his left hand.)* Yes, yes, my dear; I know, I know. You must have had a terrible time. I can hardly bear

to think about it. My only hope is that I have made up to you for it in some degree. *(She lays her cheek affectionately on his shoulder.)* But I don't see what bearing it has upon Dinah's case.

OLIVIA. Oh, none, except that my father liked Jacob's political opinions and views on art. I expect that was why he chose him for me.

GEORGE. You seem to think that I want to choose a husband for Dinah. I don't at all. Let her choose whom she likes, as long as he can support her and there's a chance of their being happy together. Now, with regard to this fellow—

OLIVIA. You mean Brian?

GEORGE. Well, he has no money, and he's been brought up in quite a different way from Dinah. Dinah may be prepared to believe that—er—all cows are blue, and that—er—waves are square, but she won't go on believing it forever.

OLIVIA. Neither will Brian.

GEORGE. Well, that's what I keep on telling him, only he won't see it. Just as I keep telling you about those ridiculous curtains. It seems to me that I am the only person in the house with any eyesight left.

OLIVIA. Perhaps you are, darling; but you must let us find out our mistakes for ourselves. *(Sits on a stool.)* At any rate, Brian is a gentleman; he loves Dinah; Dinah loves him; he's earning enough to support himself, and you are earning enough to support Dinah.

GEORGE. *(Annoyed.)* What?

OLIVIA. I think it's worth risking, George.

GEORGE. *(Stiffly.)* I can only say that the whole question demands much more anxious thought than you appear to have given it. You say that he is a gentleman. He knows how to behave, I admit; but if his morals are as topsy-turvy as his tastes and—er—politics, as I've no doubt they are, well, then—*(rising and turning)*—er—in short, I cannot approve of Brian Strange as a husband for my niece and ward.

OLIVIA. *(Looking at him thoughtfully.)* You are a curious mixture, George. You were so very unconventional when you married me, and you're so very conventional when Brian wants to marry Dinah. George Marden to marry the widow of a convict!

GEORGE. *(Advancing.)* Convict! What do you mean?

OLIVIA. Jacob Telworthy, convict—number, I've forgotten his number. But surely I told you all this, dear, when we got engaged?

GEORGE. Never!

OLIVIA. Oh, but I told you how he care-

lessly put the wrong signature to a check for a thousand pounds in England; how he made some little mistake about two or three companies he'd promoted in Australia, and how—

GEORGE. Yes, yes (*crossing slowly to center below Olivia*); but you never told me he'd been convicted!

OLIVIA. What difference does it make?

GEORGE. My dear Olivia, if you can't see that— Oh, well! Oh! A convict! (*Crossing upstage, he sits in arm-chair by cabinet at back.*)

OLIVIA. So, you see, we needn't be too particular about our niece, need we?

GEORGE. Well, I think we had better leave your first husband out of the conversation altogether. I never wished to refer to him; I never wish to hear his name again. I certainly had not realized that he was actually—er—(*rising*) convicted for his—er—(*crossing at back of writing-table and round to the left, picking up his cap.*)

OLIVIA. Mistakes.

GEORGE. Well, we needn't discuss that now. With regard to this other matter, I don't for a moment take it seriously. Dinah is an exceptionally pretty girl, and young Strange is a good-looking boy. If they are attracted to each other, it is a mere outward attraction which I am convinced will not lead to any lasting happiness. (*Olivia is about to protest.*) This must be regarded as my last word on the matter, Olivia. If this Mr.—er—what's-his-name comes, I shall be down at the farm.

Marden goes out, and Dinah enters followed by her sweetheart, Brian. There is a patter of banter between the lovers and Olivia, in-



MR. PIM

Herbert Yost enacts the absent-minded codger to the life.

interrupted by the entrance of Mr. Pim, who presently finds himself alone with the Mardens. He confides to them that he has recently arrived from Australia.

OLIVIA. You've been in Australia, Mr. Pim?

PIM. Oh, yes. I—

GEORGE. (*After a loud cough.*) Sorry to have kept you waiting, Mr. Pim. I shan't be a moment.

PIM. Oh, that's all right, thank you. (*To Olivia.*)

Oh, yes, I've been in Australia more than once in the last few years.

OLIVIA. Really? I used to live at Sydney many years ago. Do you know Sydney at all?

PIM. Oh, yes; I was—

GEORGE. (*Coughing harshly.*) H'm! Perhaps I'd better mention that you are a friend of the Trevors?

PIM. Thank you, thank you. (*To Olivia.*) Indeed, yes. I spent several months in Sydney, a few years ago.

OLIVIA. How curious. I wonder if we have any friends in common there.

GEORGE. (*Coughing, and gruffly.*) Extremely unlikely, I should think. Sydney is a very big place.

PIM. True; but the world is a very small place, Mr. Marden. I had a remarkable instance of that, coming over on the boat last time.

GEORGE. Ah!

PIM. Yes. You see, Mrs. Marden, there was a man I used to employ in Sydney some years ago—a bad fellow, I'm afraid, Mrs. Marden, who had been in prison for some kind of fraudulent company—promoting, and had taken to drink, and—so on.

OLIVIA. Yes, yes, I understand.

PIM. Drinking himself to death I should have said; I gave him at the most another

year to live. Yet, to my amazement, the first person I saw as I stepped on board the boat that brought me to England last week was this fellow. There was no mistaking him. I spoke to him, in fact; we recognized each other.

OLIVIA. Really?

PIM. He was traveling steerage—(*George crossed slowly down to Olivia.*) we didn't meet again on board, and, as it happened, at Marseilles, this poor fellow—er—now, what was his name? A very unusual one. Began with a—*a T*, I think.

OLIVIA. (*With suppressed feeling.*) Yes, Mr. Pim? Yes? (*She puts out a hand to George.*)

GEORGE. (*In an undertone, taking her hand.*) Nonsense, dear.

PIM. (*Triumphantly.*) I've got it! Telworthy!

OLIVIA. (*Leans back in settee, overcome.*) Telworthy!

GEORGE. Good God!

PIM. (*A little surprized at the success of his story.*) An unusual name, isn't it? Not a name you could forget, once you'd heard it.

GEORGE. (*Hastily coming over to Pim.*) Quite so, Mr. Pim; a most unusual name;

a most odd story altogether. Well, well, here's your letter—(*Pim rises and takes letter.*) and, if you're sure you won't stay to lunch—

PIM. I'm afraid not, thank you. You see, I'm lunching with—

GEORGE. With the Trevors. Yes, I remember, you told me. (*Taking his arm.*) I'll just see you on your way. (*To Olivia, who does not notice Pim holding out his hand to say goodbye.*) Er—my dear—

OLIVIA. (*Holding out her hand, without looking at him.*) Goodby, Mr. Pim.

PIM. (*Shaking hands with her.*) Goodby, goodby.

GEORGE. (*Leading the way through the window.*) This way, this way. Quicker for you.

PIM. Thank, thank you. (*George hurries him out. Olivia looks into the past, and shudders. George comes back.*)

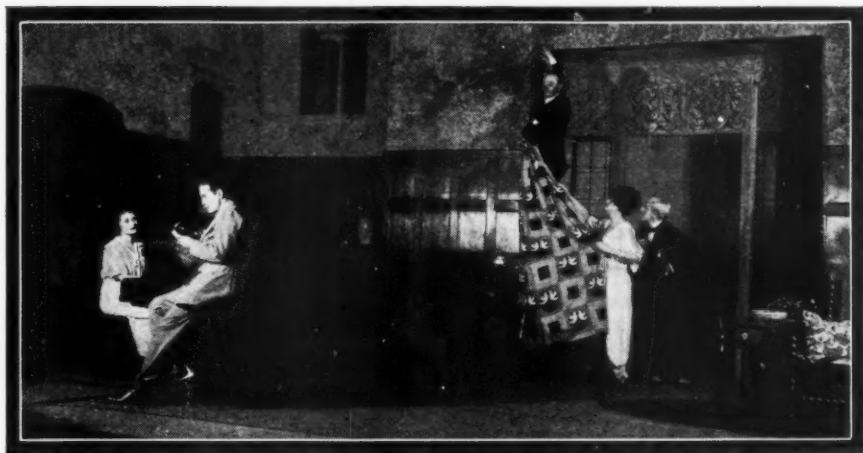
GEORGE. Good God! Telworthy? Is it possible?

Before Olivia can answer, Lady Marden, an aristocratic, domineering aunt of George's, is announced; and there is a quick curtain on them awaiting her. A



OLIVIA MARDEN IS NOTHING IF NOT FAIR

She (Laura Hope Crewes) is besieged by a young artist, Brian Strange (Leonard Mudie), and by Dinah (Phyllis Povah) to champion their matrimonial conspiracy.



THEREBY HANGS A TALE

The fact that George Marden cheerfully assists his lawful wife in hanging the curtains in the morning-room of Marden House, with Mr. Pim looking on, signifies his approval of the engagement of his niece, Dinah, to the devoted but impecunious artist, Brian Strange.

love-making scene between Dinah and George Strange inaugurates the second act, followed by a duet scene between Marden and his wife. Distracted, he demands that she confirm or deny the existence of her first husband. He adds:

GEORGE. You told me he was dead. You always said that he was dead.

OLIVIA. Well, I always thought that he was dead. He was as dead as anybody could be. All the papers said he was dead.

GEORGE. (*Scornfully.*) The papers! (*Crossing up to smoking-table for pipe.*)

OLIVIA. (*As if this would settle it for George.*) The *Times* said he was dead. There was a paragraph about him. Apparently even his death was fraudulent.

GEORGE. Yes, yes, I'm not blaming you, Olivia. But what are we going to do? That's the question. What are we going to do? My God! It's horrible. (*Crossing to the fireplace.*) You've never been married to me at all! You don't seem to understand.

OLIVIA. It is a little difficult to realize, isn't it? It doesn't seem to have made any difference to our happiness.

GEORGE. No; that's what's so terrible. I mean—well, of course, we were quite innocent in the matter. But at the same time nothing can get over the fact that we—had no right to—to be happy.

OLIVIA. Would you rather we had been miserable?

GEORGE. But you're Telworthy's wife—

that's what you don't seem to understand. You're Telworthy's wife. (*Rising and crossing up to her.*) You—er—forgive me, Olivia, but it's the horrible truth—you committed bigamy when you married me. (*In horror.*) Bigamy!

OLIVIA. It is an ugly word, isn't it?

GEORGE. Yes, but don't you understand? Look here, Olivia, old girl, the whole thing is nonsense, eh? (*Sits.*) It isn't your husband—it's some other Telworthy that this fellow met. That's right, isn't it? Some other shady swindler who turned up on the boat, eh? This sort of thing doesn't happen to people like us—committing bigamy and all that. Some other fellow.

OLIVIA. (*Shaking her head.*) I knew all the shady swindlers in Sydney. . . . They came to dinner. . . . (*Movement of annoyance from George.*) There was no other called Telworthy.

GEORGE. Well, what are we going to do?

OLIVIA. You sent Mr. Pim away so quickly. He might have told us things. Telworthy's plans, where he is now. You hurried him away so quickly.

GEORGE. I'll send a note round to ask him to come back. My one idea at the moment was to get him out of the house, to hush things up. (*Crossing to writing-table.*)

OLIVIA. You can't hush up two husbands.

GEORGE. (*In despair.*) No, you can't. (*Sits at writing-table.*) Everybody will know, everybody.

OLIVIA. The children, Aunt Julia, they

may as well know now as later. Mr. Pim must, of course.

GEORGE. I do not propose to discuss my private affairs with Mr. Pim.

OLIVIA. But he seems to have mixed himself up in them rather, doesn't he? And if you're going to ask him questions—

GEORGE. I only propose to ask him one question. I shall simply ask him if he is absolutely certain about this man's name. I can do that quite easily without letting him know the reason of my inquiry.

OLIVIA. You couldn't make a mistake about a name like Telworthy. But he might have told us something about Telworthy's plans. Perhaps he's going back to Australia at once. Perhaps he thinks that I'm dead, too. Perhaps—oh, there are so many things I want to know.

GEORGE. Yes, yes, dear. It would be interesting to—that is, one naturally wants to know these things; but, of course, it doesn't make any real difference.

OLIVIA. (*Surprised.*) No difference?

GEORGE. Well, you're as much Telworthy's wife if he's in Australia as you are if he's in England.

OLIVIA. I'm not his wife at all. (*Shaking her head.*) Jacob Telworthy may be alive, but I am not his wife. I ceased to be his wife when I became yours.

GEORGE. You never were my wife. (*Very annoyed, crossing and recrossing the room.*) That is the terrible part of it. Our union—and you make me say it, Olivia,—has been unhallowed by the church. Unhallowed even by the law. Legally we're living in—living in—Well, we're living in. . . . Well, well—the point is, how does the law stand? I imagine that Telworthy could get a—a divorce. Oh, it seems impossible that things like this can be happening to us!

There is talk of her getting a divorce from Telworthy and remarrying Marden. To her glad acceptance of this plan, he rejoins:

GEORGE. As if there was

nothing wrong in our having lived together for five years without having been married.

OLIVIA. What I think wrong is that I lived for five years with a bad man whom I hated. What I think is right is that I lived for five years with a good man whom I love.

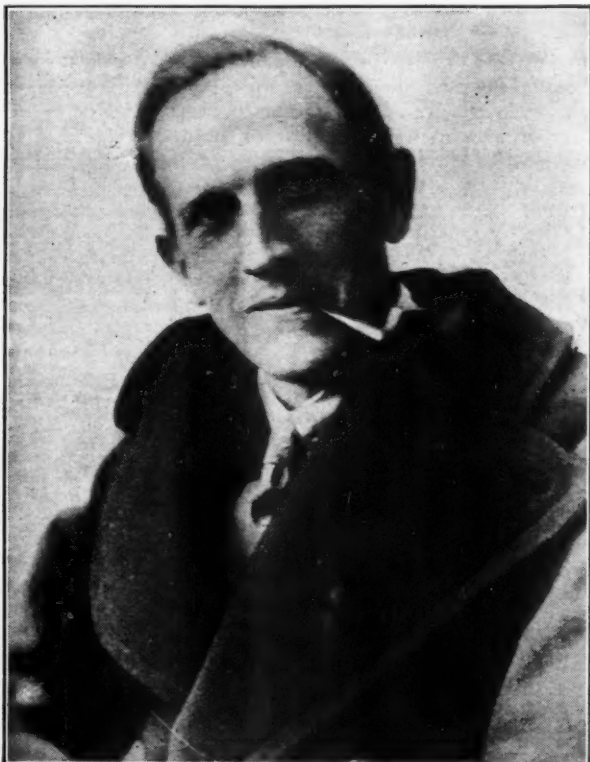
GEORGE. (*Patting her hands affectionately.*) Yes, yes, my dear. I know. But right and wrong don't settle themselves so easily as that. We've been living together when you are another man's wife. *That's wrong.*

OLIVIA. Do you mean wicked?

GEORGE. Well, no doubt the court would consider that we acted in perfect innocence—

OLIVIA. What court?

GEORGE. Well, you see, my dear, these things have to be done legally, of course. (*Crossing to settle, thinking it out.*) I believe the proper method is a nullity suit, declaring our marriage null and—er—void. It would, so to speak, wipe out these years of—er—



A CONTRIBUTOR TO "PUNCH" WHO CONTRIBUTES GAYETY TO THE DRAMATIC SEASON

A. A. Milne, author of "Mr. Pim Passes By," produced by the Theater Guild, shares honors with Laura Hope Crewes in a brilliant production.

OLIVIA. Wickedness.

GEORGE. Well, of irregular union, and—er—then—er—then—

OLIVIA. Then I should go back to Jacob? . . . Do you really mean that, George?

GEORGE. (*Uneasily.*) Well, dear, you see—that's how things are. One can't get away from—er—

OLIVIA. What you feel is that Jacob has the greater claim? You are prepared to—make way for him?

GEORGE. Both the Church and the Law would say that I had no claim at all, I'm afraid. I—I suppose I haven't.

OLIVIA. I see. (*She looks at him curiously.*) Thank you for making it so clear to me, George.

GEORGE. Of course, whether or not you go back to—er—Telworthy is another matter altogether. (*Crossing to fireplace.*) That would naturally be for you to decide.

OLIVIA. (*Cheerfully.*) For me and Jacko to decide.

GEORGE. Er—Jacko?

OLIVIA. Yes. I always called my first husband—I mean my only husband—Jacko. I didn't like the name of Jacob, and Jacko seemed to suit him rather. (*Enjoying the joke.*) He had very long arms. (*George is very annoyed.*) Poor Jacko!

GEORGE. You don't seem to realize that this is not a joke, Olivia.

OLIVIA. (*Still amused.*) No, it may not be a joke, but it is rather funny, isn't it?

GEORGE. I must say I don't see anything funny in a tragedy that has wrecked two lives.

OLIVIA. Two lives? Jacko's life isn't wrecked. It's just been miraculously restored to him. And a wife, too. There's nothing tragic about it for Jacko.

GEORGE. (*Stiffly.*) I was referring to our two lives. Yours and mine.

OLIVIA. Yours, George? Your life isn't wrecked. The court will absolve you of all blame; your friends will sympathize with you, and tell you that I was a designing woman, who deliberately took you in. And your Aunt Julia—

GEORGE. (*Overwrought.*) Stop it! What do you mean? Have you no heart? Do you think I want to lose you, Olivia? Do you think I want my home broken up like this? Haven't we been happy together for the last five years?

OLIVIA. Very happy.

GEORGE. Well, then, how can you talk like that?

OLIVIA. But you want to send me away.

GEORGE. There you go again! I don't

want to. I have hardly had time to realize yet what it will mean to me when you go. The fact is I simply daren't realize it. I daren't think about it.

OLIVIA. Try thinking about it, George.

GEORGE. And you talk as if I wanted to send you away!

OLIVIA. Try thinking about it, George.

GEORGE. You don't seem to understand that I'm not sending you away. You're simply not mine to keep.

OLIVIA. Whose am I, then?

GEORGE. (*Dubiously.*) Your husband's. Telworthy's.

OLIVIA. (*Gently.*) If I belong to anybody except myself, I think I belong to you.

GEORGE. Not in the eyes of the law. Not in the eyes of the church. Not even in the eyes of—er—

OLIVIA. The county?

GEORGE. (*Annoyed.*) I was about to say "heaven."

OLIVIA. Oh!

GEORGE. (*Rising and crossing the room.*) That this should happen to us! (*Olivia works in silence. Then she shakes out curtains.*)

OLIVIA. (*Looking at them.*) I do hope Jacko will like these.

GEORGE. What! You— (*Going to her quickly and taking her by the hands, raising her from settee.*) Olivia, Olivia, have you no heart?

OLIVIA. Ought you to talk like that to another man's wife?

GEORGE. Confound it! Is this just a joke to you?

OLIVIA. You must forgive me, George; I am a little overexcited. I expect it's at the thought of returning to Jacko.

GEORGE. Do you want to return to him?

OLIVIA. One wants to do what is right. In the eyes of—er—heaven.

There is more debate about the proper course for him to take in the situation, at the conclusion of which Olivia sends for Lady Marden, Dinah and Brian Strange, for a family conference. Informed of the existence of Jacob Telworthy, Lady Marden ejaculates, "So he's alive still?"

GEORGE. Apparently. There seems to be no doubt about it.

LADY MARDEN. (*To Olivia.*) Didn't you see him die? I should always want to see my husband die before I married again. Not that I approve of second marriages, anyhow. I told you so at the time, George.

OLIVIA. And me too, Aunt Julia.

LADY MARDEN. Did I? Well, I generally say what I think.

GEORGE. I ought to tell you, Aunt Julia, that no blame whatever attaches to Olivia over this. Of that I am perfectly satisfied. It's nobody's fault, except—

LADY MARDEN. Except Telworthy's. He seems to have been rather careless. Well, what are you going to do about it?

GEORGE. That's just it. It's such a terrible situation. (*With a gesture of despair.*) There's bound to be so much publicity. Not only all this, but—but Telworthy's past, and—and everything.

LADY MARDEN. I should have said that it was Telworthy's present which was the trouble. Had he a past as well?

OLIVIA. He was a fraudulent company-promoter. He went to prison a good deal. (*General consternation. Brian gives a long whistle.*)

LADY MARDEN. George, you never told me this.

GEORGE. Well, I—er—

OLIVIA. I don't see why he should want to talk about it.

DINAH. (*Indignantly.*) What's it got to do with Olivia, anyhow? It's not her fault.

LADY MARDEN. (*Sarcastically.*) No, I daresay it's mine. (*There is an uncomfortable pause.*)

OLIVIA. George, you wanted to ask Aunt Julia what was the right thing to do.

BRIAN. (*Crossing the stage and bursting out.*) Good heavens, what is there to do except the one and only thing? (*They all look at him, and he becomes embarrassed, and backs upstage a little.*) Oh, I'm sorry. You don't want me to—

OLIVIA. (*Taking his hand.*) I do, Brian.

LADY MARDEN. Oh, please go on, Mr. Strange. And what would you do in George's position?

BRIAN. Do? Say to the woman I loved, "You're mine— (*Bangs table with fist*) and let the other damned fellow come and take you from me if he can!" And he couldn't—how could he? not if the woman chose me.

Lady Marden gazes at him in amazement, George in anger. Olivia pats his hand gratefully. Dinah takes his arm. There are more explanations, which only leave the artist, Brian, more bewildered. He is curious to know what will happen after the marriage of George and Olivia has been annulled.

LADY MARDEN. Presumably Olivia will return to her husband.

BRIAN. (*Bitterly.*) And that's morality! As expounded by Bishop Landseer!

GEORGE. (*Annoyed, rising and facing Brian, crossing up to him.*) I don't know what you mean by Bishop Landseer. Morality is acting in accordance with the laws of the land and the laws of the church. I am quite prepared to believe that your creed embraces neither marriage— (*Dinah gives a little cry and thumps a cushion on settee angrily*) nor monogamy; but my creed is different.

BRIAN. My creed includes both marriage and monogamy, and monogamy means sticking to the woman you love, as long as she wants you. (*To Olivia.*)

LADY MARDEN. (*Calmly.*) You suggest that George and Olivia should go on living together altho they have never been legally married? Bless the man! What do you think the country would say?

BRIAN. (*Scornfully.*) Does it matter?

DINAH. Well, if you really want to know, the men would say, "Gad! she's a fine woman; I don't wonder he sticks to her"; and the women would say, "I can't think what he sees in her to stick to her like that," and they both would say, "After all, he may be a damn fool,"— (*Lady Marden very indignant.*) but you can't deny he's a sportsman.

Put to the test, George does not rise to the occasion, and the conference is interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Pim, who is presented to Lady Marden. Olivia and George question him about Telworthy.

PIM. Telworthy? Oh, yes, oh, yes. I said Telworthy, didn't I? Yes, that was it—Telworthy. Poor fellow!

OLIVIA. Now, Mr. Pim, I'm going to be perfectly frank with you, Mr. Pim. I feel sure that I can trust you.

PIM. Oh, Mrs. Marden—

OLIVIA. This man, Telworthy, whom you met, is my husband.

PIM. (*Looks in amazement at George.*) Your husband? But—er—

OLIVIA. My first husband. His death was announced six years ago, in Australia. I had left him some years before that, but there seems no doubt from your story he's still alive. His record—the country he comes from—above all, the very unusual name, Telworthy.

PIM. Telworthy—yes. Oh, most unusual. I remember saying so at the time. Your first husband? Dear me! Dear me!

GEORGE. You understand, Mr. Pim, that all this is in absolute confidence.

PIM. (*Turning to George.*) Of course, of course.

OLIVIA. (*Pulling his arm, trying to attract his attention.*) Well, Mr. Pim, since he is my husband, we naturally want to know something about him. Where is he now, for instance?

PIM. (*Surprised, and turning to Olivia.*) Where is he now? But surely I told you? I told you what happened at Marseilles?

GEORGE. At Marseilles?

PIM. (*To George.*) Yes, yes, poor fellow! It was most unfortunate. (*To Lady Marden.*) You must understand, Lady Marden—(*Olivia again pulls his arm to attract his attention*) that, altho I had met the poor fellow before, in Australia, I was never in any way intimate—

GEORGE. (*Thumping the table.*) Yes, but where is he now? That is what we want to know. (*Pim turns to him with a start.*)

OLIVIA. Please, Mr. Pim!

PIM. (*To Olivia.*) Where is he now? But—surely I told you! I told you of the curious fatality at Marseilles? Poor fellow—the fish-bone—

ALL. Fish-bone!

PIM. Yes, yes, a herring, I understand.

OLIVIA. (*Becoming hysterical.*) Do you mean he's dead?

PIM. Of course he's dead. He's been—(*George rises and crosses up stage.*)

OLIVIA. (*Rising and laughing hysterically.*) Oh, Mr. Pim! Oh, I—

LADY MARDEN. Pull yourself together, Olivia. (*Rising and advancing towards Pim.*) So he really is dead this time?

PIM. Oh, undoubtedly, undoubtedly. A fish-bone lodged in his throat. (*Lady Marden to settee again. George crosses to window, trying to realize it.*)

GEORGE. Dead! Dead!

PIM. (*Turning to Olivia, alarmed at her hysterics.*) Oh, but Mrs. Marden—

OLIVIA. I think you must excuse me, Mr. Pim. A herring! There is something about a herring—(*George crosses quickly down to her, very concerned.*) Morality depends on such little things—(*Pim also rises, very concerned*) doesn't it?

* The scene is the same in the third act as in the second. The adventitious Mr. Pim is taking leave of the Marden household, and its members are unanimous in speeding the parting guest. Having apparently been a real widow only a week, Olivia demands that Marden woo her again preliminary to their second mar-

riage ceremony. He good-humoredly plays to her mood. They are to go to London the next day to be married "in the eyes of the church and the law." She cajoles him into having a double wedding, the other contracting parties being Dinah and Brian. Some capital humor is developed. Marden goes out. Olivia is alone when Mr. Pim reenters, unannounced, by the window, and begins to apologize somewhat incoherently.

OLIVIA. (*Very concerned.*) What is it, Mr. Pim? My husband hasn't come to life again, has he?

PIM. No! No! (*Speaking very mysteriously.*) The fact is—his name was Polwhittle.

OLIVIA. (*At a loss.*) Whose? My husband's?

PIM. Yes, yes. Polwhittle, poor fellow!

OLIVIA. But, Mr. Pim, my husband's name was Telworthy.

PIM. No! Oh, dear, no. Polwhittle. (*Firmly.*) It came back to me suddenly just as I reached the gate. Henry Polwhittle. Poor fellow!

OLIVIA. But, really, Mr. Pim, I ought to—

PIM. No, no. Polwhittle.

OLIVIA. But who is Polwhittle?

PIM. (*In surprise at her stupidity.*) The man I told you about, who met with the sad fatality at Marseilles. Henry Polwhittle. (*With hand on chin, thinking deeply.*) Or was it Ernest? No; Henry Polwhittle. Poor fellow!

OLIVIA. (*Indignantly.*) But, Mr. Pim, you said his name was Telworthy! How could you!

PIM. Oh, I blame myself—I blame myself entirely.

OLIVIA. But how could you think of a name like Telworthy, if it wasn't Telworthy?

PIM. (*Eagerly.*) Ah, that is the interesting thing about the whole matter.

OLIVIA. (*Reproachfully.*) Yes, Mr. Pim; all your visits here to-day have been very interesting.

PIM. Oh, most interesting. You see, when I made my first appearance here this morning I was received by—er—Miss Diana.

OLIVIA. Dinah?

PIM. I beg your pardon?

OLIVIA. Dinah. Her name is Dinah.

PIM. Dinah? Oh, yes, Miss Dinah. Yes. She was in—er—rather a communicative mood, and—I suppose by way of passing the time—she mentioned that before your marriage to Mr. Marden you had been a Mrs. —.

OLIVIA. Telworthy.

PIM. Yes, yes, Telworthy, of course. She mentioned also Australia. By some process of the brain—which strikes me as decidedly curious—when I was trying to recollect—er—the name of the poor fellow on the boat, whom you remember I had also met in Australia, the fact that this other name was also stored in my memory, a name equally peculiar—this fact, I say—

OLIVIA. (*Seeing that the sentence is rapidly going to pieces.*) Yes, I understand.

PIM. I blame myself—I blame myself entirely.

Mr. Pim departs and the threads of the situation are being untangled to the comfort and satisfaction of all concerned when, in the midst of a happy domestic scene, with George obediently hanging some curtains for Olivia, above the doors of the morning-room, and happy in the knowledge that they are not bigamists, Mr. Pim enters for the last time and explains: "I had to come back—I've just remembered. His name was Ernest Polwhittle, not Henry."

CONCERNING THE SEXUALITY OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

IN quality of sound, as compared with the human voice, the violin is soprano, the cello is tenor and the contrabass may be defined as baritone bass. For the same reason that the normal average man prefers the soprano to the tenor and the woman generally shows more appreciation for the tenor, the choice of musical instruments is governed, when there is liberty of choice and the individual is conscious of his or her leanings. The violin artist, as Konrad Berkovici goes on to say, in *Bruno's Review of Two Worlds*, even physically is of a different type from that of the cellist, the first being generally full of masculine vigor and life, while the second is apt to be effeminate, showy, soft and silky. Among gypsies, we are told, one seldom finds a cellist and almost never an alto. Their women, who are proverbially jealous, seldom or never play the violin; and for the most part the players of the contrabass and the alto are elderly men in any human society. Not because these instruments are physically easier to play nor because they demand greater experience, but because the advanced age of the players decides their inclination.

Superstrenuous music of the Wagner and Beethoven kind has its explanation in Kraft-Ebling's analysis of their sex-psychology. Both men seldom used the violin or cello for the leading melody. Tschai-kovsky's music, to the writer in *Bruno's Review*, suggests Oscar Wilde's literature,

there being a strong psycho-sexual resemblance between the writer and musician. Tschai-kovsky gave the viola and the contrabass preeminence in his music, whereas the music of such as Berlioz or Verdi or Mascagni or Massenet is of the male of the species—tenor and violin.

Not only have string instruments sexual character, but, we are assured, the cornet, the oboe, the flute, also have such a character. Berkovici observes, in this connection, that the French and Italians are the best wind-instruments players and that Teuton women have a predilection for the oboe and the nondescript saxophone, tho these instruments are bulky and physically difficult to play. "As to the men, to every saxophone student in a conservatory you will see ten flutes and twenty clarinets. The violin classes are always full of fiery dark-eyed boys. Seldom, if at all, have blue-eyed violinists reached any artistic height, while the classes of cello are comparatively swamped with female students. The males studying cello are in a minority and of totally different type than their brothers of the violin; blue-eyed, soft, shy, retiring effeminate."

Commercial reasons of supply and demand do not regulate these classes. There is said to be an oversupply of male violinists and an unsupplied demand of male cellists. A woman violinist is a comparative rarity. Normal sexual males do not like the contralto voice. Their choice

between a Tetrazzini and Schumann-Heink is made as quickly as Elma and Kuschewitzky. And it is due to their sexual indirectness that the alto of the violin and the clarinet are in the background of orchestras.

We read further that in the harmonic blending of voices, where a mixture of string and wind instruments is necessary, the flute and clarinet cannot be used to complete the violins because "they are of the same sex." Instruments representing opposite sexes are instinctively used by musicians for this effect, tho this analyst "has a feeling that Beethoven and Mozart knew more about it than other composers." Primitive races, or races in process of ascendancy, are said to produce more male violinists than highly cultivated ones. Russia, Hungary and Bohemia have given us the latest great ones. Spain and Italy gave the best formerly. The Teutons and the French have not given a single great violinist in the last hundred years. Ysaye, Thibaud, Vieuxtemps, are Belgians. Almost all good violinists are composers, having creative minds, and their compositions, even when not for the violin, have a strong sexual element. The waltz, with its exact rhythm, is a favorite vehicle. There is love appeal in every bar, impetuous, lascivious and pretentious—in one word: male.



TRAILING A MAD ABDUCTOR—AN EFFECTIVE SYMBOLIC DISTORTED PICTURIZATION IN "THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI"

Konrad Berkovici, as the result of a personal investigation into the quality of voices of violinists and cellists, male and female, reports that out of fifty *male violinists*, none older than thirty years, forty-one had deep baritone voices, of the other nine, six were tenors, and three nondescripts. Out of twenty *male cellists*, none older than thirty years, seven were altos and the other thirteen nondescript, and mostly effeminate voices. Out of ten *female violinists*, not over thirty years old, eight had alto voices, one a soprano, and one almost a baritone. This last one had also a masculine exterior. Out of fifteen *female cellists*, fourteen had soprano voices.



THE ABDUCTION—ZIG-ZAG WALLS ENHANCE THE PICTURE OF TORTUOUS SOLITARY FLIGHT

A CUBIST FILM THAT MARKS AN EPOCH IN THE MOVIES

POST-IMPRESSIONISM, which has broken out from time to time on the speaking stage, has finally reached the screen in a new film imported from Central Europe and called "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari." In photographing this strange tale, replete with fantasy and mystery, the camera men have sought to make the backgrounds, the stage-setting and the "props" express the sensations and mental conditions of the characters in action. The scenario is the sort of thing that a Poe or a Baudelaire might have conceived. Dr. Caligari with his sinister powers is a real Poe creation. His story is grotesquely absorbing and its effectiveness is curiously heightened by the strange stage-settings, as shown in the accompanying illustrations furnished by Goldwyn. Bizar

and distorted as they appear at first glance, they are not merely fantastic but accurately reflect the mental state of the characters involved.

To the critic for the New York *Globe* the picture seems to be "an amazing cross-section of a lunatic's mind—a stealthy crescendo of delirium rushing through distorted streets, over triangular roofs and walls, whirling about crazy merry-go-rounds with the inevitability of those nightmares which give the most prosaic of objects an eerie and fascinating significance. It is only upon reflection that you sense the careful art of the production to realize the perfection of the craftsmanship which can give to the audience the mood of its characters caught in the delirium of a disordered brain."

These characters fit snugly into a story which seems to grow out of its background. It has the quality of those dramas of horror which have fascinated Paris for years at the Grand Guignol. A malevolent doctor, a helpless and terrified girl, are the principal actors; but the sinister element lies in the undertones, a weird strain which could only be given by the suggestion of insanity. It is a tale of the Middle Ages and Dr. Caligari is a magician traveling among the little towns of Italy with a somnambulist over whom he exercises a sinister control.

The picture was made abroad by Karl Mayer and Hans Janowitz. The art-settings are by Hermann Warm, Walter Reimann and Walter Rohig, names that lessen the difficulty of guessing the land of its conception. According to the N. Y. *Times*, the most conspicuous individual characteristic of the picture is its cubism. Its settings bear a somewhat closer re-

semblance to reality than the famous "Nude Descending a Staircase," but they are sufficiently unlike anything ever done on the screen before to belong to a separate scenic species. A house, for instance, is recognized as a house, but, with its leaning, trapezoidal walls, its triangular doors and its bizar floor patterns, it does not look like any house anybody ever lived in—likewise the irregular alleyways between inclined buildings, the crazy corridors and the erratic roofs.

Doubtless, adds the *Times*, these expressionistic scenes are full of meaning for the specialist in the form of art they represent, but the uninitiated, tho they will now and then get a definite suggestion from some touch here or there, and enjoy it, are not asked to understand cubism, for the settings are the background, or rather an inseparable part, of a fantastic story of murder and madness. This critic pronounces the story coherent and logical.



TRAGEDY IN THE AIR—SHE IS LOOKING FOR ANGELS AND SEEING DEVILS IN A NEW POST-IMPRESSIONISTIC FILM

LORD BRYCE ON THE MERITS AND DEFECTS OF DEMOCRACY

WHEN Woodrow Wilson said that American purpose in entering the Great War was "to make the world safe for democracy," he gave to the idea of democracy an almost religious sanctity. The word "democracy" is on all men's lips, yet who knows its history, who can define it accurately, and who has given real thought to its future? In a period in which emperors and kings have been toppled from their thrones, and democracy, both true and perverted, has swept across Europe, appears a book that is hailed as the ablest study of democracy ever written. It is "Modern Democracies" (Macmillan), by Lord Bryce, and in it is illuminated every aspect of the subject treated. Lord Bryce is now eighty-three years old. He came into fame fifty-seven years ago as the author of "The Holy Roman Empire." His second great book, "The American Commonwealth," has been called a modern classic. In his new work, the crowning effort of his life, embodying the result of years of laborious study and travel, he discusses the democracy not only of the United States, but also of the South-American States, Canada, France, Switzerland, Australia and New Zealand.

First of all, what is democracy? Lord Bryce defines it as "a government in which the will of the majority of qualified citizens rules, taking the qualified citizens to constitute the great bulk of the inhabitants, say, roughly, at least three-fourths, so that the physical force of the citizens coincides (broadly speaking) with their voting power." It is the rule of the Many, as opposed to Monarchy, which is the rule of One, and to Oligarchy, which is the rule of the Few; and in this sense Lord Bryce applies the name to the United Kingdom and to most of the British self-governing Dominions, to France, Italy, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Norway, Greece, the United States, Argentina and possibly Chile and Uruguay. He points out that, apart from Germany and Austria, five new democra-

cies have sprung up in Europe since 1918: Czecho-Slovakia, Lithuania, Latvia, Estonia and Finland. The fate of Russia hangs and may continue for some time to hang in the balance. Hungary has not yet settled her form of government; nor has Poland, nor has China. The number of democracies in the world, Lord Bryce informs us, has been doubled within fifteen years.

Democracy, it is well to remember, is a new thing in the modern world. More than nineteen centuries have passed since it died out on the coasts of the Mediterranean. No one thought of trying to revive it in Italy or Greece. When the Italian cities shook off the yoke of local lords or bishops in the eleventh and twelfth centuries, nearly all of these new republics passed before long under the sway of new despots, and few were the attempts made to recover freedom. It was not until the era of the Reformation that democracy began to stir again. A century ago, Switzerland was the only spot in Europe in which the working of democracy could be studied.

For Lord Bryce, Switzerland, as it was the first, is still the purest of modern democracies. He says that its sense of national unity is unsurpassed, that it knows the meaning of social as well as of civil equality, and that it has abolished the professional politician. Canada is also sympathetically interpreted, and France, we are told, effectually dispelled the legend of its "decadence" when, in 1914, it was called to meet the German onslaught.

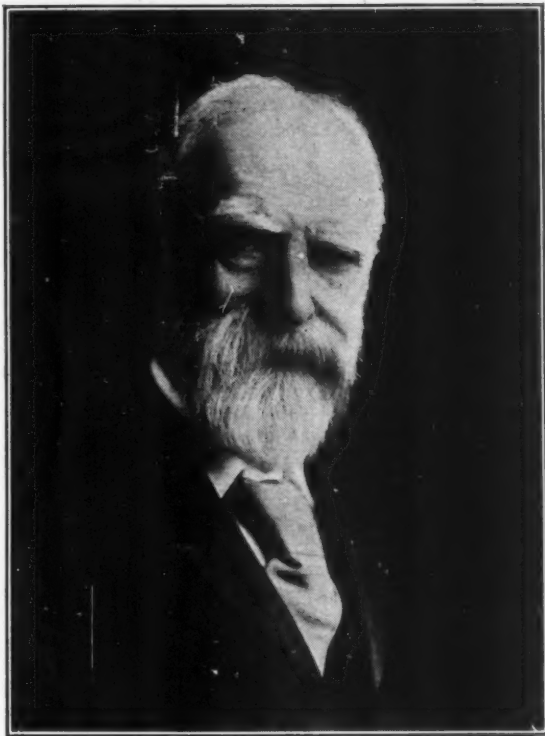
Passing on to speak of American democracy, Lord Bryce declares that the three chief contributions which the United States has made to political science have been (1) rigid or so-called written constitutions, which, as being the expressions of the supreme will of the people, limit the powers of the different branches of government; (2) the use of courts of law to interpret rigid constitutions and secure their authority by placing their provisions

out of the reach of legislative or executive action; and (3) the organization of political parties. Of these, "the first two are precautions against, or mitigations of, faults to which democracy is liable; while the third has proved to be an aggregation of these faults, undoing part of the good which the two former were doing, and impairing public sovereignty itself." Yet "party organization is a natural and probably an inevitable incident of democratic government. It has in itself nothing pernicious. Its evils have sprung from its abuses."

Our politics, Lord Bryce finds, are cleaner than they were fifty years ago. He thinks that Americans have been true to the principle of liberty in its social as well as its political sense. Even in the face of Prohibition he says: "The right of the individual man to live his own life in his own way is better recognized now than ninety years ago, when Tocqueville noted what he called the Tyranny of the Majority." He continues:

"The love of peace and a respect for the rights of other nations have gone hand in hand with the love of liberty. Such aggressive tendencies as belonged to United States policy two generations ago have disappeared. The temptations to encroach upon Mexico have been resisted. No State possessed of gigantic power has shown in recent years so little disposition to abuse it.

"If a faith in the doctrines of political equality has been pushed too far in some directions, it has in others worked for good, preventing the growth of class distinctions and enmities, and enjoining a respect for the lawful claims of every section in the community which gives to the nation a unity and solidarity of incomparable value. This was most conspicuously seen in the quickness with which the Northern and Southern States became reconciled when the first ten years of resettlement after the War of Secession had passed. To this solidarity has



AT EIGHTY-THREE HE BIDS US HOPE

Lord Bryce in his new book on "Modern Democracies" tries to repress "the pessimism of experience" and to inculcate a message of hope. It is true, he concedes, that democracy has not realized the dreams of its advocates; but "the world is, after all, a better place than it was under other kinds of government, and the faith that it may be made better still survives."

been due the stability of American institutions. No great State has suffered less, perhaps none so little, from the shocks of change. Almost the only revolutionaries are those who bring from Europe a bitter fanaticism born of resentment at injuries suffered there."

The principal defects of American democracy are listed by Lord Bryce as follows:

1. State legislatures do not enjoy the confidence of the people, as is shown by the restrictions imposed upon them, and by the transfer, in many States, of some of their powers to the citizens acting directly. Congress maintains a higher level, yet one below that to be expected in a nation proud of its institutions as a whole.

2. The civil service, with the exception of the scientific branches of the national govern-

ment, is not yet equal to the tasks which the extension of the functions of government is imposing upon it.

3. The State judiciary is, in the large majority of the States, inferior in quality to the better part of the bar that practices before it, and has in some few States ceased to be respected.

4. The administration of criminal justice is slow, uncertain, and in many States so ineffective that offenders constantly escape punishment.

5. The laws are in some States so imperfectly enforced that the security for personal rights, and to a less extent for property right also, is inadequate.

6. The government of cities, and especially of the largest cities, has been incompetent, wasteful and corrupt.

7. Party organizations, democratic in theory and in their outward form, have become selfish oligarchies worked by professional politicians.

8. The tone of public life and the sense that public service is an honorable public trust, tho now rising, are not yet what they should be in so great a nation.

9. The power of wealth, and particularly of great incorporated companies, to influence both legislatures and the choice of persons to sit in legislatures and on the judicial bench, has been formidable.

10. Tho there are and always have been in public life some men of brilliant gifts, the number of such persons is less than might be expected in a country where talent abounds and the national issues before the nation are profoundly important.

When he comes to a consideration of the future of democracy, Lord Bryce admits that he sees clouds on the horizon. If wars continue, he says, the smaller free States may conceivably be vanquished and annexed or incorporated by their stronger neighbors. Dangers may also arise from civil strife, as in Russia. "The doctrine of the class war and the weapon of the general strike sound a new note of menace to the progress of mankind. They are not the result of democracy. . . . They are in reality an attack on democracy, the heaviest blow ever directed against it, for they destroy the sense that a people is one moral and spiritual whole, bound together by spiritual ties." Thirdly, "the less educated part of a nation might become indifferent to politics, the most educated

class throwing their minds into other things, such as poetry or art, to them more interesting than politics, and gradually leaving the conduct of State affairs to an intelligent bureaucracy capable of giving business men the sort of administration and legislation they desire, and keeping the multitude in good humor by providing comforts and amusements."

In former days democracy was valued as something precious in itself, because it was the embodiment of liberty. Now it is desired as a means rather than as an end. Men want it because they want something beyond it; and the question arises: May they not grow indifferent to the use of their civic rights, if their wants are gratified? Lord Bryce points out that such things have happened. Much will depend on what the issues of the future are likely to be. "If that which the masses really desire should turn out to be the extinction of private property or some sort of communistic system, and if in some countries such a system should ever be established, the whole character of government would be changed, and that which is now called democracy would become a different thing altogether, perhaps an industrial oligarchy."

In support of this position, Lord Bryce traverses at some length the arguments of Socialism and endeavors to build, in imagination at least, the actual structure of a Socialist State. He points out that Russian revolutionaries set out to create an industrial democracy, and he concedes that, on paper, Bolshevik Russia, with its local Soviets contributing in ever-widening circles to a national administration, offers 'a new and interesting form of democracy. But, in actuality, it has degenerated, so far as we can learn, into industrial despotism. Even if Socialism could come into power in less troubled times and in a more democratic fashion, it would still, in Lord Bryce's view, be in danger of something the same kind of degeneration. He speaks of Guild Socialism and of other plans for ushering in a democratic Socialism, but he feels that Socialism to-day, as a world-movement, is ruled by materialistic rather than by idealistic motives, and he contends that

collectivism, under the best of conditions, affords endless opportunities for bureaucracy, corruption and nepotism.

If human nature were purer than we now know it, the prospects of a successful working out of Socialism would, of course, be brighter. A wider, indeed an illimitable field of speculation is opened by Lord Bryce when he speaks of the possibilities of changes in the interests, tastes and beliefs of the different families of mankind.

"In human nature there are, to borrow a term from mathematics, certain 'constants'—impulses always operative—ambition and indolence, jealousy and loyalty, selfishness and sympathy, love and hatred, gratitude and revenge. But the ideas, fancies and habits of men change like their tastes in poetry and art. New forms of pleasure are invented: the old lose their relish; the moral as well as the intellectual values shift and vary. The balance between the idealistic and the realistic or material view of life is always oscillating. Humility, once revered in Christian and Buddhist countries, has been described in our time as a dead virtue. Even nations in which public life has been most active may relegate a political career to a place as low as soldiering has held in China and trading in Japan. The masses may let the reins slip from their hands into those of an oligarchy, so long as they do not fear for themselves either oppression, or social disparagement, or the loss of any material benefits they have been wont to enjoy. They may trust to the power of public opinion to deter a ruling group from any course which would displease the bulk of the nation, for the power of public opinion will survive political mutations so long as an intolerant majority does not impose its orthodoxy to fetter the play of thought. Such phases in the never-ceasing process of evolutionary change might well be transient, for oligarchies are naturally drawn to selfish ways, and selfishness usually passes into injustice, and injustice breeds discontent, and discontent ends in the overthrow of those who have abused their power, and so the World-Spirit that plies at the roaring loom of Time discards one pattern and weaves another to be in turn discarded."

Whatever happens, such an institution as popular government is bound to take its color from, and to flourish or decline according to, the moral and intellectual progress of mankind as a whole.

"The question, whether men will rise towards the higher standard which the prophets of democracy deemed possible, has been exercising every thoughtful mind since August, 1914, and it will be answered less hopefully now than it would have been at any time in the hundred years preceding. That many millions of men should perish in strife which brought disaster to the victors only less than those it brought to the vanquished is an event without parallel in the annals of the race. There has probably been since the fifth century no moment in history which has struck mankind with such terror and dismay as have the world-wide disasters which began in 1914, and have not yet passed.

"This much, however, may be said regarding the question which directly concerns us here. It is not on democracy that the blame for these disorders ought to fall, nor have they darkened its prospect for the future, except in so far as they have disclosed faults in human nature, obstacles to human brotherhood, whose magnitude had not been realized. The seismic center whence the successive earthquake shocks proceeded did not lie in any democratic country. The catastrophe was so tremendous, because due to the concurrent action of three explosive forces never before conjoined at the same moment—overweening military ambition, the passion of nationality and an outbreak of vengeful fanaticism from small but fiery sections of the industrial population. Such a conjunction of volcanic activities may not recur for ages."

The upshot of the entire argument is optimistic. The rule of the many, in Lord Bryce's view, is safer than the rule of one, and the rule of the multitude is gentler than the rule of a class. However grave the indictment that may be brought against democracy, its friends can answer: "What better alternative do you offer?" The last words of the book are:

"Hope, often disappointed but always renewed, is the anchor by which the ship that carries democracy and its fortunes will have to ride out this latest storm, as it has ridden out many storms before. There is an Eastern story of a king with an uncertain temper who desired his astrologer to discover from the stars when his death would come. The astrologer, having cast the horoscope, replied that he could not find the date, but had ascertained only this, that the king's death would follow immediately his own. So may it be said that democracy will never perish till after hope has expired."

BREAKING DOWN THE BARRIERS BETWEEN NATIONS

THREE stages in the mental development of humanity are emphasized by Gilbert Murray, Regius Professor of Greek in Oxford University, in an address, "Orbis Terrarum," published in the brilliantly renovated *Century Magazine*. The first is that of the ancients, who felt at home in the world because, for them, the earth was the physical center, and man the moral center, of the universe. The second is the Middle Ages, when Copernicus made his astronomical discoveries and men were terrified by the thought of uncharted and baffling immensity. The third is our own period, in which, without relinquishing the idea of the vastness of the universe, we have gained a sense of security by our mastery of nature. For us the progress of science, the sweep of exploration and the development of transportation have shrunk the world into a well-charted and easily accessible neighborhood. Like the Romans, but in a different sense, we can think of the world as "one great city of gods and men."

These three stages in the history of the mind are used by Professor Murray to illustrate the growth of international understanding. At every epoch or in every society, he finds, there is a sort of precinct, some limited area, within which the world is understood or at least understandable, and outside of which rage the unknown heathen. In Greece, for instance, were Hellenes who had customs upon which you could calculate; outside were *barbaroi*, "making noises like birds and capable of anything." In the Middle Ages the precinct was Christendom; outside were Jews and infidels, whose ways no one could understand or wished to understand. Professor Murray recalls a time not so very long ago when a man in England, who trespassed outside the bounds of his native village, had to blow a horn as he went to give fair warning, unless he wished to be killed at sight. As that sharp barrier breaks and a man be-

gins to know something of the next village, the next county, then of people who speak a different language, wear different clothes, have a different religion or a different color to their skin, there may remain plenty of antipathies and prejudices; but, "with thoughtful men at least," Professor Murray asserts, "there will not come a definite line beyond which are outlaws, between whom and yourself there are no human bonds and no moral obligation." He continues:

"The essential mark of the foreigner as such, of the barbarians, of the heathen, is a difference which is not understood and does not explain itself. I remember, as a boy, loathing a certain man, a Frenchman, who had a particular kind of pouch under his eyes. It seemed to me to connote some indescribable wickedness. Then some one told me that it was a swelling of the lacrymal gland produced by exposure to a tropical sun, and I loathed him no more. It is generally some superficial and harmless characteristic in a foreigner that, in literature, is seized upon as a ground for shuddering at him. But with increased knowledge of the world we get to see the reasons for the differences of custom, and they cease to be upsetting.

"It is the same with physical characteristics. Europeans are often aware of the smell of negroes, and dislike negroes accordingly. But a very little anthropology teaches us that all human beings smell. We may find, as a friend of mine did, that a Japanese waiting-maid is apt to fall in a faint at the smell of a number of Europeans and Americans sitting at dinner. That alters the state of the case. When knowledge and understanding come in, the peculiar sense of horror connected with the unknown vanishes."

If at this point a critic raises the objection that more precincts or ring fences exist to-day than ever before, Professor Murray concedes its truth. When he thinks of the way in which the white races have treated Africa he is tempted to accept Mr. Balfour's description of the life history of the human race as "a brief and discreditable episode in the life of

one of the meaner planets." The apparent growth of racial prejudice in our time may be attributed in part to the war; but its roots lie deeper. Professor Murray speaks of the industrial revolution, of mechanical invention and of artillery and machine-guns. Then he says: "It is no longer a case of fighting, not of hard fighting or even of easy fighting; it is a case of eating. It sometimes seems as if the West, like some enormous saurian, some alligator of antediluvian magnitude, had slowly gazed upon the colored civilizations in various parts of Africa and the East till its slow brain gradually rose to the conception that it was hungry and they were good to eat; then the great masticators set to their work."

But our time, which has witnessed unprecedented exploitation of the colored races, has also developed unexampled idealism. There have been missionaries, philanthropists and good government servants, as well as exploiters. Professor Murray lays stress on these two contrary tendencies, and has no doubt that for some time there will be an attempt to run the two together. The determined money-hunter is skilled in the art of gilding with moral and religious phrases the projects that promise the largest dividends. But "that attempt," Professor Murray maintains, "cannot last. The conflict is too sharp between the two principles. Indeed, the lists are already set and the issue is joined." He proceeds:

"Out of that strange chaos of passions which possessed the world at the close of the Great War, producing at the same time and through the same human agents the blockade of the ex-enemy powers in time of peace and the covenant of the League of Nations, the most startling object which emerged was Article XXII of the covenant, the article on mandates. It reminds me of a phrase used by Byzantine bishops, in an excess of humility, to describe themselves as elevated to their bishoprics not by divine Providence, but by 'divine inadvertence.' There must have been a good deal of inadvertence, I will not say in heaven, but perhaps on the earth and under the earth, when Article XXII slipped through the peace conference. At a moment when the appetite of our great saurian was whetted to the

utmost, when the prey lay ready before it to be devoured, Article XXII swept in like the harpies, and seemed to snatch the food out of its jaws."

This wonderful article may not be honestly and sincerely carried out by the mandatory powers, but it marks, in Professor Murray's estimation, a new era in international understanding. Its central principle is that of trusteeship. Under its provisions the idea of possession in new territories is definitely abolished; the well-being and even the development of the native races is recognized as a "sacred trust for civilization." A mandatory is debarred from making personal gain out of its trust. Not only the slave trade, but even the traffic in arms and the liquor traffic are forbidden; and no mandatory may increase its military strength by means of its mandated population. By another clause the trade and commerce of the territories must be open on equal terms to all members of the League. As yet, only two mandates, that of Great Britain for Palestine and Mesopotamia, and that of France for Syria, have been produced, but more are sure to follow.

The time is coming, Professor Murray predicts, when it will be almost impossible for decent and intelligent statesmen to profess indifference to the welfare or suffering of other parts of the human race than that to which they belong. He cites the report of the recent International Financial Conference, summoned at Brussels by the League of Nations, in which a number of bankers and business men and financial experts from a large number of different nations laid down, from practical reasons, a theory of international co-operation which ten years ago might have seemed extreme, if not fantastic, in a radical club. He sees in this and similar developments a real approach to the "one great city." Consciousness of ultimate solidarity has really begun to penetrate the minds of ordinary politicians. A sense of the moral duty of the strong and advanced nations to help the weak and backward is now definitely and comprehensively recognized in a great public treaty to which 42 governments have attached their signatures.

LUTHER AS A PIONEER OF EMANCI- PATIONS GREATER THAN HIS OWN

P.T. **W**HEN President Harding recently wrote to the Rev. Howard R. Gold, of the National Lutheran Council, applauding the 400th celebration of Luther's stand before the Diet of Worms on the ground that "Luther's firm advocacy of unfettered opinion deserves commemoration as one of the notable contributions toward mankind's intellectual emancipation," he awakened something of a controversy. That Luther was a great emancipator is universally recognized. But who can be found seriously to defend the statement that he advocated "unfettered opinion"? Dr. George P. Mains writes in the *Christian Advocate* (New York): "In deciding his final place in history, it is no disparagement to his real greatness to assert that as a reformer he left very much ground still to be occupied. He neither had the all-round vision nor the prophetic forecast to constitute him an adequate and final reformer." In similar spirit, Dr.

Albert C. Dieffenbach, editor of the *Christian Register* (Boston), declares: "He did not trust the masses. He was never in his inmost soul a democrat. . . . His oration before the Diet of Worms was his appeal to the people who, when they responded, were distrusted and denied." And Dr. Preserved Smith, who is the author of a biography of Luther and has just published a monumental work, "The Age of the Reformation" (Holt), says frankly that Luther was "dogmatic, superstitious, intolerant, overbearing and violent."

The Reformation, Dr. Smith reminds us, was not, like the Renaissance, an appeal to reason as such. Luther feared reason as "Frau Hulda, the devil's paramour"; he never doubted the supernatural element in Christianity; and he agreed with Roman Catholics in regarding salvation as the most urgent of an individual's interests and as fearfully doubtful. It is



THE LUTHER MEMORIAL AT WORMS

This vast monument commemorates what Thomas Carlyle has called "the greatest scene in modern European history; the point, indeed, from which the whole subsequent history of civilization takes its rise." In the center is Luther, Bible in hand. At the base of the pedestal on which his image stands, may be seen Savonarola, Wyclif and John Huss. The two figures standing at the front are Protestant princes—Frederick the Wise and Philip of Hesse

a great mistake, in Dr. Smith's view, to suppose that Luther cared for either religious or political freedom in the abstract. His famous tract, "On the Liberty of a Christian Man," ought to be printed with the word "Christian" italicized. What Luther advocates here is not intellectual freedom, nor even self-government. He is trying to show that the Christian is "most free lord of all" simply because no amount of pressure can compel him to renounce his faith.

It is true that Luther, in his first period, expressed the theory of toleration as well as anyone can. But as he matured his difficulties multiplied, and when his party ripened into success, he saw things quite differently. We learn from "The Age of the Reformation":

"The first impulse [to persecution] came from the civil magistrate, whom the theologians at first endured, then justified and finally urged on. All persons save priests were forbidden by the Elector John of Saxony to preach or baptize, a measure aimed at the Anabaptists. In 1527, under this law, twelve men and one woman were put to death, and such executions were repeated several times in the following years, e. g., in 1530, 1532 and 1538. In the year 1529 came the terrible imperial law, passed by an alliance of Catholics and Lutherans at the Diet of Spire, condemning all Anabaptists to death, and interpreted to cover cases of simple heresy in which no breath of sedition mingled. A regular inquisition was set up in Saxony, with Melancthon on the bench, and under it many persons were punished, some with death, some with life imprisonment and some with exile.

"While Luther took no active part in these proceedings, and on several occasions gave the opinion that exile was the only proper punishment, he also, at other times, justified persecution on the ground that he was suppressing not heresy but blasphemy. As he interpreted blasphemy, in a work published



"HERE I STAND; I CANNOT DO OTHERWISE!"

Martin Luther as he appeared four hundred years ago before Emperor Charles V. at the Diet of Worms. From a portrait by Lucas Cranach.

about 1530, it included the papal mass, the denial of the divinity of Christ or of any other 'manifest article of the faith, clearly grounded in Scripture and believed throughout Christendom.' The government should also, in his opinion, put to death those who preached sedition, anarchy or the abolition of private property."

In an article in the *N. Y. Evening Post* inspired by the Luther Quadricentennial, Dr. Smith goes on to record his conviction that the emancipation accomplished by Luther in three fields—the religious, the social and the political—was partly the result of design, partly the logical, tho unintended, consequence of his principles. He thinks it clear that Luther neither introduced nor would have approved "complete subjectivism" in either faith or morals; but "his robust individualism was

the necessary transition from the Nominalism of the last schoolmen, Biel and Occam, to the transcendentalism and 'categorical imperative' of Kant." The article concludes:

"The first great service of the Reformation to the intellectual emancipation of the race was done by breaking the chain of authority and asserting the right of private judgment in certain cases. Luther, holding passionately to the ideal of an objective, ascertainable truth, had no intention of allowing all men to choose their religion for themselves. But his brave example operated more powerfully than his cautious afterthoughts; the delicate equilibrium of faith was destroyed and every

man felt his own conscience to be the supreme court in matters of faith.

"Secondly, the Reformation was the first great movement for popular education. By it many of the ideals of the Renaissance were passed around among the people. The masses were instructed and the masses thought and chose, for the first time, their own faith. The Reformation was argued before the bar of public opinion and its fate decided by the common people of every country.

"Thus did Luther's genius and courage transvaluate many values in the world, make the first great revolution in modern times, and break the way for emancipations greater than his own."

MR. WELLS PROPOSES A NEW P. F. BIBLE

ON the ground that the Bible, as we know it, is redundant and remote, Mr. Wells, having finished his "Outline of History," proposes a new and monumental work for the salvaging of civilization. It is nothing less than a new Bible. "We want," he writes in the *Saturday Evening Post*, "a Bible. We want a Bible so badly that we cannot afford to put the old Bible on a pinnacle out of daily use. We want it readapted for use." This readaptation may cost as much as thirty or forty million dollars to make and distribute, but Mr. Wells assures us it will be worth the price.

One of Wells's objections to the old Bible is that it ends too abruptly. If it broke off with the foundation of Christianity, he says, we should understand; but it does not. It goes on to a fairly detailed account of the beginnings and early policies of the Christian church. It gives the opening literature of theological exposition. And then, with that strange book, the Revelation of St. John the Divine, it comes to an end. It leaves off in the middle of Roman imperial and social conflicts. But the world has gone on and goes on until there is now a gulf of upwards of eighteen hundred years between us and the concluding expression of the thought of that ancient time.

So a first requisite of a new Bible would

be a historical résumé of the centuries that have passed since the old Bible was written. And a second requisite, Mr. Wells asserts, would be a reinterpretation of biblical cosmogony in the light of modern knowledge.

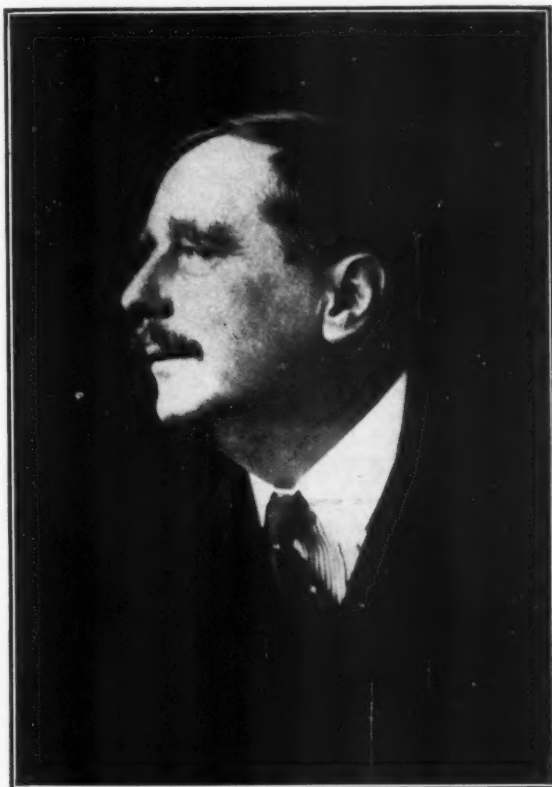
"We must tell a universal history of man. And tho on the surface it may seem to be a very different history from the Bible story, in substance it will really be very much the same history, only robbed of ancient trappings and symbols and made real and fresh again for our present ideas. It will still be a story of conditional promises, the promises of human possibility, a record of sins and blunders and lost opportunities, of men who walked not in the ways of righteousness, of stiff-necked generations and of merciful renewals of hope. It will still point our lives to a common future which will be the reward and judgment of our present lives.

"You may say that no such book exists—which is perfectly true—and that no such book could be written. But there I think you underrate the capacity of our English-speaking people. It would be quite possible to get together a committee that would give us the compact and clear cosmogony of history that is needed. Some of the greatest, most inspiring books and documents in the world have been produced by committees. Magna Charta, the Declaration of Independence, the English translation of the Bible, and the Prayer Book of the English Church are all the productions of committees, and they are all fine and inspiring compilations. For the

last three years I have been experimenting with this particular task, and, with the help of six other people, I have sketched out and published an outline of our world's origin and history to show the sort of thing I mean. That outline is, of course, a mass of faults and minor inaccuracies, but it does demonstrate the possibility of doing what is required. And its reception both in America and in England has shown how ready, how greedy many people are, on account of themselves and on account of their children, for an ordered general account of the existing knowledge of our place in space and time. For want of anything better they have taken my outline very eagerly. Far more eagerly would they have taken a finer, sounder and more authoritative work."

Another feature of the old Bible that worries Mr. Wells is its rules of life and health applied to a population living thousands of years ago under entirely different conditions from those that now prevail. He admires the explicit regulations of the Mosaic code, but he wants to bring them up to date. By all means, he says, let us have information in regard to diet, sex, exercise and the problems of health generally, but let this be really scientific and applicable to present-day life. Let us also have, he continues, rules of conduct bearing on social and industrial problems.

"Is it an offense to gamble? Is it an offense to speculate? Is it an offense to hold fertile fields and not cultivate them? Is it an offense to hold fertile fields and under-cultivate them? Is it an offense to use your invested money merely to live pleasantly without working? Is it an offense to spend your money on yourself and refuse your wife more than bare necessities? Is it an offense to spend exorbitant sums that might otherwise go in reproductive investments, to gratify the whims and vanities of your wife?



HE WANTS TO SUPERSEDE THE SCRIPTURES

The Bible, H. G. Wells tells us, is remote and redundant; it needs to be simplified and brought up to date. He has in mind a new Bible, which might cost thirty or forty million dollars, but which, he assures us, would be worth the price.

You will find different people answering any of these questions with yes or no. But it cannot be both yes and no. There must be definable right or wrong upon these issues."

If the first and the second sections of Wells's new Bible would consist of Books of History and Books of Conduct, the third, he insists, must be devoted to literature. Without traversing his argument in full, we may note that he is strong for including the four gospels, but hesitates among the Old Testament books. Of Plato's Dialogs he says: "We might quarry for beautiful passages for our canon, but I do not think we could take them in as wholes." Shakespeare and all the playwrights, ancient and modern,

would have to be excluded from an anthology intended not to delight but to instruct and unite mankind. Novelists would probably share the same fate. "I do not think any novels at all," Mr. Wells declares, "can go into our modern Bible as whole works." But Lincoln's Gettysburg Address, and Henley's poem, "Out of the night that covers me," and Milton's defence of free speech and free decision appeal to Mr. Wells as the sort of literature that ought to be included.

Another and indispensable section, he says, would be a Book of Forecasts:

"We want to make our world think more than it does about the consequences of the lives it leads and the political deeds that it does and that it permits to be done. We want to turn the human imagination round again towards the future which our lives create. We want a collection and digest of forecasts and warnings to complete this modern Bible of ours. . . .

"It is, I think, reasonable for Americans to ask the great political personages of America, the President, and so forth, for example, whether they think the United States will stand alone in twenty-five years' time as they stand alone now. Or whether they think that there will be a greater United States—of all America—or of all the world. They must know their own will about that. And it is equally reasonable to ask the great political personages of the British Empire: What will Ireland be in twenty-five years' time? What will India be? There must be a plan, an intended thing. Otherwise these men have no intentions; otherwise they must be, in two words, dangerous fools. The sooner we substitute a type of man with a sufficient foresight and capable of articulate speech in the matter, the better for our race.

"The first Book of Forecasts will be a poor thing. Miserably poor. So poor that people will presently clamor to have it thoroughly revised.

"The revised Book of Forecasts will not be quite so bad. It will have been tested against realities. It will form the basis of a vast amount of criticism and discussion.

"When again it comes to be revised it will be much nearer possible realities."

Mr. Wells's Bible would be "perhaps two or three times as bulky as the old Bible." His idea, according to the *Saturday Evening Post*, is nothing more nor less than a proposal to condense the famous five-

foot bookshelf into the smaller compass of five inches. The *Post* confesses its interest in the plan without indorsing it. "If the twentieth-century Bible reader," it comments, "complains that the Scriptures have lost their power to guide him in the contacts of daily life it is only because he lacks the mental vigor and the earnest concentration to apply broad principles to special and ever-varying problems."

The New York *Globe* has little confidence in Wells's proposal:

"Mr. Wells has found the symptoms of a disease; we are sick of something, we moderns. But the cure he proposes raises one's doubt as to whether he understands the symptoms. Gradually, painfully, reluctantly, a certain portion of the world has drawn away from its old religion. For the most part it has done so because it felt itself unable to accept dogma in a world presenting evidence so bewildering in its variety as to challenge almost any certainty. More than ever before the world is consciously in flux. Undoubtedly it will understand itself better for a good history. It will probably understand itself better because of Mr. Wells's outline. It will welcome a happy crystallization of any kind of knowledge, and certainly Mr. Wells is right in saying that there has been too little attention given to presenting what we know in a design as interesting and in language as forceful as we can achieve. But Mr. Wells's bible is something different. Its making, as he describes it, would be the setting for a great modern dogma.

"The dogma might be amendable, but its official launching would be likely to cause misgiving and distrust. Those who have accepted what they consider to be the word of God would turn from it. Those who have found the word of God insufficient would take an indifferent comfort in the word of man. If Mr. Wells's idea is ever realized it will be at some time when we love our individual intellectual liberty less than we do now. We liked the 'Outline of History' because it was frankly tentative and personal. We would dislike a bible of civilization as a kind of glorified attempt to standardize our mental processes. Mr. Wells himself admits that it is, in a way, this. If we could settle our modern principles, he says, life would be infinitely more simple. The trouble is that he has made his proposal at a time when the world is less ready to consider it than at any time in its known history."

"LET MAIN STREET ALONE!" SAYS MEREDITH NICHOLSON

THE American small town indicted in Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Main Street," has found a notable champion in Meredith Nicholson, the novelist. Mr. Nicholson knows provincial America as few know it. His writings include "The Provincial American," "A Hoosier Chronicle" and "The Valley of Democracy," as well as his stories. He finds much to praise in "Main Street," and he welcomes its popularity as an evidence that Americans are not so sensitive to criticism as they used to be. But he says: "The Main Streets I know do not strike me as a fit subject for commiseration. I refuse to be sorry for them. I am increasingly impressed by their intelligence, their praiseworthy curiosity as to things of good report, their sturdy optimism, their unshakable ambition to excel other Main Streets."

Mr. Nicholson tells us at the outset of an argument published in the N. Y. *Evening Post* that his joy in "Main Street," the book, was marred by a questionable assertion in the foreword, namely: "The town is, in our tale, called Gopher Prairie, Minnesota. But its Main Street is the continuation of Main Street everywhere. The story would be the same in Ohio or Montana, in Kansas or Kentucky or Illinois, and not very differently would it be told up York State or in the Carolina hills." It is Mr. Nicholson's conviction that there are very marked differences between Gopher Prairie and towns of approximately the same size that have drawn upon different strains of foreign or American stock. He continues:

"Mr. Lewis depicts character with a sure stroke, and he communicates the sense of atmosphere admirably. There are paragraphs and single lines that arrest the attention and invite rereading, so sharply do they bite into the consciousness. One pays him a reader's highest tribute: 'That's true; I've known just such people.' But I should modify the claim to universality in deference to the differences in local history so clearly written upon our maps and the dissimilar back-

grounds of young America that are not the less interesting or important because the tracings upon them are so thin."

All manner of things, Mr. Nicholson reminds us, contribute to the making of a community. A college town is unlike an industrial center of the same size. A Scandinavian influence in a community is quite different from a German or an Irish or a Scotch influence. There is no more fascinating field open to the student, he thinks, than that suggested by the activities of different racial strains combining to build an American community. "There is hardly anyone at all conversant with American life but will think instantly of groups of men and women who in some small center were able, by reason of their foresight and courage, to lay a debt upon posterity, or of an individual who has waged battle alone for public betterment." Mr. Nicholson does not deny the need of improvement in American small towns, but he frankly expresses his dislike of the way in which this whole problem of improvement is envisaged in such a novel as "Main Street":

"The trouble with Mr. Lewis's Carol Kennicott was that she really had nothing to offer Gopher Prairie that sensible self-respecting people anywhere would have welcomed. A superficial creature, she was without true vision in any direction. Plenty of men and women vastly her superior in cultivation and blessed with a far finer sensitiveness to the things of the spirit have in countless cases faced rude conditions, squalor even, cheerfully and hopefully, and in time they have succeeded in doing something to make the world a better place to live in. This is not to say that Carol is not true to type; there is the type, but I am not persuaded that its existence proves anything except that there are always fools and foolish people in the world;

"Carol would have been a failure anywhere. She deserved" to fail in Gopher Prairie, which does not strike me, after all, as so hateful a place as she found it to be. She nowhere impinges upon my sympathy. I have known her by various names in

larger and lovelier communities than Gopher Prairie, and wherever she exists she is a bore and at times an unmitigated nuisance. My heart warms, not to her, but to the people in Main Street she despised. They didn't need her uplifting hand. They were far more valuable members of society than she proved herself to be, for they worked honestly at their jobs and had, I am confident, a pretty fair idea of their rights and duties, their privileges and immunities, as children of democracy."

As examples of local literature that moves on a higher plane than that attained by "Main Street," Mr. Nicholson cites the "Hoosier Schoolmaster" of Edward Eggleston, the poems of James Whitcomb Riley and the novels of Booth Tarkington. We may view, he declares, many sections of America through the eyes of novelists: as the Maine of Miss Jewett, the Tennessee of Miss Johnston and Miss Glasgow, the Kentucky of James Lane Allen, the Virginia of Mr. Page, and the Louisiana of Mr. Cable. He is sorry, he remarks parenthetically, for a new generation that doesn't know the charm of "Old Creole Days" and "Madame Delphine." "Some pretty good stuff was written in this country even before Professor Phelps discovered Dostoevsky."

If we look for idealism in the West, we shall find it, according to Meredith Nicholson. Emerson found it, and left his home in Massachusetts frequently to brave winter storms in what was then a pretty rough region. "Country men and small-town men," Mr. Nicholson says, "have preponderated in our national councils, and, all things considered, they haven't done so badly." He proceeds:

"Greatness has a way of unfolding itself; it remains true that the fault is in ourselves and not in our stars that we are underlings. Out of one small town in Missouri came the two men who, just now, hold respectively the rank of general and admiral of our army and navy. And there is a trustworthy strength in elemental natures—in what Whitman called 'powerful' uneducated persons.' Ancestry and environment are not negligible factors, yet if Lincoln had been born in New York and Roosevelt in a Kentucky log cabin, both would have reached the White House."

As a youth, Mr. Nicholson eagerly fre-

quented lecture-halls and the abodes of the high-minded and the high-intentioned who were zealous in the cause of culture. In his maturity he has lost some of his faith in culture as a panacea. "I shall say at once that I am far less concerned than I used to be as to the diffusion of culture in the Main Streets of all creation." To make this statement is not, however, to admit that the world is going to the dogs. "My feeling about the business," Mr. Nicholson explains, "is akin to that of a traveler who has missed a train, but consoles himself with the reflection that by changing his route a trifle he will in due course reach his destination without serious delay and at the same time enjoy a view of unfamiliar scenery."

Mr. Nicholson would like to believe that the present, with its bewildering changes, is only a corridor leading, politically and spiritually, toward something more splendid than we have known; but he is not certain:

"We can only hope that this is true, and meanwhile adjust ourselves to the idea that a good many things once prized are gone forever. I am not sure but that a town is better advertized by enlightened sanitary ordinances duly enforced than by the number of its citizens who are acquainted with the writings of Walter Pater. A little while ago I should have looked upon such a thought as blasphemy. . . .

"Much too insistently we have sought to reform, to improve, to plant the seeds of culture, to create moral perfection by act of Congress. If Main Street knows what America is all about, and bathes itself and is kind and thoughtful of its neighbors, why not leave the rest on the knees of the gods?

"What really matters as to Main Street is that it shall be happy. We can't merely by taking thought lift its people to higher levels of aspiration. Main Street is neither blind nor deaf; it knows well enough what is going on in the world; it is not to be jostled or pushed by condescending outsiders eager to bestow sweetness and light upon it. It is not unaware of the desirability of such things, and in its own fashion and at the proper time it will go after them.

"Meanwhile, if it is cheerful and hopeful and continues to vote with reasonable sanity, the rest of the world needn't despair of it. After all, it's only the remnant of Israel that can be saved. Let Main Street alone."

HOW AUTO-SUGGESTION MAKES THE SUBCONSCIOUSNESS CURE DISEASE

CLAIMS of the advocates of auto-suggestion are not as exaggerated as they seem at first sight. Investigation by that expert in this field, Doctor Charles Baudouin, seems to the London *Spectator*, after careful study of the facts, to point, for example, to the ultimate identity of the various physical ills from which human bodies suffer. When a man is ill he is, in almost all cases except those of external injury, not well, because he lacks something. That which he lacks has been called by many names. The most recent is "the power of resistance." If a man has this power within him, he can defy almost anything in the way of disease. The most dangerous microbes flee from him. He can repel the germ of tuberculosis, that of typhus, the influenza bacillus—whatever he wills. It seems a rational assumption, in view of what Doctor Baudouin reveals in his remarkable reports, that this power of resistance is to be found in almost every human being.

Doctor Baudouin, we are informed by the London periodical, is a believer and investigator in what is called the "new" Nancy school. The "old" Nancy school was based upon the idea of hypnotism. Its votaries induced the hypnotic sleep and then made suggestions to the patient which undeniably greatly improved his health. In a popular sense, this method effected cures. In the end, some of the doctors and scientists who carried on the work at Nancy, and especially the renowned Professor Coué, perceived that it was primarily not their suggestions to this subconsciousness which produced the wonderful results recorded at Nancy. It was auto-suggestion that was doing the work—self-suggestion as distinguished from the suggestion of another.

The more this line of investigation was pushed, the more obvious it became that the hypnotists were not bringing up forces of their own. The founders of the new Nancy school discovered that all the hypnotists did was to direct and induce the individual to cure himself. "Auto-sug-

gestion, in plain English," says the writer in the *Spectator*, "means making one's subconsciousness sit up, take notice, and do certain jobs in that strange community which we call a person—in fact, in what Bunyan so happily named 'the city of Mansoul.' Auto-suggestion gives the subconscious tasks which he is quite *capable of performing*, but which he does not, and indeed cannot, do except under direction and advice."

The New Nancy School seemed to overthrow the theories of hypnosis, but desire to drive hypnosis off the field. On the contrary, it regarded hypnosis as a very useful way of teaching auto-suggestion. It calculates that there are only about 2 per cent. of human beings who are not auto-suggestible. A very considerable number of people, however, find it difficult to practice auto-suggestion. These people have to be taught the trick, and one of the best ways of teaching them is through hypnosis. They are put into an hypnotic state, and in that state it is explained to them what they have to do. The hypnotist, they are assured, cannot cure them by his mere will or by the use of any external force, but solely through putting them into touch with their own subconsciousness.

The way in which Coué discovered that it was auto-suggestion and not outside suggestion which did the work is very interesting. A female patient came to him for troubles of trifling importance, with no thought of using suggestion for the relief of varicose ulcers, from which she likewise suffered. Coué employed in her case, as always, induced suggestion. Here is Baudouin's account.*

"He enumerated the troubles of which the patient had complained, but naturally said nothing concerning the various ulcers, since he was not aware of their existence. At the close of the sitting, following his usual practice, Coué impressed upon the subject the im-

* Suggestion and Auto-Suggestion. By Charles Baudouin. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

portance of practising auto-suggestion every morning and every evening. After a few sittings, the patient was cured, not only of the troubles about which she had consulted the doctor, but also of the varicose ulcers, tho she had given no thought to these when formulating her suggestions. Yet the ulcers had obstinately resisted various methods of treatment, and during the last few weeks before their sudden cure no remedial cause was in operation other than the influence of suggestion. Coué formed a hypothesis which at that time he was inclined to regard as rather improbable. During the collective sittings the patient might have been impressed by seeing the remarkable cures that were in progress. Some of these were cases of organic disease; others were cases of nervous paralysis, and, since in the latter the cure was at times instantaneous, their effect upon the new patient's imagination was considerable. More or less unconsciously she must have formed in her mind some sort of association between these cases and the ulcers from which she herself suffered, conceiving the latter perhaps as sometimes immobilizing her legs as if she had a nervous paralysis. Under the influence of the suggestion, *'In all respects, I get better and better,'* her subconsciousness had considered the ulcers to be one of these 'respects,' to be a particular case embraced by the general formula. The hypothesis seemed far-fetched. Nevertheless, Coué's attention had been directed to this line of thought. In the collective sittings, conversation between the patient and the doctor was always very brief, and a special questioning was requisite when details had to be obtained concerning this or that phenomenon. But as soon as Coué had become specially interested in this matter of unforeseen suggestion, he secured a number of reports confirming his hypothesis in the most categorical fashion possible. Under these conditions it became superfluous for the patient to go into details when formulating suggestions. Strange as it might seem, the general formula sufficed, provided the subject's mind lingered upon the idea conveyed in the words *'in all respects.'* Henceforward the principle of detailed suggestions was abandoned at Nancy."

General suggestion, then, is better than particular suggestion for the reason that if only particular suggestion be given the subconsciousness is very likely to limit itself to that. The more cautious critic of the subject may ask, however, for fewer generalities and more specific instances.

Here, accordingly, is a striking case recorded by Doctor Baudouin in this remarkable work:

"A little girl, aged eleven, suffering from tuberculosis, was brought to me at the Jean Jacques Rousseau Institute in November, 1915. On the temple was a tubercular ulcer, the size of a florin. It dated from four months back, and had obstinately refused to heal under treatment. The child proved sensitive and confiding. Suggestion. Auto-suggestion carried out by the patient conscientiously every morning and every evening. Great was my astonishment, and equally great was the astonishment of my pupils, when the girl returned a week later with the ulcer already cicatrized. The epithelium covering the surface was still diaphanous, and pink in color. A few weeks later the appearance was almost normal. Within a month from the date of the first suggestion the cough had completely disappeared, altho the time was the middle of winter. Next month a slight bronchitis supervened, and was cured without difficulty. Appetite has become normal; sleep was uninterrupted, lasting from eleven to twelve hours. Rabinovitch, who has kept this case under observation, tells me that the improvement has continued, altho the patient (whose family is in humble circumstances) lives in a damp ground-floor tenement and in hygienic conditions otherwise unfavorable."

Should it be suspected that there may be something specially yielding about tuberculosis, it should be noted that there are many other cures in the record—intractable eczema, deafness and, naturally, neurasthenia. Another inevitable question has to do with the relation of cure by auto-suggestion to cure by psycho-analysis. The new Nancy school, according to Doctor Baudouin, regards psycho-analysis, within limits, as most useful. It may permit the discovery of the particular form of auto-suggestion required or may help to get rid of the patient's unconscious resistance to the effort to cure him by auto-suggestion.

It would be a labor of futility to attempt an elaborate explanation of the meaning of it all. In the realm of psychology we are on the shores of a new continent, and among its most remarkable features is the intimacy of the relation we find between thought and health.

HAS EINSTEIN TURNED PHYSICS INTO METAPHYSICS?

SCIENTISTS have now had some twenty months of acute discussion of Einstein's theory. It has much to its credit. It has accounted for the observed fact that the orbits of planets are not quite what they ought to be on the Newtonian theory. It was able to predict a minute but very remarkable alteration in the apparent position of stars visible only during a total eclipse of the sun. It has been able to fit gravitation into the general scheme instead of leaving it as an isolated "fact." It has made the hypothesis of the ether unnecessary. It has explained away a baffling paradox. If ether exists, this world is passing through it at a velocity which must have a measurable relation to the velocity of light. There ought, therefore, to be an appreciable difference in the times taken for a light signal to reach us when we are moving towards its source and when the movement is in the opposite direction or across its path. But no such differences have been detected. The Einstein theory explains much and reduces reality to a very difficult geometry.

Those who are not advanced mathematicians, adds the man of science who thus writes in the *London Times*, must reconcile themselves to inability to understand Einstein's formulæ. He says:

"The older geometry of Euclid was based only on the three dimensions, length, breadth and depth, so that formulæ, however elaborate, could be plotted out in the form of models; the furthest recesses of the universe appeared to be only magnified arrangements of what we could measure with scales and compasses. Einstein uses a geometry of four dimensions, and human experience does not contain the materials out of which the imagination can build a picture in more than three. Moreover, one of these four dimensions is time, and the conception that space in three dimensions has no absolute reality but varies with the time so that there can be an indefinitely different number of things according to the indefinitely different 'times' coexisting in the universe seems more like the dream of a poet than the fact of the physical world. In the second place,

the formulæ themselves require the use of the very abstract mathematical conceptions known as 'gaussian functions,' as much more difficult than logarithms, as the latter are more difficult than simple figures."

The more remarkable and surprising aspect of the theory is easier to follow. The Newtonian scheme of the universe assumed the existence of absolute space, independent of the aggregations of matter—stars or molecules—in it. Science and philosophy could not tolerate the idea of action at a distance, and the space was accordingly filled with ether. But absolute space has disappeared from the Einstein universe. In such a space the familiar conceptions of Euclid might hold good. But space is only a relation—the relation between pieces of matter. Not only has it lost any reason for actual existence but it is negated by the new theory.

"There is no infinite in the universe. Einstein admits the truth of this inference, but, unlike some of his most ardent followers, is shocked by it, and hopes for a way out. Newton also assumed the existence of an absolute, evenly flowing time, independent of the systems by which it might be measured. An absolute past, present and future existed, altho no conceivable clock in the universe might tell the correct 'time,' and altho the present to one observer might be the past or the future of other observers. Einstein's theory also negatives the existence of absolute time. Time has become simply one of the variables in his equation. Eternity has become again a closed system, the old serpent with its tail in its mouth."

Whether the older educated people like it or not—and their modes of thought make them deem it meaningless and incomprehensible—they have to face the enormous success, popularly, of this new theory with all its implications. Without doubt it presents a coherent scheme of the cosmos, combining more scattered observations into order and resting on fewer assumptions than any other scheme.

"We have to face also the joy of a modern school of metaphysicians who believe that



Photograph by Brown Brothers.

THE WORLD'S CHAMPION OF THE ASTROPHYSICAL PRIZE RING

Here, with a pipe in his mouth and the suggestion of an easy smile not only on his lips but in his eyes, is that Professor Einstein who, having knocked out Euclid and driven Newton into a corner for the time being, stands proudly among the world's physicists as the John L. Sullivan of science.

Einstein has regilded a somewhat tarnished idol. For here is the universe resolved into a mathematical conception, the form of thought most pure from any contamination with experimental science. The old absolutes, infinite space and eternal time, refused to fit into a subjective mind. But now they can be dispensed with, are indeed unnecessary, and the cosmos becomes merely a set of relations which can be comprehended in a formula. Physical science has capitulated

to metaphysics. The word is certainly with the metaphysicians. But perhaps not so completely and finally as they seem to think. There remains one assumption, the assumption that the velocity of light is an absolute. And thus there still survives in the theory a little bit of reality which is not subjective. As often before in the history of science, this uncomprehended factor of external reality may break through the network thrown by thought over the cosmos."

THE DEATH PROCESS AS A NORMAL PART OF THE LIFE PROCESS

SOME of the fundamental ideas of biology are extraordinarily difficult to analyze or define in any precise fashion. This is true of such conceptions as life, vitality, injury, recovery and death. To place these conceptions upon a more definite basis it is necessary, affirms Doctor W. J. V. Osterhout, of Harvard University, in *Science*, to investigate them by what are called quantitative methods. To illustrate this he considers some experiments made upon one of the common kelps (seaweeds) of the Atlantic coast, known technically as *Laminaria*. It has been found that the electrical resistance of this plant is an excellent index of what may be called its normal condition of vitality. Agents which are known to be injurious to the plant change its electrical resistance at once. If, for example, it is taken from the seawater and placed in a solution of pure sodium chloride it is quickly injured, and if the exposure is sufficiently prolonged it is killed. During the whole time of exposure to the solution of sodium chloride, the electrical resistance falls steadily until the death point is reached, after which there is no further change.

This and other facts lead to the assumption that the resistance is proportional to a substance, formed and decomposed by a series of reactions. On the basis of this assumption we can write an equation which allows us to predict the curve of the death process under various conditions. This involves the ability to state when the process will reach a definite stage, i.e., when it will be one-fourth or

one-half completed. This curve allows us to compare the degree of toxicity of injurious substances with a precision not otherwise attainable.

From this point of view we must regard the death process as one which is always going on, even in an actively growing normal cell. In other words, the death process is a normal part of the life process. It is only when it is unduly accelerated by a "toxic" or poisonous substance or other injurious agent that the normal balance is disturbed and death or injury ensues.

Injury and death may result from a disturbance in the relative rates of the reactions which continually go on in the living cells. In the case of *Laminaria*, if the injury in a solution of sodium chloride amounts to 5 per cent. the tissue recovers its normal resistance when replaced in sea water. If, however, the injury amounts to 25 per cent. the recovery is incomplete: instead of rising to the normal it recovers to only 90 per cent. of the normal. The greater the injury the less complete the recovery. When injury amounts to 90 per cent. there is no recovery at all.

We are obliged to look now upon recovery in a somewhat different fashion from that which is customary. Recovery is usually regarded as a reversal of the reaction which produces injury.

This new conception is fundamentally different.

It assumes that the reactions involved are irreversible and that injury and recovery differ only in the relative speed at which certain reactions take place.

AGONY OF THE MAN OF SCIENCE IN BOLSHEVIST RUSSIA

AN inquiry into the state of science in Bolshevik Russia is necessarily a study of the horrors of the life led by illustrious experts there. Science in Russia was not, even before the great war, in anything like an independent and assured position. Nevertheless science in Russia had, during the ten-year period prior to Armageddon, won for itself an international position that commanded respect. Many distinguished specialists in various fields had made their names familiar throughout the civilized world. Typical instances, among several others, include Lobatchevsky, the mathematician, and Chebychhoff, likewise a pioneer of renown in this field. The whole world is familiar with the name of Mendeleef because of his statement of the periodic law, but the chemist Butleroff is no less important a figure, altho not so famous. Sufficiently popularized are the names of Metchnikoff, whose later career was spent in Paris as a bacteriologist, Vinogradoff, an investigator of historical sources, and Maxim Kovalevsky. Pauloff is perhaps the most important of them all because he initiated the laboratory investigations which led, through other experts, to such discoveries as those of vitamins, hormones and what we know as the new dietetics.

The Bolshevik government and the sufferings it imposed have decimated the ranks of eminent Russian scientists, affirms the Berlin *Vossische*, reporting these particulars. These savants were all the more unfortunate because, in the best of Russias, a man of science never had an assured position as such. Hunger, cold and stark destitution have brought the greatest specialists and experts of the country to untimely graves, the world outside remaining, as a rule, in ignorance respecting their fate. Not that famine accounts for all the fatalities. Some eminent scientists were shot out of hand because they did not regard the Bolshevik system with favor. Most of them, it is true, died of starvation or of typhus. That eminent jurist, Pokrovsky, died of heart strain

after toiling up five flights of stairs with a bundle of wood he had collected for the sake of a little heat in his freezing garret. Among those who succumbed to privation were the noted Russian historian, Lappo Danilevsky; Djekonoff, the writer of historical monographs; Eugene Troubetzky, the philosopher; Schachmatoff, the philologist, and the great economist, Tugan-Baranevsky. The philosopher, Victoroff, and Professor Chvostoff, of the University of Kasan, both leaders in the intellectual world, committed suicide.

Undeterred by incredible physical privation, the chemists and bacteriologists of Russia toiled on with rare self-abnegation. In freezing laboratories and with little in the way of apparatus left, unable to communicate with the outside world, these men strove to keep the torch of science alight. They were without clothing to speak of and one able chemist lectured to shivering students in skirts—there was nothing else for him to put on. The Bolsheviks would not listen to the suggestion of a communication with the outer world of science.

Driven to desperation by lack of facilities for his researches, suffering from emaciation and disease, the immortal Pauloff addressed a letter last summer to Lenin. He sought leave to visit one of the universities of the western world where his renown as a physiologist and anatomist would have secured him large audiences of students. Pauloff drew attention to his own advancing years and to the fact that because of the privations he had endured he was an exhausted man, perhaps on the brink of the grave. He had spent two winters as a house servant. He carried buckets of water up five stories. He chopped wood. He had at times to beg food. Pauloff received an official reply denying him leave to go abroad, but in view of his years and eminence his rations were increased. Pauloff retorted that he did not want privileges at a time when one of the ablest scientists in Russia was dying on a pallet in an attic of scurvy, and an-

other brilliant specialist was in the last stages of tuberculosis through sheer exposure and neglect. Pauloff added that he sought only the privilege of leaving Russia so that he might at a foreign university continue the investigations he had so hopefully begun as a youth. Pauloff was in due time informed that his very renown was the reason he could not be allowed to go. His report would in all probability carry weight with the world of science and prejudice it against the Soviets.

No better fortune, according to the organs of German learning, attends the effort to ascertain what the Bolsheviks have done with the famous Codex Sinaiticus. This is one of the most famous texts of the New Testament in existence. It was discovered by Tischendorf, the German scholar, during his visit to the monastery of Saint Catherine on Mount Sinai in

1859. Its only rival is the great Codex Vaticanus at Rome, which also dates from the fourth century. The code in the possession of the Bolsheviks has supreme authority for the epistles of Peter, and the whole work is of an antiquity so remote that, according to tradition, it was copied in part from a version of Luke's gospel that goes back to the second century. This tradition may mean nothing, but there is reason to believe that Lunacharsky, the Bolshevik commissar, realizes the importance it reflects back upon this treasure. The famous revised version of the Bible in 1881 brought the codex into prominence and when the great war broke out it was still in Petrograd, but the Bolsheviks have talked lately of putting it up at auction. There is a report that it lies in a packing case with many other ancient manuscripts on the floor of a Moscow cellar.

MADAME CURIE ON THE HEALING METHOD OF RADIUM

PEOPLE in this country do not realize sufficiently that Madame Curie is deemed in France a high authority on the healing power of radium. Her popular fame was won largely through her mastery of the physics of the radioactive elements. Radium therapy, however, has interested her from the first. She has followed with interest the rise and progress of this new departure in hospital work, her most important recent lectures being devoted to it, as readers of the *Revue médicale* and the *Revue des Sciences* are well aware. In a recent address before the National Conservatory of Arts and Crafts, Madame Curie went exhaustively into the subject, speaking with enthusiasm of the immediate future in this field. From the very first, she declares, the results, despite some disappointments due to the inadequate technique, have been encouraging. It is an established fact, she maintains, that radium affords a cure for some serious maladies, more particularly the various forms of skin diseases—superficial ulcers, lupus, granulation of the eyelids and the like.

Other applications of the remedy, she adds, have encountered greater difficulty, and time is undeniably necessary for verification of some of the conclusions. Nevertheless, excellent results are secured in the treatment of diseases of the arteries as well as in the treatment of neuritis. During the war, radium therapy was utilized in cases of deep and vicious scars and for the healing of indolent suppurations and angry sores with the most encouraging results.

The most important triumphs in this field, affirms Madame Curie, have been won over cancer, especially deep cancer. A growing number of maladies of this nature succumb to the treatment, the figures gathered during several years indicating that radium is the most potent weapon at the service of science for the conquest of the most terrible organic disease now known. In the words of Madame Curie:

"There are two procedures in the medical use of the radioactive elements.

"One consists in bringing into action the penetrating rays, or gamma rays, issuing

from a phial or tube that contains the radioactive matter. This phial may be placed at a distance from the unhealthy tissue but it can likewise be introduced into the interior of this tissue. In this way the application of radium offers facilities not to be obtained with the X-rays, the medical use of which is very like that of the radium rays.

"Instead of concentrating the emission of the rays, their activity can be distributed throughout the whole organism by using the radio-elements in injections, washings, baths or inhalations. It is possible for this purpose to make use of the radium emanation mixed with air or dissolved in water. Solid substances are also made use of, being injected in small quantities into the body. This method makes it possible to use the alpha rays, the energy of which is much greater than that of the gamma rays."

The method of treatment with gamma rays can be utilized with phials containing either radium or mesothorium. The only inconvenience in the use of mesothorium results from the fact that the duration of its activity is much less than that of radium. Because of this, radium is preferred.

It is desirable to obtain an irradiation that will be as uniform as possible throughout the tissues. With this end in view, the source can be divided and a considerable number of radioactive centers employed. For the same reason, only the more penetrating rays are conserved. The others are halted by a method of filtration through metallic sheaths or screens properly selected.

Application of the rays must not be made at haphazard. It must be in accordance with a well-established technique. Only by the exercise of such precautions can results of any value be secured. It is particularly essential to know the intensity of the radiation. To regulate the "dose" excellent methods of electric measurement are now used:

"Speaking generally, radium is a substance seldom weighed.

"It is preferable to determine the quantity by means of an electrometric scale or standard. Hence, in radioactive laboratories, the electrometer takes the place of the balance or weight scales. We measure with the electrometer the radiation of the radium and

we compare it with an established unit. To render these measurements entirely uniform, there has been set up an international radium standard with which are compared the derivative or secondary scales destined for the different countries.

"These standards generally contain some twenty milligrams of radium salts. With these standards are compared the quantities of radium to be measured and these measurements are usually made by the official measurement service. A measurement service of this kind exists at the Radium Institute.

"Mesothorium is measured in the same manner. As it has never been possible to weigh a given quantity of it, its dosage is effected through comparisons with radium."

When it is necessary to make use of a number of sources, the employment of radium is not so easy. It is possible to make use only of phials or tubes of definite capacity. Moreover, this division of radium and its introduction into the tissues is not without inconvenience and is attended with risk to the substance itself. For these reasons, the use of radium at the great healing centers has been abandoned in favor of the radium emanation.

It has been established that the gamma rays do not proceed from radium itself, but from its active precipitate which is produced by the emanation. Hence it is possible to make use of the latter if it be extracted and enclosed in one or more tubes or phials to be employed for the treatment. These tubes must be charged by comparing them with a certain quantity of radium. A certain tube of the emanation emits exactly the same gamma radiation as a given quantity of radium. The quantity of the emanation equivalent to a gram of radium received from the Brussels congress the name of "Curie." This unit being large, there is ordinarily employed as a unit what is called the "millicurie."

The "dose" now current employs for the treatment phials of twenty millicuries each, permitting the dissipation or destruction of a few millicuries in the course of one application. The technicalities of the operation are based upon special rules of application, following the law of destruction of the emanation itself. These modes

of application are by no means easy for persons who lack experience, but they make simple enough, among other things, determination of the quantity of the emanation used in treatment. Madame Curie concludes:

"Little precise information can yet be given regarding the therapeutic method which consists in using the alpha radiation disseminated throughout the organism.

"It is possible to employ, for this purpose, injections of radium salts in small quantities—which obviously entails the loss of the substance. It is likewise possible to make use of an injection of one of the derivatives of thorium, called thorium X. This substance,

of which the life is rather short, is made from mesothorium.

"There are likewise in use different modes of injection of active water, as well as inhalation of active gas. These waters and vapors may be obtained from radium, the emanation of which they contain. Water activated by this examination is afforded us by Nature herself. There are in existence many springs which release waters and natural gases containing the emanation of radium and sometimes even small quantities of radium itself. Waters and gases charged with the emanation come evidently from sources far below the surface of the earth, where are found the radium minerals whose emanation is borne along with the passage of the waters."

TENDENCY OF A LOST CHILD TO CLIMB TO HEIGHTS

RECENT discovery of the skeleton of a lost child on the summit of the highest mountain in the Bennachie group in Scotland ought not to prove the newspaper mystery that has been made out of it, declares an Australian bushman in the *London Mail*. The skeleton in question is supposed to be that of a two-year-old babe lost some years ago from a farm not three miles off. At the time of the disappearance there were various theories put forward by detectives to explain the affair. Some contended that the child had been stolen by gypsies. Others said it had been eaten by pigs. There was an idea that it might have been carried up to some crag by an eagle.

These theories revealed the ignorance of the detectives regarding the behavior of lost children. The thing to have done in that emergency was to search all the highest points within a few miles and on one of them, unless he had perished during his trip, the lost child would certainly have been discovered. In countries like Australia, where there are such vast tracts of uninhabited country, the danger of "getting bushed," as it is called, makes the tendency of young people who are lost to climb heights sufficiently familiar to all. It is not always children who "get bushed" either. Adult or child, unless the lost in-

dividual has experience in uninhabited wilds, the tendency is to walk and walk. This proves at once that the walker has lost his presence of mind.

If the country happens to be flat, the lost person is sure to walk in a circle. If the country is mountainous, the lost person mounts and mounts, for some unfathomable reason, as high as he or she can get. The person seems to get demented as exhaustion from this exercise comes on and realization of the impending fate grows clear. An hour or two before the end the lost person will get rid of all the clothing on the body. The majority of lost persons are found naked, and here again is a mystery for which no explanation of a convincing kind is supplied by the psychologists.

Here is a piece of advice from the expert who tells us these things, and it is based upon a wide frontier experience:

"Directly you realize that you are lost sit down until the first panic has departed. Remember that your first consideration is to reserve your strength.

"You will be tempted to go up-hill, to see, to get into freer spaces. Don't do this. Go down-hill. All rivers flow downwards; you will find water in the valleys. Most settlements are in the valleys. And going down-hill eats up less strength than climbing up-hill.

"In the Australian bush directly the news of a lost child is brought every man in the vicinity gives up what he is doing to join in a search, which is started immediately, as in the summer a child can die of exhaustion in a little while.

"In the meantime, the black trackers are

sent for. These are Australian aborigines kept by the police and used by them as human bloodhounds. It is an extraordinary sight to see these trackers creeping along the ground, grunting like animals, and following tracks that a white man cannot see. They will practically always find the child."

A NEW THEORY OF RADIOACTIVITY

RADIOACTIVITY is not produced in atoms that remain intact. It indicates the disintegration, the transmutation of atoms. It is while they are disintegrating that atoms emit rays. Each atom of radium remains intact until the moment when it is suddenly dislocated, yielding an atom of helium and an atom of emanation.

This, observes the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris), is generally explained by assuming that, as a result of accidents of which only an average can be foreseen, every radioactive atom—more exactly its nucleus—is susceptible of sudden explosion. It dissociates or disintegrates into constituents hitherto masked—helium and an emanation in the case of radium—accompanied by the liberation of an enormous quantity of internal energy.

It is an explosive atom.

The fundamental cause setting off the explosion must be found in the accidental realization or chance presence of certain conditions in the interior of the positive nucleus of the atom.

Struck by the likeness of radioactivity—wherein each emission of rays marks the death of an atom—to the so-called organic fluorescences, where each emission indicates the death of a molecule, Professor Perrin was led to extend to radioactivity his theory of chemical reactions. The disintegration of the radioactive atoms would thus be produced under the direct influence of a particular form of radiation, from without.

It is an extremely audacious theory, formally contradicting what has been assumed hitherto. Nevertheless, it seems to the French organ of science that no fact now established contradicts it.

If radioactivity be provoked or induced by a certain radiation of external origin, it

follows—radiation not being influenced by variation of temperature—that we may regard as negligible the intensity of the internal radiation from the hottest sources realizable.

Obviously it can be no question here of infra-red rays or of visible light or of ordinary ultra-violet. They would manifest their existence otherwise than through a provocation of radioactivity—for example, by obscuring our photographic plates. Since no screen, no enclosure, suppresses or appreciably reduces radioactivity, it follows again that every partition, especially the walls of our laboratories, must be transparent for the active radiation. This eliminates not only all ultra-violet rays, but also the X-rays and even the gamma rays—in fine, all known forms of light.

When we approach, through increasing frequencies, the limits of this known light, we are well aware that penetrating power increases. The X-rays had already occasioned surprise by their capacity to pass through sheet iron. The gamma rays, of a frequency not much greater, go so far as to pass through (without being much weakened) block lead of some thickness. It is not unreasonable to suppose that beyond these gamma rays there may exist forms of light more acute, more penetrating. These, it may be, are the true cause of radioactivity.

Professor Perrin notes that in the light of recent evidence we are justified in assuming that the earth is constantly emitting what we may style ultra-X-rays, more penetrating than the X-ray or the gamma ray. These rays can go through quite a rocky crust on the surface of the earth. May it not be these ultra-X-rays which excite the various forms of radioactivity? Upon them, perhaps, rests all responsibility for the explosions in the atomic world.

THREATENED EXTINCTION OF OUR "BIRD OF FREEDOM"

THE fact that the Bald Eagle, our national emblem and one of the largest, most unique and most beautiful birds of North America, may be the next to go, writes Professor W. G. Van Name in *Ecology*, does not appear to be attracting the attention it deserves. It may well be a source of indignation, he adds, that this state of things has been permitted to come to pass. The Bald Eagle was formerly common enough to be familiar along both coasts of the United States as well as about the larger lakes and along the larger rivers of the interior. It was until lately really abundant—for an eagle—along the coasts of Alaska and British Columbia. The size, conspicuity and beauty of the bird and its lack of wariness, as well as its habit of frequenting the settled districts instead of inaccessible regions, made it the constant victim of the spirit of vandalism and the prejudice—usually unfounded—against birds of prey that prevails in this country.

It is now, we are told, fast becoming a rare bird in the United States proper, much rarer than most people or even most ornithologists are aware. People do not

realize that in many cases eagles seen at different places are merely the same individuals seen over and over again.

The Bald Eagle feeds chiefly on fish and dead animals, and does not appear to be sufficiently active to be very destructive to birds or game, in spite of stories related by some of the earlier writers. Cases of attacking any of the larger mammals, either wild or domestic, if not pure fiction, are usually gross exaggerations, and must be very rare, as repeated efforts to get recent records of some definite instances of that kind from the U. S. Biological Survey have been unsuccessful.

When fish can be procured, the Bald Eagle will touch little else, except offal picked up from rivers or along their shores. The Bald Eagle is apparently a harmless bird where man is concerned and a useful one because it is a scavenger. Nevertheless, nothing is easier than to arouse popular prejudice against a wild bird or a wild animal, especially if it be a large and conspicuous one. That seems the only reason why the Legislature of Alaska, just four years ago, was induced to put a bounty of fifty cents each on eagles.

THE TREE AS A LIVING THING

The House of Representatives, a few weeks ago, listened to an unusual speech by one of its members—Martin L. Davey, of Ohio. It was not a speech that touched politics or taxation or finance or political economy. It was a speech on the tree as a living thing. Mr. Davey is a tree-surgeon and has studied the life processes of trees as other surgeons study the life processes of human beings. His father, John Davey, was the pioneer, in America, in the art of tree-surgery, and the son speaks of trees as if they were his loving friends. It was a queer speech for the House to hear and it is worthy of a better fate than burial in the Congressional Record. We give it here nearly complete.

THE average man looks upon the tree as an inanimate and more or less useful accident on the face of the earth. And yet the tree lives—it breathes. It has a real circulation. The tree digests its food and assimilates it. It has sexual processes that are just as real and beautiful as in any other form of life. It has the power to adapt itself to its environment. To be sure, it lacks intelligence and a nervous system and the power of

locomotion. But in all the other elemental processes the tree functions just as truly as man himself.

The tree breathes through the leaves chiefly, and to a small extent through the tiny lenticels in the young bark. The air is taken into the leaf in just as real a sense as it is taken into the human lungs. It enters through the many microscopic openings on the underside of the leaf. There on the inside of the leaf the ele-

ments of the air are separated. The carbon is absorbed and is used in the building process. The oxygen is given off to enrich the air for the benefit of all animal life.

The circulation in the tree is just as real as in the human body. It does not move so fast nor move round and round in response to heart action. Yet it does move and goes from the tiniest root hairs way down underground up to the leaves and back again all the way to the roots again. On the upward flow the circulation proceeds through the sapwood, traveling from cell to cell, from the small roots to the large ones, into the trunk, and from there to the large branches, and then through the smaller ones to the leaves. From the leaf, where it undergoes the necessary chemical changes to transform it into tree food, it travels downward through the cells of the inner bark all the way to the smallest roots, building the cambium layer as it goes.

The digestive processes of the tree take place in the leaf. There the crude food material, brought up from the roots in the sap, is spread out among the tiny cells of the marvelous leaf structure, and, under the influence of the sunlight, is combined with the carbon extracted from the air and is transformed into tree food—digested, as we call it in animal life. This digested tree food is assimilated into the entire growing parts of the tree in the downward flow through the cells of the inner bark, from which the cambium layer is built and all growth takes place.

The sexual processes of the tree are fundamentally the same as elsewhere in living things. The male and female exist as positive factors. Sometimes the male and female exist in the same flower. Many times they exist in different flowers in the same tree. In a few cases all the flowers of a tree are entirely male or entirely female. The pollen is created in the male and is carried by insects or birds and in a vast number of cases by the wind to the female portion of the flower or to the female flower. There it fertilizes and produces the seed which nature designed to reproduce its kind.

The tree adapts itself to its environment to an amazing degree. Where trees

are thick they grow tall to reach the sunlight. Where two or more trees grow close together, it grows on one side to accommodate its fellows. When it grows in rocks, it sends its roots into almost impossible places in search of food and anchorage. It often sends its roots hundreds of feet in search of water, and the roots travel back and forth, among the many obstacles, toward their destination.

All life has two primal purposes of existence—one is self-preservation and the other is reproduction. The tree subscribes to both and is governed by both. It undergoes a constant battle for life from the time of its advent until the end. It must battle against the tremendous winds, against drought, against insect enemies and deadly diseases; and now it must battle against man himself, who is the most destructive, the most thoughtless and inconsiderate enemy that the tree has encountered.

The leaf is probably the most wonderful, and is certainly the most vital and indispensable factor in the world of living things. Without the leaf all life must perish. It is the one and only connecting link between the organic and inorganic worlds. It is the only thing capable of transforming the various mineral elements into available food material for both plant and animal. The only minerals that man can take into his system and use are water and salt, but he can use only a limited quantity of these. Every other element of food must come to him either directly or indirectly through the leaf.

Every grain, every fruit, every vegetable food product, every foot of lumber, and every other vegetable product that is used for the pleasure and profit of man is made in the leaf.

And thus we see that the great God who created the world and the life that inhabits it, made of the lowly leaf the greatest and most wonderful instrumentality of that life.

Perhaps the most insidious and persistent enemy of the tree is the group of diseases called fungi, which attack any exposed portion of woody tissues and start to grow by consuming the wood cells. . . . What we call decay is only the result of

an active disease which consumes the woody interior that constitutes the structural strength of the tree.

The interior of a tree is often referred to as the heart or heartwood. This conveys an entirely wrong impression. The vital parts of a tree are the leaves and roots, the bark and cambium, and outer layers of sapwood. It is the outside layers of sapwood which are most active, and each succeeding layer inward toward the center becomes less and less active until those near the center become practically dormant.

This gives the reasons for the development of tree-surgeons and the science of tree-surgery. The disease creates decay against which the tree, unaided, is helpless. It is the function of the tree-surgeon to do for the tree what the dentist does for the teeth and the surgeon does for the human body. In the practice of his art he must remove the decay, disinfect to prevent further decay, thoroly waterproof to protect the exposed wood, put in place various kinds and forms of mechanical bracing, often complicated and always ingenious, prepare the cavity so that the filling will remain permanently in place, and then fill with skill and precision so that the filling will become a permanent part of the tree. Water and all foreign substance must be excluded. The filling must be cleverly built up in sections, somewhat like the backbone in the human body, in order to permit a reasonable movement between the sections in the swaying and twisting of the tree in heavy winds. Nature rewards the skill of human hands by the gradual healing of the bark over the filling.

But there is one more phase of the whole tree question that ought to be hit a smashing blow. America must wake up and reforest or Amercia will rue the day of her spendthrift debauch. The early settlers sent back word that they had discovered a land of inexhaustible fertility. Americans of succeeding generations have proceeded on the theory that all the God-given assets of the Nation were inexhaustible. We have destroyed with prodigal waste more and more of the native woodlands—the timber supply. We

have done exceedingly little replanting. We are consuming the principal of our inheritance just as fast as a reckless unconcern will permit.

Where will the future lumber supply come from? Where will we get the wood pulp for print paper? We are sweeping away the God-given forests and building great cities with breathless haste. We say we are creating wealth. We are merely transforming it on the one hand and destroying it on the other.

Take a daylight ride across the Alleghenies and look at the denuded mountains! Contemplate the devastation that man, selfish and thoughtless man, has wrought! And then, when you realize what all this prodigal destruction means to the future of America, let your soul shudder at the thought of the future condemnation that awaits us from generations yet unborn. We who revel in our false wealth and unpardonable profligacy must answer to the God of nations and the children whom we bring forth to struggle in an impoverished land.

Men and women of America, we cut down the great forests that blessed this country. We allow the remnants to be burned over and vegetation destroyed. The rains pour down, and, instead of being held in check by the loose and porous soil in the network of roots, it rushes down over the hillsides and carries with it the fertile soil, leaving in its wake barren hills and deep ravines.

Thus we have alternating floods and droughts. The fertile soil is gone, the product of hundreds of years of nature's providence. The little springs that come from water held in check and feed the lakes and streams must gradually diminish and, I greatly fear, cease to exist in large part.

This question of reforestation is of monumental importance. America cannot continue to exist as a virile, forward-moving Nation unless we protect what we have and start to build up that which we have so ruthlessly destroyed. We cannot afford to be a Nation of vandals much longer. America must reforest, or America must drink the bitter dregs of national decline and impotency.

GOETHE POINTING THE WAY TO A NEW GERMANY

JUST before the outbreak of the war, Goethe was being extensively studied in Germany. It may be that the unexpected call to build herself up in a new fashion that has come to Germany, as the outcome or failure in an enterprize wholly foreign to the spirit of Goethe, will make Germany turn still more towards him, and hold more closely to what he sought to teach mankind." So Viscount Haldane, former English Secretary of State for War, writes in a chapter contributed to a new biography of Goethe.* This life is the work of P. Hume Brown, late Historiographer Royal for Scotland, and is hailed as the most exhaustive study of the career, character and writings of Goethe which has yet made its original appear-

ance in the English language. George Henry Lewes' "Life of Goethe," tho still worth reading, has been long out of date; for two generations of German scholarship, as a writer in the *Contemporary Review* points out, have accumulated a mass of new material which requires to be sifted and valued.

Professor Hume Brown's working hours, it seems, were given to Scottish history; but his leisure for many years was devoted to Goethe, and he published in 1911 a study of the youth of Goethe which is incorporated in the present work. When he died in 1918 he had written a biography which covered every important aspect of Goethe's achievement except the second part of "Faust." This gap is filled

by Lord Haldane, who also contributes a Prefatory Note recording summer pilgrimages to the scenes of Goethe's life made by himself and Dr. Hume Brown, and autumn discussions of the biography as it grew under the author's hands.

Goethe was Dr. Hume Brown's favorite teacher as well as his favorite poet, and his ambition was to make the greatness of the man clear to the Anglo-Saxon world. But he has something of the quality of Scotch Puritanism, and, when compared with Bielschowsky and other panegyrists of Goethe, he is almost cool. His aim seems to be to gain his effect by understatement, rather than overstatement, of facts. He speaks again and again of Goethe's "chameleon nature," of his wayward and impulsive traits. He blames him for youthful excesses; exposes his egotism; and passes severe judgment on



HE WAS EQUALLY OPPOSED TO PRUSSIANISM AND TO REVOLUTION

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, portrayed here at the age of seventy-nine by Stieler, still speaks to the German people if they are willing to listen.

* Life of Goethe. By P. Hume Brown, LL.D., F.B.A. Edited by Viscount Haldane, K.T., O.M. In two volumes. Holt.

his love affair with Frau von Stein. When he comes even to the greatest creations of Goethe's genius, his attitude is balanced and critical, rather than worshipful. "Götz von Berlichingen," we are told, abounds in anachronisms. "Werther," as Goethe himself admits, has its morbid side. "Elective Affinities" was regarded, not without reason, as an attack on the sanctity of marriage. "Egmont" is lacking in dramatic action, "Iphigenie" deficient in structure, "Tasso" unfitted for the stage, "Wilhelm Meister" gross, "Hermann und Dorothea" artificial, and even "Faust," according to Dr. Hume Brown, is crowded with irrelevant matter.

Where, then, shall we look for Goethe's real greatness? The answer would seem to lie in his personality and in the symbolic relation in which he stood to his age. He wrote to his friend Lavater that he was dominated by one desire. It was "to rear the pyramid of his existence as high as his nature would permit." His appeal was universal because, in his long life, he embraced practically all the moods of which humanity is capable. He was romanticist and classicist; artist and scientist; aristocrat and democrat; patriot and internationalist; pagan and Christian. "His spirit," wrote Schiller, "works and searches in all directions, and strives to construct a whole—and for me that makes him a great man."

There is special significance at the present time in the fact that Goethe was opposed to Prussianism. "From his youth," says Dr. Hume Brown, "Prussia and all its ways had been repellent to him." In Berlin his work was consistently disparaged; Frederick the Great mocked at his "Götz von Berlichingen," and the Berlin publisher Nicolai made it his express object to discredit him with the German



THE GOETHE STATUE IN BERLIN

This splendid monument to Germany's greatest writer suggests the feminine inspiration of his genius, and has its counterpart in Rome.

public. The one visit which Goethe paid to the city (in 1778) intensified his dislike of the Prussian character and methods, and in a satirical play, "Die Vögel," he ridiculed Frederick's rule and spoke of the Black Eagle as fitly typifying Prussian arrogance and truculence. He had unpleasant personal experiences with Prussian military officers, and in quiet Weimar itself witnessed interference with individual freedom even to the hounding of boys at their games. The influence of Goethe was thrown against Prussianism. He fought, as it turned out, a losing battle. But if the majority of his fellow countrymen had shared his impulse, Germany would have been saved from the great disaster that has befallen her.

Another subject to which Dr. Hume

Brown devotes attention is Goethe's attitude toward the French Revolution. This great upheaval burst upon the world in its day much as the Russian Revolution



GOETHE'S MOTHER

Katherina Elizabeth Goethe, known as "Frau Rat," shines not only in the reflected glory of her son, but is great in her own right. Her published letters show remarkable insight into the life of her time, and her personality suggested the heroine of a work by Bettina von Arnim.

has broken now. What were the predominant feelings it awoke in Goethe, and what was his permanent attitude to the course it ran? There had been a time, Dr. Hume Brown reminds us, when Goethe himself had been regarded as a revolutionary of dangerous type. In literature his "Götz von Berlichingen" had been a defiance of existing conventions, and had evoked a swarm of imitations which had excited the contempt and indignation of Kant. His "Werther" had sent a shudder through respectable German society as a specious attack on the very foundations of morality and of human responsibility. In politics, also, he had expressed himself in an equally revolutionary spirit; the last words he puts in the mouth of Götz are a cry for liberty, and in his mother's house he, with the brothers Stolberg, had vehemently expressed his desire for the blood of all tyrants.

But since these wild days, Goethe, we learn, had "submitted to a new control."

"As the result alike of his actual experience of life and of his inner development, he had arrived at conceptions regarding all that concerns the well-being of the individual and of humanity which divided him by a gulf from his former self. When the French Revolution broke upon the world, he had been for fourteen years the honored friend and guest of a prince, in whom, with all his shortcomings, he saw a ruler genuinely interested in the welfare of his people. His own experience as an administrator, too, had disposed him to regard respect for the powers that be as the best safeguard for a progressive society. As a courtier and, we may say, with the instincts of a courtier, he was thus averse to all movements that would strike at the foundation of existing arrangements. And his inner development had confirmed him in these convictions. What the results of that development had been for him, has already been indicated. In the domains of art and literature self-restraint and repose were the ideals after which he who would achieve the highest effects must strive. And his investigations of nature had led him to similar conclusions; her results, also, were attained not by violent breaks in her working, but by gradual processes, by evolution and not by revolution."

Goethe had thus ceased to be a revolutionary after the type of his earlier days, but, in truth, Dr. Hume Brown assures us, he was now more profoundly revolutionary than he had ever been.

"In Rome he had written: 'Nor will I rest now until nothing is mere word and tradition for me any more, but everything a living conception.' In taking such an attitude to all human experience, Goethe was at the point of view of the most advanced modern thought, and it is precisely as the first great representative of this point of view that he has supreme place in the line of modern thinkers. And in his own estimate of the work he accomplished for the world it is the freeing of men's minds from routine thinking that he emphasizes as his main achievement. In his latest years, in words frequently quoted, he thus expressed the debt which he thought his nation owed him: 'If I were to say what I had really been to the Germans in general and to the young German poets in particular, I should say I had been their liberator.'"

RUSKIN'S CAREER VIEWED AS A TRAGEDY

IT is twenty-one years since John Ruskin, the English writer, died and something over a century since he was born. The impression he left on his own generation was vivid and intense, but we of to-day hear only as faint reverberations the controversial storms in which his life was spent. In connection with the publication of a centenary volume, "Ruskin the Prophet" (Dutton), containing estimates by John Masfield, Dean Inge, C. F. G. Masterman, Lawrence Binyon, J. A. Hobson and others, the questions are worth asking: What does he mean to the men and women of the present time? How far is his message still a living message? and, above all, What is the net result of the doctrines he preached?

The spirit of the new volume is strangely contradictory. While all of the contributors to it endeavor to emphasize the positive side of Ruskin's genius and to show that his influence is still an inspiration, the total impression conveyed is one of frustrated idealism. The moralistic art-philosophy he enunciated in matchless prose in "Modern Painters" and others of his works already seems old-fashioned. The social ideas that obsessed him during his later years were perverted by the war and are even identified with Bolshevism by one of the writers in the present volume.

The fact is, as Dean Inge puts it, that Ruskin's teaching, like all other prophetic messages, is as leaven hid in three measures of meal. "There is no likelihood of its having any visible or palpable effect upon society at large." One of his fullest confessions of faith appears in a statement of principles written for an organiza-

tion that he called St. George's Guild. He was much of a Socialist, but his Socialism was anti-democratic and anti-libertarian. "Not merely," says J. A. Hobson, "did he repudiate with violence two out of the three terms of the revolutionary trinity, viz., liberty and equality, insisting that men were not equal and not intended to be free, but, following his master, Carlyle, he stretched to an extreme the rights of masterhood and authority."

Ruskin never explained where the masterhood and authority he believed in were to come from, and it is one of the ironies of history that his pure and idealistic



RUSKIN PORTRAYED BY MILLAIS

This glowing picture captures the spirit of John Ruskin when, as a youth, he wrote "Modern Painters." He called the world to a holy crusade in behalf of beauty and social justice, but his dream, since he died, has lost much of its luster.

theories turned out, in practice, just the opposite of what he intended. "So far as I can learn," writes C. F. G. Masterman, "the whole apparatus of government in what is called Bolshevik Russia carries out almost in detail the ideals of St. George's Guild. You have the same contempt for democracy and liberty, and the same determination that the ordinary man must put himself absolutely under the control of those self-sacrificing leaders who are determined to direct him in the way that he should go. You have the same ideal of communist activity, and especially communist activity in land. You have the same high and almost austere ideal of the sacrifice of the whole citizens for the education of the coming generation. . . . I think, when the story is told, . . . you will find that Lenin and his ideal community owe less to Karl Marx than to John Ruskin."

The tragedy of Ruskin, as Leo Stein views it in the *New Republic*, was a double tragedy, "for his failure was immediate as well as ultimate."

"He bitterly recognized that people would read him because he had the gift of gab, and because he could twist sonorous strings of beautiful words. He was well aware that little groups of serious thinkers would struggle thoughtfully with difficult passages, and, having solved them, would go forth in the conviction that he had not lived in vain, nor they either. But it was not for such ends as these that Ruskin had agonized. He had sweated blood in searching out the truth. Each time that he believed himself to have found one of its jewels, he had rushed forth eager to display it and to make the world partakers of his new-found wealth. He wanted people to see in Turner a revelation of the beauty of nature. He had hoped to open their eyes and to make them value the revelation, and he sought to enrich their lives by making them active participants in it. His books were books of rapturous exposition that should lead men deeper into the understanding of the splendor that is the body of nature and the glory that is its soul. He found the art appreciation of his time to be, almost entirely, a concern with the charm of beauty, an indulgence for one's leisure moments, an affair essentially of the leisure classes. He thought that beauty was the birthright of all

men, and that the greater part of mankind were being defrauded of their rights. He soon came to see that the bitterest enemy to beauty in life was the factory system and the modern industrial organization; and almost all the years of his maturer life were spent in a losing warfare against this monster."

Ruskin was a critic, according to Mr. Stein, but not a critic for the sake of criticism. He was a man with very definite convictions concerning things as they ought to be and as they were not, and he proceeded strenuously to set them right. At the first he felt sure of himself, but, as he developed, his certainties were more and more displaced by uncertainties. He may have been a little mad in his assurances as in his doubts, but "his madness," Mr. Stein assures us, "was a noble thing and not a submissive stupidity." The argument proceeds:

"Ruskin was a neurotic and he was honest, than which no worse fate is possible to man. He had a vision and his honesty compelled him to live in accord with it. Many men have some real beliefs, but most of them are far too clever to allow to these beliefs any part or function in the day's work. These men are the politicians of life, and to them belong the kingdoms of the earth. Others are the seekers after truth, those who reject the compromises of convenience and advantage, and follow the lead of what, to them, is evidence. Among these are the few who are privileged or fated to believe that faith moves mountains. Sometimes, indeed, it does, but the moved mountain is almost never stable, and after a little while, and in most cases, it comes rocking back, to crush the overenthusiastic disturber. The politician often will admit the mountain to be in the way. In fact, he may go further and admit that, in part, at least, it is not as sound a mountain as it seems, that it is indeed mostly a great heap of rubbish; but none the less he recommends that if one must get to the other side, a way around it may be found."

It is the great historic tragedy of the truth-seeker, Mr. Stein declares, that he should be buried with honor by his enemies, and that he should find his tomb within the rubbish heap which he has tried to move with faith and works. "So is Jesus

honored by the princes of the church and of the state and of the market place. So was the humility of Francis conserved in the pride of the mendicant orders, and so was Ruskin celebrated in the disquisition of esthetes and in the higher prices paid for Tintoretto and Fra Angelico." The article concludes:

"Of course, the seeker after truth is not without his share in the responsibility. Even tho the mountain be a heap of rubbish it is a real heap and has a meaning in the world. Ruskin, like other seers, was honest, but he was mad and had the simple faith that the truth would set you free. And therein he

ignored the lie that lives with truth at the heart of things.

"The neurotic is totally unable to evaluate the reality of that which is unreal to his experience. He cannot rightfully estimate the world's needs. The tragedy of the politician is to be hoisted with his own petard, to find his own cunning and adaptability recoil upon him, but the personal tragedy of the seeker after truth is to find that the world-context of his own passionate faith remains unknown to him, and therefore he becomes enmeshed, bewildered, and in the end strangled by the unknown which was to him a lie only, but which was only in part a lie, and which, to his undoing, his own half-truth ignored."

CONRAD REVEALS HIS LITERARY LOVES AND ANTIPATHIES

"A BOOK of quality to be felt in every paragraph," is what the New York *Herald* calls Joseph Conrad's new "Notes on Life and Letters" (Doubleday, Page). This volume is made up of essays that have appeared from 1898 to 1920 in newspapers and magazines on both sides of the Atlantic. The subjects treated range from Henry James, Guy de Maupassant and Stephen Crane to Spiritualism, the Polish problem and protection of ocean liners. The essays that leave the deepest impression are literary. We may trace here, if we choose, the workings of one of the subtlest and most sophisticated minds of our time. Mr. Conrad tells us frankly what he loves and what he hates.

In his view, the art of the novelist is "the most elusive of all creative arts, the most liable to be obscured by the scruples of its servants and votaries, the one preeminently destined to bring trouble to the mind and the heart of the artist." Mr. Conrad distrusts what is generally known as fine writing. He despises what he himself describes as "the miserable vanity of a catching phrase." The qualities that he admires in a novelist are courage, compassion, self-denial, fidelity to an ideal; while purely literary gifts, he intimates, are temptations and seductions which may

"pass between the writer and his probity on the blank sheet of paper." He is praising not only Maupassant, but his ideal novelist when he says, "In him extreme energy of perception achieves great results, as in men of action the energy of force and desire," and adds:

"His proceeding was not to group expressive words, that mean nothing, around misty and mysterious shapes dear to muddled intellect and belonging neither to earth nor to heaven. His vision, by a more scrupulous, prolonged and devoted attention to the aspects of the visible world, discovered at last the right words as if miraculously impressed for him upon the face of things and events. This was the particular shape taken by his inspiration; it came to him directly, honestly in the light of his day, not on the tortuous, dark roads of meditation. His realities came to him from a genuine source, from this universe of vain appearances wherein we men have found everything to make us proud, sorry, exalted, and humble."

Liberty of imagination, Mr. Conrad tells us, should be the most precious possession of a novelist. To try voluntarily to discover the fettering dogma of some romantic, realistic or naturalistic creed in the free work of its own inspiration, is a trick, he says, "worthy of human perverse-

ness, which, after inventing an absurdity, endeavors to find for it a pedigree of distinguished ancestors." It is "a weakness of inferior minds when it is not the cunning device of those who, uncertain of their talent, would seek to add luster to it by the authority of a school." Mr. Conrad instances the case of Stendhal, proclaimed by literary high priests a prophet of naturalism. Stendhal himself, he declares, "would have accepted no limitation of his freedom. Stendhal's mind was of the first order. His spirit above must be raging with a peculiarly Stendhalesque scorn and indignation. For the truth is that more than one kind of intellectual cowardice hides behind the literary formulas. And Stendhal was preeminently courageous. He wrote his two great novels, which so few people have read, in a spirit of fearless liberty."

Mr. Conrad admires Alphonse Daudet not because he was a great artist, but because he was "Alphonse Daudet, a man as naively clear, honest and vibrating as the sunshine of his native land." He looks in an author for truth, not the whole truth, but the truth that is in him—"if only the truth of a childishly theatrical ardor in the game of life, as in the novels of Dumas the father." The fair truth of delicacy, he continues, can be found in Henry James' novels; and "the comical, appalling truth of human rapacity let loose among the spoils of existence lives in the monstrous world created by Balzac." Mr. Conrad compares Dostoevski unfavorably with Turgenev, and says of the latter: "Every gift has been heaped on his cradle: absolute sanity and the deepest sensibility, the clearest vision and the quickest responsiveness, penetrating insight and unflinching generosity of judgment, an exquisite perception of the visible world and an unerring instinct for the significant, for the essential in the life of men and women, the clearest mind, the warmest heart, the largest sympathy—and all that in perfect measure. There's enough there to ruin the prospects of any writer."

Two American authors are warmly praised by Mr. Conrad. He was one of the first, it seems, to welcome Stephen Crane in England, and he speaks of the

passage of Crane on this earth as being "like that of a horseman riding swiftly in the dawn of a day fated to be short and without sunshine." He goes on to pay homage to Fenimore Cooper:

"For James Fenimore Cooper nature was not the framework, it was an essential part of existence. He could hear its voice, he could understand its silence, and he could interpret both for us in his prose with all that felicity and sureness of effect that belong to a poetical conception alone. His fame, as wide but less brilliant than that of his contemporary, Marryat, rests mostly on a novel which is not of the sea. But he loved the sea and looked at it with consummate understanding. In his sea tales the sea interpenetrates with life; it is in a subtle way a factor in the problem of existence, and, for all its greatness, it is always in touch with the men, who, bound on errands of war or gain, traverse its immense solitudes. His descriptions have the magistral amplex of a gesture indicating the sweep of a vast horizon. They embrace the colors of sunset, the peace of starlight, the aspects of calm and storm, the great loneliness of the waters, the stillness of watchful coasts, and the alert readiness which marks men who live face to face with the promise and the menace of the sea."

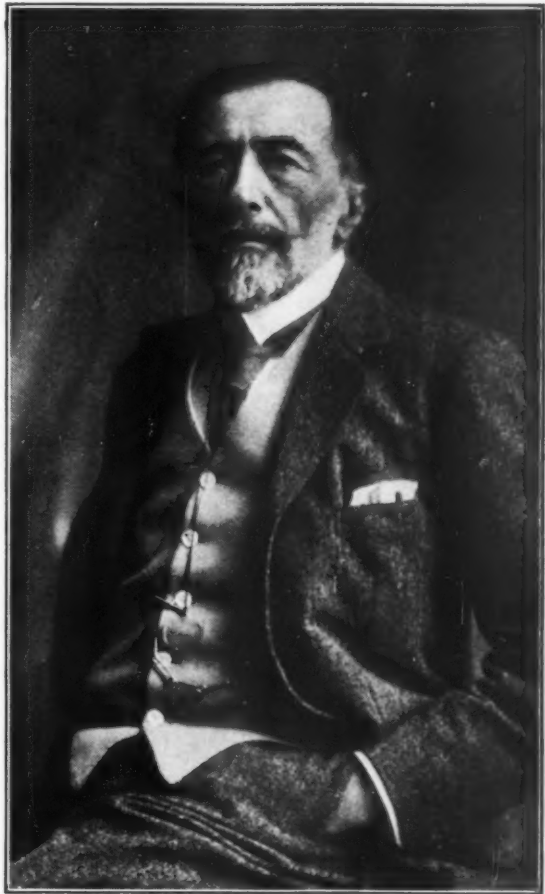
Mr. Conrad dislikes political panaceas almost as much as he dislikes literary formulas. It is clearly necessary, he thinks, for every artist to recognize what is possible and what is impossible in social and political life. An unwise humanitarianism may be a curse to humanity. He appreciates Anatole France as a Socialist, but says: "He will disregard the stupidity of the dogma and the unlovely form of the ideal. His art will find its own beauty in the imaginative presentation of wrongs, of errors and miseries that call aloud for redress." From this it must not be inferred that Conrad claims for the artist in fiction the freedom of moral nihilism. On the contrary, he would require many acts of faith of which the first would be "the cherishing of an undying hope"; and hope, it will not be contested, "implies all the piety of effort and renunciation. It is the God-sent form of trust in the magic force and inspiration belonging to the life of this earth." But the hope in

which Mr. Conrad places his trust has its own peculiar meaning:

"To be hopeful in an artistic sense it is not necessary to think that the world is good. It is enough to believe that there is no impossibility of its being made so. If the flight of imaginative thought may be allowed to rise superior to many moralities current amongst mankind, a novelist who would think himself of a superior essence to other men would miss the first condition of his calling. To have the gift of words is no such great matter. A man furnished with a long-range weapon does not become a hunter or a warrior by the mere possession of a firearm; many other qualities of character and temperament are necessary to make him either one or the other. Of him from whose armory of phrases one in a thousand may perhaps hit the far-distant and elusive mark of art I would ask that in his dealings with mankind he should be capable of giving a tender recognition to their obscure virtues. I would not have him impatient with their small failings and scornful of their errors. I would not have him expect too much gratitude from that humanity whose fate, as illustrated in individuals, it is open to him to depict as ridiculous or terrible. I would wish him to look with a large forgiveness at men's ideas and prejudices, which are by no means the outcome of malevolence, but depend on their education, their social status, even their professions. The good artist should expect no recognition of his toil and no admiration of his genius, because his toil can with difficulty be appraised and his genius cannot possibly mean anything to the illiterate who, even from the dreadful wisdom of their evoked dead, have, so far, culled nothing but inanities and platitudes. I would wish him to enlarge his sympathies by patient and loving observation while he grows in mental power. It is in the impartial practice of life, if anywhere, that the promise of perfection for his art can be found, rather than in the absurd for-

mulas trying to prescribe this or that particular method of technique or conception. Let him mature the strength of his imagination amongst the things of this earth, which it is his business to cherish and know, and refrain from calling down his inspiration ready-made from some heaven of perfections of which he knows nothing."

All of which appeals as good morals as well as good literature. It is of the essence of Conrad's genius, the *London Times* notes, that the draught he offers us should have been stood for a moment in the cool.



Photograph by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

A STYLIST WHO RENOUNCES STYLE

Joseph Conrad, often characterized as the greatest of living English stylists, tells us in his latest book that the qualities he admires in a writer are not purely literary gifts, but courage, compassion, self-denial and fidelity to an ideal.

WHAT CHESTERTON MEANS BY LOYALTY TO LIFE

THE quintessence of G. K. Chesterton's doctrine is found by Homer E. Woodbridge, a writer in the *Weekly Review* (New York), in the central chapter of Chesterton's greatest book, "Orthodoxy." The chapter is entitled "The Flag of the World," and in it Mr. Chesterton unfurls that flag and summons us with a trumpet to rally around it. The fundamental virtue which he there proclaims is loyalty to life; compared with that everything is unimportant. "The world," as he puts it, "is not a lodging-house at Brighton, which we are to leave because it is miserable. It is the fortress of our family, with the flag flying on the turret, and the more miserable it is the less we should leave it." This attitude is a matter of feeling, not of reason; but there is no better antidote, in Mr. Woodbridge's view, to every form of indifference and pessimism. If we feel, with Chesterton, that the chief obstacle in the way of progress is the subtle skepticism which whispers in a million ears that things are not good enough to be worth improving, we shall also agree with him that "things must be loved first and improved afterwards." It is just because Whitman and Stevenson share this attitude that Chesterton admires them; it is for the lack of it that he dislikes and condemns Ibsen. The unpardonable sin, according to him, is treason to life.

There is one sin: to call a green leaf gray,
Whereat the sun in heaven shuddereth.
There is one blasphemy: for death to pray,
For God alone knoweth the praise of death.

This splendid fealty to life, as Mr. Woodbridge goes on to point out, does not mean optimism. It rejects with equal decisiveness the notion that whatever is is right and the notion that progress is automatic. We must "hate the world enough to change it, and yet love it enough to think it worth changing." Such "cosmic patriotism" is the foundation of Chesterton's eclectic and revolutionary conservatism.

Evidences of Chesterton's loyalty to life may be found in his superabundant and infectious delight in living. One aspect of this is the pugnacity which has been called his dominant trait. "We see him laughing like a war-horse in Job at the shaking of the spears, dealing thwacking blows with enormous enjoyment and good humor." Another aspect may be found in the cascade of paradox which has convinced some serious souls that he is a trifler. Paradox means to him "a certain defiant joy which belongs to belief." This applies to his lighter paradoxes; they are the foam on his mug of heady English ale. But nothing gives him more delight than to turn a truism into a paradox and so revitalize it. He uses also that deeper sort of paradox by which two opposite words of truth become entangled in "an inextricable knot" which "ties safely together the whole bundle of human life." Such a paradox is loyalty to the world as a basis for revolution.

It is through the imagination, Mr. Woodbridge points out, that Chesterton sees and strives to make us see the wonder and beauty that make common things lovable. "The function of imagination is not so much to make wonders facts as to make facts wonders." Someone hands in a visiting card of a Mr. Smith, saying, "You can't get any of your damned mysticism out of this"; and forthwith he writes a prose ode on the name of Smith, making it glow red and white and orange in the forge of his imagination, and cast off showers of golden sparks under the blows of Thor's hammer. Herein, Mr. Woodbridge declares, is the essence of his romanticism. In triumphant refutation of Bernard Shaw he demonstrates not only the reality but the omnipresence of romance. It exists not only in the remote but in the commonplace; not only in rebellion but in the very heart of orthodoxy. Mr. Woodbridge sums up Chesterton's value in two sentences: "he has recalled us to the Great Allegiance; he has reminded us anew of the glory of being men."

POE LETTERS AND MANUSCRIPTS FOUND IN A PILLOW-CASE

ONE of the most remarkable literary "finds" of recent years is reported by George H. Sargent in the Boston *Transcript*. It consists of the original manuscripts of "Lenore," "Annabel Lee" and others of Edgar Allan Poe's writings and of a number of letters addressed by Poe to Henry B. Hirst, a forgotten poet of the last century. This treasure had been concealed in a pillow-case, and may properly be described as unique. There have been in the past some strange storehouses for old books and manuscripts. A copy of the first edition of Hawthorne's "Fanshawe" was found in a beanpot sold at a Maine country auction for a few cents, and Dante Gabriel Rossetti's poems were exhumed from his wife's grave. But, so far as is known, a pillow-case has never before been used as a repository for valuable papers.

The finder of the Poe manuscripts and letters is a lady and a direct descendant of Hirst. It seems that Hirst was born in Philadelphia in 1813, and was admitted to the bar in 1842, having studied law, like his dearest enemy, Thomas Dunn English, altho his law studies were interrupted by intervals of clerking in a store. Previous to his admission to the bar, we are told, he had written some poems which were published in *Graham's Magazine*, then one of the great American literary journals, to which Poe was a contributor. His *magnum opus* was "Endymion, a Tale of Greece," praised by Longfellow and Poe.

In 1842 Thomas Dunn English won fame with his song, "Ben Bolt," which was published in the *New York Mirror*. He became involved in a controversy with Hirst which led to a duel, and we now learn that Poe cherished as

fierce an antipathy for English as Hirst did. In one of the letters brought to light, dated June 27, 1846, he speaks of having given English "a flogging which he will remember to the day of his death."

Another letter refers to "Endymion," and a third is a defense of Poe's tale, "Berenice." Of greater importance than the letters are the manuscripts which Poe seems to have given to Hirst and which

New York - June 27, 46.

My Dear Hirst,

I presume you have seen what I said about you in "The New York Liberator" and an attack made on me by English, in consequence. Die la Poyatille!

I write now, to ask you if you can oblige me by a fair account of your duel with English. I would take it as a great favor, also, if you would get from Sandy Harris a statement of the fracas with him. See Du Solle, also, if you can, & ask him if he is willing to give me, for publication, an account of his kicking E. out of his office.

I gave E. a flogging which he will remember to the day of his death - and, luckily, in the presence of witnesses. He thinks to avenge himself by lies - by I shall be a match for him by means of simple truth.

Is it possible to procure me a copy of E's attack on H. B. Hirst?

Truly yours, Poe.

A LETTER REVEALING POE AS BELLIGERENT

This manuscript, brought to light from a pillow-case, was addressed to Henry B. Hirst, of Philadelphia, and tells how Poe gave Thomas Dunn English a flogging.

are written in his beautiful handwriting on single sheets pasted together to form one long sheet, according to his custom. The longest of these manuscripts is an essay "About Critics and Criticisms," dealing principally with Edwin Percy Whipple and William A. Jones, two contemporary American critics whom Poe admired but who strike us now as very minor lumi-

naries. The gems of the collection are original manuscripts of "Lenore" and "Annabel Lee." The existence of the latter has been heretofore unknown. "One of the choicest of Poe's poetical compositions, and in perfect state, its appearance after the lapse of many years," Mr. Sargent remarks, "will give Poe collectors a thrill."

CAN AMERICA LEARN ANYTHING FROM THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS?

IN the opening sentence of a new book* in which, for the second time, Frederick O'Brien rediscovers for Americans the magic of the South Sea Islands, we find a disclaimer of any serious intention. "This," he says, "is a simple record of my days and nights, my thoughts and dreams, in the mystic isles of the South Seas, written without authority of science or exactitude of knowledge. These are merely the vivid impressions of my life in Tahiti and Moorea, the merriest, most fascinating world of all the cosmos; of the songs I sang, the dances I danced, the men and women, white and tawney, with whom I was joyous or melancholy; the adventures at sea or on the reef, upon the sapphire lagoon, and on the silver beaches of the most beautiful of tropics."

It is nevertheless true that a philosophy of life underlies the book, and this philosophy, Henry Seidel Canby remarks in the *New York Evening Post*, is what gives the record its strength. On the very page on which the above-quoted disavowal is made appears the statement: "The soul of man is afflicted by the machine he has fashioned through the ages to achieve his triumph over matter." In the heart of the book, in a chapter describing marine life, we find this passage:

"The effect upon me of all this splendor and grace of water life, as I bent over the surface of the lagoon or walked with lunette among the beds of coral, was, after the oft-repeated periods of bewilderment at the gorgeousness and whimsicality of the uni-

verse, a deep rejoicing for its prodigality of design and purpose, and a merry sorrow for those who would inflict dogma and orthodoxy on a practical and heterodox world. I leaned on the side of the canoe or on my spears and laughed at the fools of cities, and at myself, who had been a fool among them for most of my life. Just how this train of reasoning ran I cannot say, but it moved inexorably at the contemplation of the sublime radiancy of the vivarium of the Mataiea lagoon. It always appeared a symbol of the cosmic energy which poured the bounty of rain upon the sea as upon the thirsty earth, and which is beyond good and evil as we reckon them."

Whether Mr. O'Brien is mixing drinks with Lovaina, the hostess of the Tiara hotel in Papeete, or listening to gossip in the Cercle Bougainville, or swimming with Rupert Brooke, or talking with Tetuani or Ori-a-Ori of customs and of race, he is thinking and his thought contrasts the life of the South Sea islanders and the life of civilized man.

Even the supreme moment of the book, in which O'Brien walks with the Princess Noanoa Tiare (Fragrance of the Jasmine) to the falls of Fautaua, has its deeper mood:

"I knew a moment of squeamishness, echo of the immorality of my catechism and my race conventions. I felt almost aghast at finding myself alone with that magnificent creature in such a paradisiacal spot. I wondered what thoughts might come to me. I had danced with her, I had talked with her under the stars, but what might she expect me not to do? And what was an Occidental, a city man, before her? She retired behind

* *Mystic Isles of the South Seas*. By Frederick O'Brien. Century.

a bird's-nest fern, on the long, lanceolate leaves of which were the shells of the mountain snail. At her feet was the bastard canna, the pungent root of which makes Chinese curry.

"When she emerged, she was an amazing and enchanting personage. She had removed her gown and wore a *pareu* of muslin, with huge scarlet leaves upon white. She was tall and voluptuously formed, but she had made the loin-cloth, two yards long and a yard wide, cover her in a manner that was modest, tho revealing. It was the art of her ancestors, for this was the shape of their common garment of *tapa*, a native cloth. With a knot or two she arranged the *pareu* so that it was like a chemise, coming to a foot above her knees and covering her bosom.

"Her black, glossy hair was loose and hung below her waist, and upon it she had placed a wreath she had quickly made of small ferns. That was their general custom, to adorn themselves when happy and at the bath. The eyes of Fragrance of the Jasmine were very large, deep brown, her skin a coppery-cinnamon, with a touch of red in the cheeks, and her nose and mouth were large and well formed. Her teeth were as the meat of the cocoanut, brilliant and strong. Her limbs were rounded, soft, the flesh glowing with health and power. She was of that line of Tahitian women who sent back the first European navigators, the English, to rave about an island of Junos, the French to call Tahiti La Nouvelle Cythère, the new isle of Venus.

"I had but to tie up my own *pareu* of red calico with white leaves in the manner Lovaina had shown me to have an imitation of our usual swimming trunks.

"*Allons!*" cried the princess, and running toward the waterfall, she climbed up the cliff to a height of a dozen feet, and threw herself, wreathed as she was, with a loud '*Aue!*' into the pool."

In all of this, Mr. Canby finds romance of a high order, if only because so casual, so apparently unstudied. But he points out that Princess Noanoa Tiare was a half-European product; she had known London and Paris. "The Princess is a



HE TELLS US OF "MYSTIC ISLES"

Frederick O'Brien, in a new book on the South Sea Islands, laughs at the "fools of cities" and at himself who had been "a fool among them" for so long.

wild orchid doomed to fade on the breast of the modern world. Her charm, her grace, her soul are primitive; her self-consciousness, her ideas European. The two cannot subsist together." The sex freedom of the Tahitians is poisoned in Europe; natural living becomes indolence, love of beauty becomes license and disorder. Fragrance of the Jasmine was very frank in her discussion of Tahitian women with O'Brien. According to the Princess, a vast hypocrisy in regard to sex-affairs exists in our so-called civilized nations. The Tahitian woman, she said, exercises the same freedom of choice in the selection of a mate as a white man does in his own country. She makes the first advances quite openly. "She is on a par with the man in seeking," declared the Princess, "without fear and without shame, and, *attendez*, Maru, without any more monogamy than you men. I have

told some of those suffrage ladies of London and of Washington that we are in advance of their most determined feminism. They will come to it. More women than men in Europe will bring it there." It may be, Mr. Canby comments, that white women will one day conquer the right of choice in free love; but if so, "they will never be like the Princess; she and her kind will never live to see it, or if they live they will be changed. Already they are dying because their bodies and their customs are not as ours, and contact destroys them, and so far has taught us little."

There is a charming account in the book of a marriage feast that O'Brien attended in company with Rupert Brooke. Roast pig, shrimps, prawns, lobsters, papayas, pomegranates, were among the dainties served. Bride, bridegroom and feasters sat under a great bower. Piles of bread-fruit leaves were spread before each guest. At each place were cocoanut shells containing drinking water, cocoanut-milk, grated ripe cocoanut and sea-water. Barrels of wine were decanted.

After the repast, bachelors sang the ancient love-song of Tahiti, and young girls sang amorous songs with gestures. Brooke, as he lay and mused with O'Brien, made the following comment: "We are on Mount Parnassus. The women in faun skins will enter in a moment, swinging the thyrsus and beating the cymbals. Pan peeps from behind that palm. Those are his pipes, as sure as Linus went to the dogs."

But all this has its darker side. Mr. Canby quotes from O'Brien's book a description of a crack in a precipice called *Apoo Taria*, the "Hole of the Ears," once used as a receptacle for ears cut off by conquerors in bloody struggles. He points out that the author is under no delusions as to the history of the Tahitians. "Altho he says little, it is apparent that he understands as well as the next anthropologist, that these flowery, beautiful people were not angels in their Paradise before the white man came. They were slaves of fear and superstition, cruel on occasion, barbarous, even tho their beautiful barbarism was more attractive

than debased civilization." Mr. Canby continues:

"He is not recommending Tahiti in pure doses to us; no white man, even in Tahiti, can go entirely native without decay. But like the skilful painter who brings out the colors of his figure by painting in the background, O'Brien makes a very poignant criticism upon what most of us are pleased to regard as the normal in life by describing Tahitian traits which to us are abnormal, at least after earliest youth. Where is the joy which we can measure with the daily joy of the Tahitian, a magnificent animal, loving beauty and pursuing happiness? Where is physical well-being such as theirs, grace in appearance and in conduct, simplicity of human relationship, proportion between labor and the fruits thereof?"

"The native, save as a picturesque and (so Mr. O'Brien would have it) stimulating memory, is past caring for: the white man's civilization goes on. In half-white Papeete one, sees him attempting, with a wreath of flowers and a bottle of champagne, to be a lotus eater. The champagne, or equivalent alcohol, seems necessary if he is to keep up his part, and the result is more amusing than elevating. But is the alternative to become, like the Tahitian Chinese of the story, completely industrialized, immune to the dangers of beauty, insensible to the finer joys of living, esthetically dead? Or is there still time to learn something from the Tahitians which may endure after they have all died of our diseases? Is there an attitude toward labor and its purposes, toward life and its enjoying, toward social and even sex relationship which we have never got in Western civilization since the days of the Greeks, and perhaps for brief moments in the Middle Ages and the early Renaissance, which we are losing and must recover somehow?"

These questions are found implicit by Henry Seidel Canby throughout O'Brien's book, and they give it, he says, force and poignancy. He concludes:

"They are not answered. Mr. O'Brien does not propose to answer them. He does not, like Rousseau, uphold primitive man as an ideal for our attaining—except in moments of enthusiasm. Rather, like the philosophers who have rediscovered instinct, and praise it without arguing that reason should be dethroned, he praises his primitive people for qualities that we have never attained or have lost. We are not to be Tahitians, but we are to value Tahitiism."

SHOWING A MODERN AIRPORT IN OPERATION

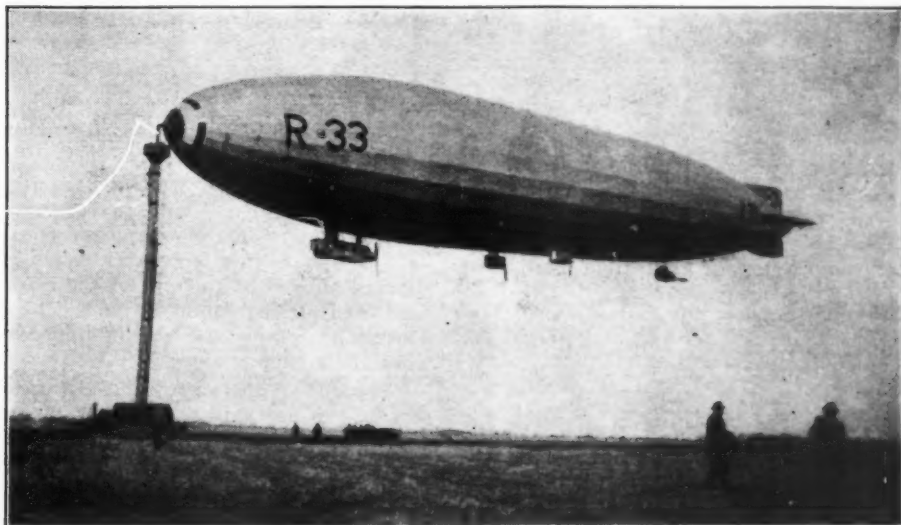
By Fletcher Allen

WHAT promises to be the best-equipped airport in the world is nearing completion at Lakehurst, New Jersey, in anticipation of the arrival within the next few weeks of the big dirigible, *Roma*, purchased from the Italian Government, and the *R. 38*, purchased from the British Government. This initial American airport, about which the United States Navy Department has as yet made public very little information, embodies certain improvements upon the English airport at Pulham, near Norfolk, which will have been perfected when Lieut. Pennoyer and his crew arrive in America with the *R. 38*. In view of the semi-secrecy surrounding the Lakehurst port, or field, a description of its prototype at Pulham is of timely interest in the study of commercial aviation.

Dotted over the airport at Pulham are the sheds and buildings of the station, with railway tracks and junctions com-

plete, hydrogen generating plants, sheds housing liners in course of construction and repair, while floating at a slender steel mast is a modern airship, waiting for the signal to depart. Once the signal is given, the airship takes about two minutes to be off at full speed. It does not need to be warped out as a steamer, or to be towed downstream to the open sea. It is under way, and has covered many miles of its journey before the spectators are out of the grounds.

About one hundred and sixty feet high stands a slender-looking steel tower of lattice work, and at the top, hooked like a gigantic pike caught by the nose, is the liner. The modern liner differs very much from the old Zeppelins of war time. The Zeppelins had bluntish, rounded noses. The modern airship has a nose that ends in a sharp little snout, through which run steel cables by which it is attached to the masthead. The strain caused by the wind



VIEW OF AN AIRSHIP AT ITS MOORING

The slender steel tower is one hundred and sixty feet high and the air-liner is hooked at the top like a gigantic pike.

on the airship at the masthead, of course, is great, so the structure has been reinforced a little from the nose to the center of the ship. An extra girder or two have been put in, and thin wires of tremendous strength brace the inner framework, so that the strain is distributed throughout the airship. Through the snout of the airship the cable runs to the masthead, where it is attached to the receiving gear, consisting of two cones which fit one into the other, so that the airship may not break away, but may be left free to "nose" into the wind, and remain moored in safety. As the wind changes, it catches the floating liner and blows it round like a weather-vane, and the airship never comes broadside on. That is the secret of the success of the mooring mast.

One might expect, with the hydrogen always tugging the airship upwards, that the airship, instead of riding on an even keel, would stand on its nose. This would happen if no precautions were taken. But the airship is "trimmed" and kept on an even keel by water ballast, which is so distributed as to check the tendency of the free "tail" of the airship to throw itself up in the air.

The modern mast contains a lift, which carries passengers and crew to the gangway in the nose of the airship, and also serves to hoist the merchandize that is to be carried, as well as the food and other necessities of the voyage. A wide pipe, about six or seven inches in diameter, takes up hydrogen under pressure, to fill the gas bags which are contained in the framework of the liner. A smaller pipe takes up gasoline, and another small pipe takes up water for ballast and for the use of the passengers.

The loading is all complete. The last passenger is aboard. Down on the ground we hear the bell ring in the engine-room, and a stream of water comes from the liner, as the ballasting is adjusted for the moment when the airship takes off. The people on the ground feel a very gentle spray on their faces, if the wind does not carry the water far over their heads. Water has completely replaced sand and other heavy materials as ballast. It is easy to handle, it is cheap, and it is



AIRSHIP "TAKING OFF"

This picture was taken fifteen seconds after the cast-off signal was given. Note the "hook" at the nose of the vessel.

not dangerous at all to the spectators. Traveling down to the ground, it becomes nothing more than a very fine spray.

The engines begin to hum, and the propellers turn slowly. There is a call from the engine-room, the officer on the masthead throws a little lever over, a pin is knocked out of the coupling at the masthead, and picking up speed immediately, floating gracefully and veering into the wind, the airship is away.

Compare that operation with the process that was in use until a few short weeks ago, and some idea may be gained of the immense advance that has been made. Until Major Scott, who piloted the *R. 34* on its voyage from England to America and back again, began to study the possibilities of quick landings and sailings, it took four hundred men to haul the air-

ship out of its shed and hold it until the preparations for sailing were complete, and always there was danger of a sudden gust of wind smashing the airship over on its side or banging it to the ground, to the damage of the under carriage and engine-rooms. When they had it out, and got it away, the men had to be maintained on the station, and the same slow process was repeated for landing. Major Scott devised a scheme whereby the airship should be treated as an ordinary liner of a cross-Atlantic type, a ship made to be kept sailing, with only a short call at ports for food and passengers, or occasional repairs and refueling. Like other forerunners, he had much difficulty in persuading people that the airship is not merely an expensive toy or a weapon of war, but a practical and useful means of commerce, operating on schedule time the same as a steamship. His main task was to do away with the necessity of taking the monster into the sheds. So, to use the words of one who worked for him, he stuck a stick into the ground and tied the airship to it, and found that it worked.

It was proved that, once in the air, an airship is not seriously inconvenienced by bad weather—the German Zeppelins that were handed over to the Allies after the war made their last voyages in a raging storm, but arrived and landed safely—and the constantly improving performance of the rigid type of airship has brought home the advantages of this form of long-distance transport. Therefore Major Scott devised his mast and has since gone on improving it, placing commercial aviation on a sound basis by this one invention. The result is that the air-liner gets away from its port quicker than any other type of transport.

Winds make no practical difference to the departures or arrivals. Even in strong weather the wind lulls a little at sunset, and schedules will doubtless be arranged so as to provide for arrival at about sunset, when the chances of strong wind are least. A fairly stiff wind can be easily overcome. The liners leave in almost any wind, and can be landed in a wind running upwards of forty miles an hour.

Taking off is one operation. Probably while the spectators are watching the departure of friends they will witness the arrival of the sister ship. The landing operation is not quite the reverse of the taking off. When the liner begins to approach port, the ground crew of the station pay out the cable from the mast, bringing it down outside the steel tower, and lay about a thousand feet of cable on the ground to leeward of the mast. As the liner sails overhead a flexible wire is dropped from her nose, fitted with a special quick-coupling device. This is taken by the crew and snapped on to the coupling at the end of the cable leading from the tower. An electric winch takes up the slack on the ground and slowly hauls the airship down to the mast, where it is made fast, and passengers and crew come down the lift, home again. And all this is not something in the future. It is of the present.

There is much of interest in and around an airport. The huge sheds, where liners are being constructed or repaired, are full of romance and ingenuity. Here are huge weblike frames, so slender that it seems a simple thing to bend them about, but so strong that they will bear seemingly incredible weights. To walk along the hull of an air liner is to walk through a forest of spiders' webs, the curving shape of the framework giving an impression of tremendous length, and indeed the length is increased with every ship that is built. Hanging from the framework are engines and passenger cabins, where utility and comfort are ingeniously combined. The war-type of airship sacrificed everything to lightness and speed. The airliner is made luxurious. In the warships of the air the crew slept in tiny hammocks slung in the framework of the ship, with nothing solid between them and the ground, thousands of feet beneath, except the flimsy fabric covering, and had to crawl along a six-inch plank to get to the hatches that let them down collapsible ladders to the engine-rooms and wireless room, with only a thin wire to hold. If an engine went wrong the engineer slung a life-line around himself and in the open worked his way, like a human spider on his

on the airship at the masthead, of course, is great, so the structure has been reinforced a little from the nose to the center of the ship. An extra girder or two have been put in, and thin wires of tremendous strength brace the inner framework, so that the strain is distributed throughout the airship. Through the snout of the airship the cable runs to the masthead, where it is attached to the receiving gear, consisting of two cones which fit one into the other, so that the airship may not break away, but may be left free to "nose" into the wind, and remain moored in safety. As the wind changes, it catches the floating liner and blows it round like a weather-vane, and the airship never comes broadside on. That is the secret of the success of the mooring mast.

One might expect, with the hydrogen always tugging the airship upwards, that the airship, instead of riding on an even keel, would stand on its nose. This would happen if no precautions were taken. But the airship is "trimmed" and kept on an even keel by water ballast, which is so distributed as to check the tendency of the free "tail" of the airship to throw itself up in the air.

The modern mast contains a lift, which carries passengers and crew to the gangway in the nose of the airship, and also serves to hoist the merchandize that is to be carried, as well as the food and other necessities of the voyage. A wide pipe, about six or seven inches in diameter, takes up hydrogen under pressure, to fill the gas bags which are contained in the framework of the liner. A smaller pipe takes up gasoline, and another small pipe takes up water for ballast and for the use of the passengers.

The loading is all complete. The last passenger is aboard. Down on the ground we hear the bell ring in the engine-room, and a stream of water comes from the liner, as the ballasting is adjusted for the moment when the airship takes off. The people on the ground feel a very gentle spray on their faces, if the wind does not carry the water far over their heads. Water has completely replaced sand and other heavy materials as ballast. It is easy to handle, it is cheap, and it is



AIRSHIP "TAKING OFF"

This picture was taken fifteen seconds after the cast-off signal was given. Note the "hook" at the nose of the vessel.

not dangerous at all to the spectators. Traveling down to the ground, it becomes nothing more than a very fine spray.

The engines begin to hum, and the propellers turn slowly. There is a call from the engine-room, the officer on the masthead throws a little lever over, a pin is knocked out of the coupling at the masthead, and picking up speed immediately, floating gracefully and veering into the wind, the airship is away.

Compare that operation with the process that was in use until a few short weeks ago, and some idea may be gained of the immense advance that has been made. Until Major Scott, who piloted the *R. 34* on its voyage from England to America and back again, began to study the possibilities of quick landings and sailings, it took four hundred men to haul the air-

ship out of its shed and hold it until the preparations for sailing were complete, and always there was danger of a sudden gust of wind smashing the airship over on its side or banging it to the ground, to the damage of the under carriage and engine-rooms. When they had it out, and got it away, the men had to be maintained on the station, and the same slow process was repeated for landing. Major Scott devised a scheme whereby the airship should be treated as an ordinary liner of a cross-Atlantic type, a ship made to be kept sailing, with only a short call at ports for food and passengers, or occasional repairs and refueling. Like other forerunners, he had much difficulty in persuading people that the airship is not merely an expensive toy or a weapon of war, but a practical and useful means of commerce, operating on schedule time the same as a steamship. His main task was to do away with the necessity of taking the monster into the sheds. So, to use the words of one who worked for him, he stuck a stick into the ground and tied the airship to it, and found that it worked.

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thread, around the engine, fixing it as best he could, standing on a running-board that was little thicker than a broom handle, all while the airship was traveling a mile high and at about sixty miles an hour.

In the liner type this is changed. He has not a great deal of room, it is true, but he has more safety—there is something more than a life-line between him and the ground. He walks around his engine as an engineer walks around the engine-room of a steamer. And the passengers! They may actually smoke if they wish to, as their quarters are cut off from the main part of the ship, and there is no possibility of fire spreading. They walk and exercise with as much freedom as in a railway train, altho not with so much liberty as prevails on a steamer. So much is seen from the airships in construction.

By the sheds where the airships are housed are shelters—windbreaks, which stop the wind taking hold of the liner when it is on the ground, and throwing it about. Even here great improvements have been made. The old type of windbreak is a flat, solid, steel-buttressed wall of corrugated iron. The wind hits this windbreak and eddies round, and often presents as great a danger as an uninterrupted wind, for the eddies are the dangers. The new type is hardly a windbreak at all. It is expanded metal grating, which simply checks the wind in its first onrush, and then lets it through gently, without eddies, and therefore without danger. A fifty-mile wind was hitting the windbreak when we tried it, and it came through, finally, not much more than a summer breeze.

Along the ground between the sheds are manholes let into concrete bases. These are the coverings of the reservoirs of gasolene. Scores of thousands of gallons of motor spirit, more highly refined than the usual motor spirit, are stored between the sheds containing airships full of the most highly inflammable gas. If anything happened—but nothing does happen. Engineers have taken away the possibility. As the gasolene tanks are emptied to replenish the airships, water is allowed to

flow in around the reservoir, and so all danger is prevented.

Space must be economized, and everything is done to this end, even in an airport lying on the broad downs of Norfolk, where people are few and towns far apart. But the airport must contain everything necessary for the up-keep of the liners. Lying in long beds along the ground are iron containers, full of hydrogen. Millions of cubic feet of hydrogen are stored there, and the store is constantly being augmented from the hydrogen plant and from the main container, looking like an ordinary gas container. It takes nearly two million cubic feet of hydrogen to inflate the airship, so it is therefore necessary to keep a constant flow of hydrogen coming into the containers.

There are three customary ways of making hydrogen, and the airport uses them all. The most economical, and the most satisfactory, process for producing hydrogen in large quantities is the process of making hydrogen from coke and water. The coke is thrown into a retort that looks like a blast furnace, where it is heated white-hot, and steam is sprayed over the white-hot coke. Hydrogen is given off, in a nearly pure state, but some sulphur still remains, and therefore the hydrogen is passed through "scrubbers" on the way to the containers. The scrubbers are flat, narrow and shallow troughs of wood filled with iron oxide, which removes the sulphur and other impurities. However the hydrogen is made, it is first passed through the scrubbers, except in the case of hydrogen obtained by electrolysis, which at present is only done in small quantities.

The other principal way of producing hydrogen in commercial quantities is a simple but somewhat dirty operation. It is worked much in the same way that an acetylene lamp works. A substance, called silicol, is mixed with caustic soda, and the compound is then mixed with water. Hydrogen is given off, run through the "scrubbers" and passed to the containers. The men at the port somewhat object to this process. It is dirty, and the slush has to be carted away in hoppers, which run on a light railway from the generating house to the dump. From the hydrogen

plants pipes run to the container. The container is a source of anxiety, as in cold weather there is danger of freezing and consequent explosion. A water-jacket surrounds the container, and as the tank expands or contracts according to the quantity of hydrogen stored, the water-jacket immediately adjusts itself. But in cold weather the water-jacket is liable to freeze, and the ice formed would keep the top of the container high, making a possible escape of hydrogen, which would

probably mean an explosion and the end of a large part of the airport. To prevent this, pipes are laid on from the main boilers of the engine-room, which carry either live steam or hot water to the container and keep the water in the jacket at a constant temperature. In this way the container collapses or expands normally, and the gas is sealed in. The other sheds, with the smithies and engine shops, are common to all ports, whether they be of air or sea.

RADIUM-SEEKERS REPLACE GOLD-SEEKERS IN THE ROCKIES

OUT in the sage-covered desert at the foot of the Rocky Mountains where southern Colorado and Utah meet is produced the carnotite ore from which most of the world's supply of radium is recovered. Valuable mines have been located in arid gulches that were worthless even for cattle grazing. Concentrating-mills have been erected and mining settlements have grown up where not even the "dry farmer" planted his homestakes a few years ago. Burros loaded with sacks of rich radium-bearing concentrates pick their way along rough trails and dusty highways leading to and from Paradox valley, where the richest discoveries of carnotite have been made. Incidentally, they were made by French scientists who named the ore after former President Carnot, of France.

Carnotite mining, writes Arthur Chapman, in the New York *Tribune*, was quiescent during the war. Claims lost all their value. Prospectors who had acquired holdings that seemed certain to bring them riches went broke. Some could not even afford to keep up the necessary assessment work and lost valuable claims. Others sold out for a song. Fortunately the Bureau of Mines was not asleep but prompted the development of a better and more economical process for securing the radium content from American carnotite ore. In the hunt for high-grade ore much low-grade of considerable value was being wasted. Recently, we read, huge bodies

of carnotite have been opened up by diamond drills, enabling prospectors to make discoveries hitherto undreamed of.

At first it was prophesied that the carnotite fields would not yield more than a thousand tons of this ore that would assay two per cent. uranium oxide and four per cent. vanadium oxide. As a matter of fact, since 1913 there have been mined more than forty thousand tons from the Paradox field of carnotite ore assaying even higher than these figures. Yet, it is said, on the authority of one of the companies operating in southwestern Colorado, not over one per cent. of the carnotite ore of that region has been exhausted. More than forty freighting outfits are now hauling carnotite ore from the Paradox field to the railroad. One company is said to have spent \$4,000,000 in this field, and another company has spent over \$1,000,000 in the last few years. Hundreds of miners and teamsters are employed, and that disappearing type, the prospector, has been revived and new discoveries are constantly being made in the proved area which even now extends well over the state line into Utah.

In the first years of carnotite mining crude methods were employed, as the business was new and uncertain. Now one finds diamond drills, compressors, rock machines and mechanical hoists. Freighters are paid 50 cents a ton mile for outgoing freight on concentrates shipped to the railroad—which is said to be the high-

est freight rate paid in the United States. Strictly speaking, carnotite mining is not a "poor man's game." Even after one locates a body of carnotite with a diamond drill it may be necessary to remove from twenty to thirty tons of rock to get one ton of mill ore. Also it is easy to miss a body of ore in drilling. Consequently much capital is required, and that is the reason why most of the holdings in the district are drifting into the hands of one or two large concerns.

Scientific instruments have been developed for ascertaining a radium content with great accuracy, but in the main photographic plates are used. By putting the ore in contact with a plate, outside the slide-holder, and leaving it there several hours, fog becomes discernible on the plate in proportion to the radium content of the ore. Prospectors, of course, aim to find deposits containing the ultimate of radium content, a claim yielding much high-grade ore being equivalent to a fortune. The other day in Montrose, the county seat of Montrose County, in which the richest carnotite claims are found, a carload of high-grade ore brought \$20,000 after spirited bidding by speculators.

The radium prospector finds his profit in locating a carnotite claim and selling out to some one with capital, as it is estimated that one should have a holding of at least twenty-four claims before attempting production. In the early days of the industry prospecting was generally done in the gulches and searching for "bug holes." Carnotite is found in light-colored sandstone, and it often crops out in canyons and gulches. Being brightly colored it is readily distinguishable. The layers are of varying thicknesses. Sometimes a ledge that looks promising will yield little car-

notite, and sometimes faint indications will lead to heavy deposits. On one claim mined by government experts for the National Radium Institute several tons of high-grade carnotite were found in a soft, claylike mass of black vanadium ore.

After the ore has been found and mined there comes the work of sorting. The ore is carefully separated into grades. The high grade is put into sacks for transporting to the railroad. The low grade is sent to the mill for concentrating. One man can sack from seventy-five to eighty sacks of high-grade ore in a day. The sorting must be done by daylight, as it is difficult to distinguish the color of the ore by artificial light. Only the most experienced men are utilized as sorters.

A cheap and effective reduction process for carnotite ore, as compared with the processes at first in vogue, was worked out by Bureau of Mines experts, with the assistance of Dr. James Douglas, of New York City, and Dr. Howard Kelly, of Baltimore, who wanted to get radium for hospital purposes. The doctors advanced the funds and the government experts devised the process and erected a plant at Denver, where \$100,000 worth of radium was produced by the National Radium Institute. The process then became public property. It is estimated that from June, 1914, when work in the plant began, to January, 1917, when it was stopped, eight and one-half grams of radium had been produced at one-third of the current price. In addition the process had saved the uranium and vanadium content of the ores. The Colorado county in which Paradox Valley is located is said to have produced seventy-six grams of radium out of the world supply of one hundred and five grams, or about four ounces.

JOBS FOR SAWDUST

THE towering sawdust heap, once considered a mere waste and a shameful monument to the destruction of our forests, is being salvaged to useful purposes. According to the Forest Products Laboratory of Madison, Wis., fifty-one

profitable uses have been developed for the utilization of sawdust.

From manufacturing soap and fertilizers to the purification of gas and lettering floral emblems, the range of its recovery is widening. Green sawdust, barring its con-

sumption as fuel, is narrowly restricted in use. Once dried, however, the pulverized particles are adapted to some fifty uses. Commercial concerns in large cities have made its recovery a business, invading wood-working establishments, planing mills, sash and door factories and furniture factories for the hitherto accumulated heaps of refuse. An infant sawdust industry of growing importance is the manufacture of fuel briquets. One plant in Los Angeles, Calif., is in operation, and a similar establishment has been erected in Vancouver. The briquets, says S. R. Winters, in the *Scientific American*, are fashioned in cylindrical shape, are three and a half inches in diameter and of varying lengths, with twelve inches as a medium. Special machines are purchasable, and Europe is producing fire lighters from sawdust, sandwiched with rosin or pitch and transformed into compact cakes which are scored to permit of small pieces being broken off with ease. Also, we read, furs are renovated by being tumbled in drums where sawdust acts as an absorbent in extracting grease and dirt.

Hams, bacon, fish and sausage may be pickled or cured under the smoldering fires of hardwood blocks and sawdust. A desirable flavor is thus imparted and the preservative qualities of these products strengthened. The meat absorbs the smoke from four to five days while the temperature hovers around 75 degrees Fahrenheit. The method can be hastened by increasing the temperature. Widespread use is made of sawmill refuse as an absorbent on floors, meat and fish markets, hotels, abattoirs, machine shops, garages, factories and warehouses being consumers in this particular. The abandoned or reconverted barroom once was a claimant of the material as an absorbent on floors. Of minor consequence, altho used in some instances, is its adaptation as an extinguisher of oil fires. Dry sawdust is employed effectively for cleaning and drying metals. The latter, when cleaned in a pickling bath, or when subjected to a plating solution, or greasy pieces produced on automatic machinery in which they are deluged with a stream of oil, may be dried in sawdust and polished to a most pleasing effect when

subjected to agitation and more or less intense friction in a tumbling barrel. Twenty concerns in the United States make and lay composition flooring which is constituted of a base of magnesium oxychloride, formed by the reaction between magnesium oxide and magnesium chloride. Substances serving as fillers are of a varying character, but sawdust is one. Its percentage in composition floorings varies from 4 to as high as 50. Ethyl alcohol has long been a product of sawmill waste, the material being inserted into rotary digesters and treated with dilute acid at a high temperature, thus converting the cellulose into fermentable sugars. These are then separated and fermented into alcohol. Hardening and annealing of metals is another very limited method of utilizing waste from the buzzing saw; the product acts as an insulator in avoiding too rapid cooling of steel.

In the consignment of canned goods, as well as fragile articles, sawdust is a protector. It affords insulating influences in cold climates and thereby prevents the freezing of liquids in transit. Likewise, the material is suitable for insulation purposes in the construction of ice houses, refrigerator cars and storage houses. Sawdust is displacing sand in the making of cement barn flooring. Its merits include greater warmth on a minimum of wearing on the hoofs of cattle. Experiments are being made in producing paving blocks and some asphaltic binder from this pulverized wood, although results are not yet available. One plant in the United States is producing oxalic acid from sawdust, and the product has commercial possibilities in the manufacture of carborundum and calcium carbide.

Plants have been erected in the Pacific Northwest with the view of producing a gas of high calorific value from the distillation of wood under high temperatures. Such plants bear similarity to ordinary coal gas equipment, the wood being distilled in gas retorts. The resulting charcoal can be consumed directly under the ovens, or can be burned in a water-gas plant, the gas from which can be diverted into the mains. Oatmeal wallpaper utilizes sawdust for its distinctive surface.

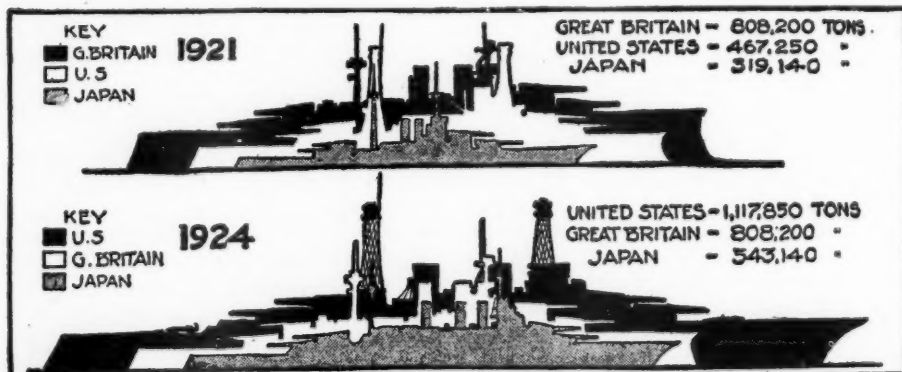
ARE WE WASTING MILLIONS FOR BATTLESHIP DEFENSE?

BATTLESHIPS are the most expensive manufactured products in the world. They eat up a great part of every American tax bill and, what is more surprising, a very considerable number of naval officers have ceased to worship at the battleship altar. So, at least, reports Herbert Corey, in *Collier's*, after spending two months with the Atlantic Fleet in intimate contact with its commanders. They believe, he writes, that the next war will be won by the nation best able to keep its enemy's commerce off the seas, and "not by the one which can hide the largest number of fragile steel castles behind nets and mines in some landlocked bay."

The United States now has seventeen first-line battleships that cost in the neighborhood of \$350,000,000. Their maintenance and operation demand the exclusive employment of about 22,000 men at sea. The Government is planning to build ten more post-Jutland superdreadnoughts at a cost of \$500,000,000. In fact, we are told, they may cost, when fully manned, provisioned, gunned and equipped, in these days of inflated prices, about \$650,000,000. And there are many naval officers, according to the *Collier* writer, who say that "their value to the United States in time of war might be rising seven dollars."

These radicals think it is time to do some serious thinking before spending this \$650,000,000 for battleships. They think it might be a good idea to be sure we are right before going ahead. They hold that the next war will be conducted by commerce-killers so far as high-sea activities are concerned, and by commerce-killers they mean fast cruisers, battle cruisers, submarines and aircraft. The submarine, they say in effect, will be the major arm of the sea service in the next war. Submarines are being developed to keep the seas for three or four months at a time and with a cruising radius of 10,000 miles. Even more is promised of them. "If the United States and Great Britain were ever to go to war," said one officer to the writer in *Collier's*, "we would drive each other's ships off the open seas. Great Britain might do a little trade in heavily protected convoys in European waters, and the United States might be able to operate close to its own coasts. Nothing more."

If the United States were unfortunate enough to be drawn into another war, our battleship fleet, the radical officers say, would be immobilized by distance. So would the enemy fleet, no matter who that enemy might be. Neither could venture



Courtesy of the N. Y. Daily News.

THE RACE IN BATTLESHIP BUILDING

This comparative study of the three greatest navies shows what they are to-day and their rank three years from now, if building programs are carried out.

3,000 miles away from its home base to attack a home fleet. Vice Admiral Mark E. Kerr of the British navy recently made this frank statement to the British press: "The invading fleet would simply commit suicide by approaching near to a defended base, in view of modern submarines, mines, and coastal defenses. My estimate is that the invading fleet would be practically destroyed, and that perhaps one-twentieth of its force might come to see home waters again."

If, reason the enemies of great battleships, the only function of a superdreadnought fleet in time of war is to put all the rest of the navy to unusual pains to protect it, why bother with battleships at all? Why not build fast cruisers and submarines?

Japan, Corey records, is building four new battle cruisers which will be absolutely the last word in cruiser architecture. They will be 45,000 tons displacement and will mount ten 16-inch 50-caliber guns. Japan has stated that hereafter she will build one battle cruiser for each battleship. But "she is building the four cruisers and she has only named the four battleships." Meanwhile the six new battle cruisers we are building—they range from 6 to 15 per cent. finished construction—are to be 43,500 tons and will mount eight 16-inch 50-caliber guns. The important point of difference between our new cruisers and those of the Japanese is not merely that the Japanese will mount two more guns each, but that they will be two knots faster.

The American cruisers, Corey was told, "will do thirty-three knots. The Japanese are placing 200,000 horse-power under their decks. They should be able to get more than thirty-five knots out of these giants."

If this reasoning is correct, the United States navy of the future—our long coast line and our isolation being considered—should be based on battle cruisers, strongly supported by fast light cruisers and long-radius submarines. But it is at this point that the radicals begin to disagree. They are united in their scorn of the battleship, and they are convinced that the United States should have plenty of both cruisers and submarines.

The case for the cruiser has been indicated. As for the submarine, we are reminded that the U-boats sank about 6,200 ships of approximately 13,000,000 tons. Great Britain alone lost about sixty war vessels through submarine operations. Yet "the number of German submarines built did not exceed 360. There were never more than eleven on post at any one time. In the four years of the war about 190 German submarines were destroyed."

Of these, gunfire accounted for one hundred and twenty, destroyers and depth bombs for thirty-odd, submarine torpedoes for twenty, and mines for an equal number. A number of others were lost from unknown causes. Obviously the widely advertised depth bomb was efficient, but not to the extent commonly believed. Gunfire accounted for more than all the other causes combined.

Proof of submarine efficiency is seen in the fact that the fear of the undersea boat kept the British Grand Fleet penned up at Scapa Flow. The radicals say that this kept the British ships locked in, for they insist that the German captains of submarines were ordered early in the war never to attack a ship of war except when conditions were absolutely ideal from the German point of view. It was early learned that these boats are too fragile to be exposed to gunfire. There is no overt sneer in the suggestion that the British remained behind their defenses for this reason. No other course was possible. "It would have been criminal levity on the part of the British Admiralty to expose uselessly the great fleet on which the empire depended to keep the Germans bottled up in Kiel. But it seems to be a fact that not half a dozen times during the war did the British fleet venture into open waters except upon specific information that there was a chance of catching the Germans on the loose."

A disk phonograph attachment has been designed to enable persons to make their own records at home.

Official investigation and experiments in Spain have shown the soil of Andalusia to be adapted to cotton raising and that extensive swamps can be reclaimed and utilized.

WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE COAL THAT IS MINED?

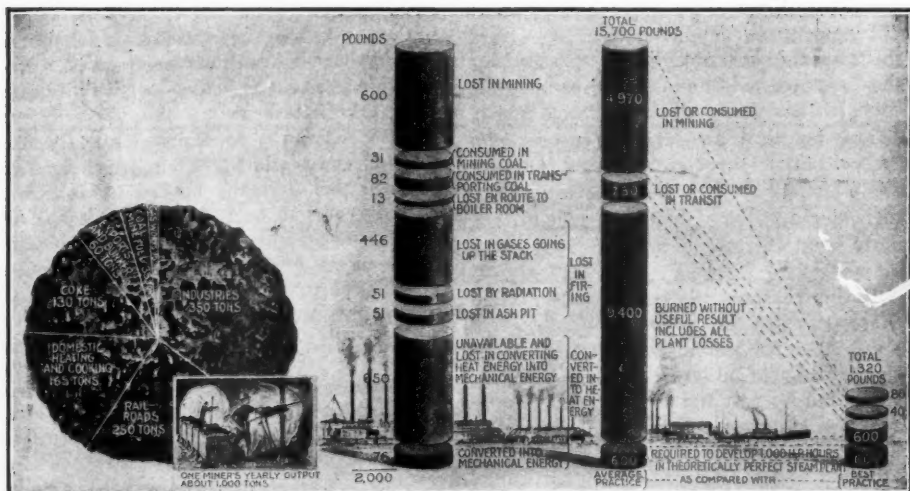
FEW of us realize just how our coal supplies are being used and to what extent they are being wasted. It is a serious question and one that should have the serious consideration of every large and small employer and of every householder.

At a recent meeting of an American steel institute, George Otis Smith, director of the U. S. Geological Survey, gave a lucid portrayal of the situation. In discussing the question of what becomes of our coal he produced a chart which a *Scientific American* artist has picturized at the left of the accompanying drawing, revealing the disposition of the individual miner's yearly output of about one thousand tons. The ball of coal shows the uses to which this amount of coal is put, including both anthracite and bituminous.

In the matter of losses in the use of coal there are some surprising features. In all, there are eight principal sources or causes of loss. The first column of this *Scientific American* chart represents them graphically. Under ordinary circumstances

of mining and firing, we read, out of every two thousand pounds of seam coal in place in the mine, only about seventy-six pounds are converted into mechanical energy—a most surprising fact. The other 1,924 pounds are either unavailable or are absorbed by the eight losses shown in the sections of the columns. This means a recovery, as proven, of only four per cent. of the resource, assuming steady operation. Allowing for further losses due to bad load factor, as is shown in the second column, the recovery, as proven, becomes perhaps one to two per cent.

In discussing the average and best practice in coal utilization, this authority produced another illuminating chart reproduced by the artist as the second column and third column, comparing the average present-day practice with what is considered the best practice. This diagram shows that to develop one thousand horsepower, a theoretically perfect steam engine and boiler would require about six hundred pounds of coal. Actually under ordinary practice we mine or destroy per-



Courtesy of the *Scientific American*.

THREE PHASES OF COAL CONSUMPTION

Showing, first, the disposition of the individual miner's yearly output; secondly, the eight principal sources or causes of loss; and thirdly, a comparison between average present-day practice and the ideal practice.

haps 15,700 pounds of coal in the seam in order to develop the six hundred pounds of energy. The best practice does the same work with about 1,320 pounds of coal.

In other words, the best practice uses

only a tenth or a twelfth as much as the average. The losses in average practice here shown are calculated as in the first column, except that in this case allowance is made for the additional loss due to bad load factor.

ALASKA IS DEVELOPING A BIG REINDEER INDUSTRY

MARKETING reindeer meat in the United States is one of the newest problems that has been put up to the Bureau of Markets, Department of Agriculture, for solution. Alaska has approximately 200,000 reindeer, a number that leaves a considerable surplus over what is needed for home consumption. Specialists estimate that Alaska is ready to market about five thousand carcasses at present. The fact that the herds have increased from ten thousand head in 1905 to the present number indicates how soon the marketing of reindeer meat will be in order.

Exports from Alaska of this meat are steadily increasing. Seven years ago only seventy-five carcasses were shipped, and last year sixteen hundred dressed reindeer carcasses were brought into the United States. In a Bureau of Markets bulletin we read that within the next fifteen years

there may be between four and five million reindeer, with an annual surplus of a million carcasses that must reach a market somewhere outside the Territory. At present prices, this surplus would be worth \$60,000,000.

It is reported that a company with headquarters at Nome has already established cold-storage plants for handling twelve thousand carcasses a year for shipment into the United States.

Distribution costs are high, we read, but production costs are low. At present it costs about \$140 a ton to transport reindeer meat from Nome to Minneapolis. The Eskimos own seventy per cent. of the herds, and the only item of production cost is that of herding the animals. Alaskan reindeer weigh about 150 pounds to the dressed carcass, but the average weight can be doubled by cross-breeding with the caribou, a larger and heavier animal.

50,000 JEWS FARM A MILLION ACRES IN THIS COUNTRY

IN so far as fifty thousand Jews are farming a million or more acres of land in this country, there is no reason, in the opinion of the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Society, as expressed in its annual report, why the number should not be increased to ten times as many within a few years. It is of more than passing interest to observe that there is an active and healthy "back-to-the-soil" movement taking place among the Jews in the United States.

Beginning two decades ago with a Jew-

ish farm population of about two hundred families, this movement has grown steadily until nearly every state in the Union has its quota of Jewish farmers. In bringing to pass this agricultural phenomenon, the Jewish Agricultural and Industrial Society has played an important part. Established in 1900 as a branch of the Baron Hirsch Fund, it has labored incessantly to develop and establish farming as a means of livelihood for Hebrews drawn from congested centers of population. The report for 1920 contains a mass of interesting

data relating to the various phases of farm life and valuable facts bearing on the economic, social and individual aspects of agriculture. Through its farm settlement bureau, the Society professes to obtain proper farms for proper families; to enlighten the prospective Jewish farm buyer as to "what farming actually embraces" and to dissuade the unfit and encourage the fit. Last year 1736 applicants registered for advice, guidance and aid, and farms were found for 171. To place these farmers necessitated the careful examination of 550 farms in ten different states in the East and Middle West. This department maintains a staff of Jewish agricultural experts, and these, by a system of itinerant instruction, bring to the farmer that scientific and practical information which to-day is necessary for success in farm life. During the year these experts made 1,300 visits in 64 communities, and held 135 demonstrations, meetings, field days and farmers' institutes—all of this in addition to the giving of advice to over 1,000 farmers who sought personal interviews. The

Extension Department publishes the only Yiddish agricultural magazine in the world, *The Jewish Farmer*, a magazine which reaches thousands of Jewish tillers of the soil in every part of the United States and Canada.

What is known as the Farm Labor Bureau, since its establishment fourteen years ago, has secured positions as farm hands for nearly 12,000 men. During the past year 1,030 men were placed. The Loan Department has granted over \$3,476,000 in loans, covering thirty-seven states. To aid the prospective farmer in the purchase and financing of a farm, to purchase equipment, erect and repair buildings, pay off mortgages or other debts is the service rendered by this department. The loans are made on substandard securities and the repayment is spread over a long term of years, no bonus, commission or renewal charges being exacted. The main office of the Society is at 174 Second Avenue, New York. It has branches in Chicago, Philadelphia and Ellenville, N. Y., with agencies in Cincinnati, Cleveland and Detroit.

CHANGING KRUPP FROM A WAR TO A PEACE FACTORY

ONE of the marvels of modern industry has been the transformation, since the armistice, of the great Krupp Works at Essen, Germany, from a war factory to a peace factory. On the Krupp pay roll in 1914 were 42,000 men and women and in 1918 the number had increased to 115,000, of whom a quarter were women and girls from all parts of Germany. Within a month after the armistice this great army of temporary workers had been dispersed with a month's wages and the staff reduced to pre-war proportions. In the succeeding months the essential parts of the war machinery were destroyed by the acid process, under the supervision of the Allied Commission, and the whole of this costly equipment was scrapped, later to be resmelted and worked up into locomotives, agricultural and textile machinery and motor vehicles.

Officials, writes a correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor* from Essen,

who had devoted themselves to the design of cannons, began a concentrated study of locomotives and other machinery. The firm had always produced certain heavy parts for locomotives. Now they equipped one of the largest of the Hindenburg shops for the mass production of two standard types of good engines for the government. Within a year the transformation was complete. This great shop, which in itself is a self-contained factory, now presents a wonderful spectacle of human and mechanical activity. It is divided into about 12 wide bays or aisles, so long that in the subdued light one can only just see to the end of them.

In the bays on one side the heavy castings go through various processes, and on the other side, amid the roar of hundreds of automatic machines, the smaller parts are finished. Gradually the various parts reach the vast assembling bay in the center. Here there are no fewer than 35

stands, and at the normal rate of production one complete locomotive can be finished every day. Two shops of this capacity would be sufficient for the ordinary engine-building program of the British railways, but Germany, having handed 5,000 engines to the Allies, has of course tremendous arrears to make up.

In other new shops, we read, intensive experimental work is being carried on in the design and production of textile and agricultural machinery, tractors and commercial motors. The aim of the firm is "so to cheapen production by standardized methods and organizing output on a huge

scale that it will be possible to cut out the American and British agricultural and textile machinery manufacturers from the Central European market."

One vast shop, where 80,000 shells were produced each day, has now been divided. In one-half is installed "the most perfect automatic electrical milling plant for locomotive wheels, tires, and similar products. The other is being fitted as a foundry which, for size and perfection of equipment, will have few if any rivals in the world." When it is finished the older foundries will be scrapped and the entire works turned to industrial purposes.

WHY NOT STANDARDIZE OUR PAPER MONEY?

RICHARD SPILLANE, writing in the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*, suggests that inasmuch as we are using some 20,000 different styles of national bank-notes in this country, the new Congress might make a very good start toward economy by "taking the multiplicity of styles out of the bank-note and thereby save a million or more a year by a process of elimination." There are 8,000 national banks in the United States and each of them is permitted, after deposit of a requisite amount of government bonds, to issue bank-notes. Under the law each bank thus issuing currency must have its name on its notes and they must be signed by the president or vice-president and the cashier of the bank. These notes, generally speaking, are of \$5, \$10, \$20, \$50 and \$100 denomination. Some banks have notes of all five varieties, the average being two and a half.

All paper money is printed by the Government through the Bureau of Engraving and Printing. For each national bank-note, as for every Federal Reserve note and every gold and silver certificate issued by the Government, a separate plate must be engraved and from this plate the note is printed. In the Treasury at Washington all these 20,000 or more engraved plates have to be stored; together with hundreds of millions of dollars in national bank-notes that are held "in stock."

In addition, when mutilated or badly worn bank-notes are sent in for redemption the Treasury people have to get out of stock new notes of that bank or they have to be printed. The cost of redemption alone is said to average \$500,000 a year. John G. Herndon, who has been in the Treasury Department many years, says "if we eliminated senseless styles in bank-notes and adopted uniform Federal currency it would save the engraving, storing and handling of many thousands of plates in the Bureau of Engraving and Printing; the printing and storing in the Treasury vaults of notes of every national bank in the country, and the assorting of the many thousands of different kinds of national bank-notes, first by districts, then by States, then by cities and towns in each State, and then by banks in those cities and towns when sent in for redemption. It would save the cost of the notes in the Treasury vaults of all national banks that fail, consolidate, or retire from business, as those notes are utterly worthless under the present system when a bank goes out of business. It would save the bank officials the enormous task of signing the present style of notes. It would be a check on counterfeiting, as six plates would take the place of the many thousands now in use, thus reducing in that proportion the number of possible imitations."



VOICES OF LIVING POETS

MISS AMY LOWELL asks, in the *N. Y. Evening Post Literary Review*, how does a writer catch the public ear or, more properly, eye? Having caught it herself with her polyphonic verse, it is interesting to hear Miss Lowell say that "poetry is never written for the general reader, as novels often are, because great masses of people have not and can never have the slightest comprehension of what poetry is." Because "poetry is a special way of observing life, just as love is a special way of feeling, tho it be a universal emotion, while poetry, following some obscure design, can only be experienced by a comparatively restricted section of any community." Miss Lowell has been charting the seas of poetry for some time and she is convinced that in this country, more than in any other, even the "genuine poetry readers have but a slight love and knowledge of the poetry in a poem," the so-called human appeal, the story element, being the delighting thing. Nevertheless she finds in the present poetic revival proof that a great many members of the younger generation are seeing things which their ancestors never saw. It has proved, as she says, that the American is a highly original animal if he can ever work himself up to the point of throwing off the standardized thinking imposed upon him by herd education; if he can once squash the fatal ideal to be just like everybody else. It is high time, she cries, for the young poets to take themselves seriously and to learn something about their art so that they may "practice it with the utmost freedom and originality and without making absurd blunders such as believing indecency to be a new thing in the world." It is high time, too, that magazine editors along with audiences should love and

know poetry sufficiently well to gain some measure of criticism and discrimination in regard to it, in order that they may at least learn the false from the true.

As a corollary to these observations, Padriac Colum complains, in *The Measure*, that in present-day America the idea of fame has been supplanted by the idea of publicity. One does not say, he speciously asserts, that such a poet, novelist, painter, sculptor or architect is famous—one says that he has publicity. And what is the difference between fame and publicity? Fame, we are reminded, is the recognition that comes to one; publicity is the recognition that is brought, delivered, shipped or dispatched to one. There is no analogy whatever, insists Mr. Colum, between the goods of commerce and the goods of culture. The goods of culture are for those who go to seek them and who go to seek them with love. The goods of commerce are for those on whom they can be planted. It is proper, he supposes, for an artist to draw attention to the goods of culture that he has produced. But it is not proper for him to externalize himself in order to attract attention. A drum, we have no doubt, makes for externalization. Poets, this writer would have us believe, should be read rather than be seen or heard in the flesh—too often.

Into this picture fits perfectly, in our vision, a new poet, David Morton, whose self-effacement, coupled with poetic ability, is a challenge and signal to many of the craft. Mr. Morton is primarily a sonnet maker, in so far as his best work is in the sonnet form. A danger to the writer of many sonnets is that he or she may be accused of mastering a trick. This is a more or less foolish accusation, but it persists. Now and then, however, a great sonnet writer appears and makes the

wiseacres guess again. Such a one is David Morton, who, despite such critics as complain that "he brings nothing new into an old and iterative world" has, in our opinion, achieved the distinction of being among the foremost living makers of sonnets and one who will rank with the past masters. CURRENT OPINION, in recent time, has printed much of his best work, such as Putnam's (New York) now publish in "Ships in Harbour." Here are four sonnets such as bestar the book:

NAPOLEON IN HADES

By DAVID MORTON

THEY stirred uneasily, drew close their capes,
And whispered each to each in awed surprise,
Seeing this figure brood along the shapes,
World tragedies thick-crowding through his eyes.
On either side the ghostly groups drew back
In huddled knots, yielding him way and room,
Their foolish mouths agape and fallen slack,
Their bloodless fingers pointing through the gloom.
Still lonely and magnificent in guilt,
Splendid in scorn, rapt in a cloudly dream,
He paused at last upon the Stygian silt,
And raised calm eyes above the angry stream.
Hand in his breast, he stood till Charon came,
While Hades hummed with gossip of his name.

THE HUNTED

By DAVID MORTON

THERE is no rest for them, even in Death:
As life had harried them from lair to lair,
Still with unquiet eyes and furtive breath,
They haunt the secret by-ways of the air.
They know Earth's outer regions like a street,
And on pale ships that make no port of call,
They pass in silence when they chance to meet,
Saying no names, telling no tales at all.
Yet, on November nights of wind and storm,
Shivered and driven from their ghostly shores,
They peer in lighted windows glowing warm,
And thrill again at dear, remembered doors—
But they are wary listeners in the night:
Speak but a name, and they are off in flight.

ONE DAY IN SUMMER

By DAVID MORTON

THIS singing Summertime has never done
With afternoons all gold and dust and fire,
And windy trees blown silver in the sun,
The lights of earth, her musics and desire;—
But day by day, and hour by lighted hour,
Something beyond the summer earth and sky,
Burns through this passion of a world in flower,—
Some ghostly sense of lovers thronging by.
And I have thought, upon this windy hill,
Where bends and sways the long, dream-troubled grass,
That I may know the heart-beats, tender still,
Of gone, forgotten lovers where they pass,—
Their love, too long for one brief life to hold,
Beating and burning through this dust and gold.

DAWN

By DAVID MORTON

THE thousand muffled noises of the dawn:
The drowsy stir of birds, surprized from sleep,
The faint applause of leaves above the lawn,
The bleat, far off, of closely-cabined sheep,—
Are like dim perfumes blowing down the stairs,
All sweetly prescient of the coming day,—
And less like sounds, than little tender airs
Gone softly shod and happily astray.

The later sleepers, where the garden lies,
Such heavy-lidded ladies as the rose,
Hear the soft tumult with a dim surprize,
There, where an early wind as roundsman goes,
To rouse each languid, over-sleepy head,
And shame them that they lie so long abed.

Here is a poem in the collected work of Mr. Flecker which is acclaimed by the pundits as "great." It certainly has an effective ending, tho we are inclined to question its "greatness":

GATES OF DAMASCUS

By JAMES ELROY FLECKER

OSPIRITUAL pilgrim rise: the night has grown her single horn:
The voices of the souls unborn are half adream with Paradise.

To Mecca thou hast turned in prayer with
aching heart and eyes that burn:
Ah, Hajji, whither wilt thou turn when thou
art there, when thou art there?

God be thy guide from camp to camp: God
be thy shade from well to well;
God grant beneath the desert stars thou hear
the Prophet's camel bell.

And God shall make thy body pure, and give
thee knowledge to endure
This ghost-life's piercing phantom-pain, and
bring thee out to Life again.

And God shall make thy soul a Glass where
eighteen thousand Aeons pass,
And thou shalt see the gleaming Worlds as
men see dew upon the grass.

And son of Islam, it may be that thou shalt
learn at journey's end
Who walks thy garden eve on eve, and bows
his head, and calls thee Friend.

Now and then an especially fine piece
of verse creeps into *Contemporary Verse*
(Philadelphia) and we reprint this as an
illustration:

CONFESSION

By HERVEY ALLEN

I THINK, by God! It is no lie;
I shall go dreaming till I die!
There is no love so real to me
As the cold passion of the sea.
There is no little, wind-swept town
By harbors where the roads go down,
Or headlands gray that sits and sips
The cup of ocean at its lips,
And gazes at the far-off ships—
Or tree or house or friend so real
As visions and the dreams I feel.

No—not the windy, vaultless arch
Where all the white stars flame and march,
Nor water at the river fords
Like horses mad among the swords,
Or oaks that lean from winter storms;
These only give my vision forms.

Away, white hands, I will not take!
And kissing mouths that cry, "Awake!"
For you I have no gramercy;
So leave me by my lotus tree,
To dream and gaze into the sky
Where red suns wither up and die,
I know! I know! I do not lie!
I must go dreaming till I die.

Authenticity of conception and felicity
of expression are distinguishing features
of Mr. Dresbach's third book, "Morning,
Noon and Night" (Four Seas Company,
Boston). It contains some of the happiest
lyrics we have seen between book covers
in some time, and we would quote even
more than this trio if space permitted:

WHILE THE APPLEBLOSSOMS FALL

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

I MADE my Love a moon-song
Just a year ago,
And hand in hand we wandered
Where the stars were low . . .

I made my Love a moon-song,
A wistful silver tune,
And then her heart danced to it;
And then she whispered soon,
"Now I have your moon-song—
And I want the moon!"

I led her to a near pool . . .
The moon was in it, too!
I grasped the moon in water—
The water trickled through
My fingers—and I held out
My hand as beggars do!

CHAINS

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

WHY did you not hold me with chains
Of steel all dull and cold
That I might strain against their strength
As long as they could hold?

That I might see the links sink in
My flesh and make blood flow,
While I could hope to break my chains
And hurl them down and go!

But in these chains you hold me with
Only my Spirit frets—
For who could use brute force to break
A chain of violets!

APPOINTMENTS

By GLENN WARD DRESBACH

I CANNOT dine with you to-day
And hear how all your wealth does good,
I have an appointment with a thrush
That sings in a istant wood.

I cannot dance with you to-night
And hear your voice above each tune—
I have an appointment with a wind
That sings to greet the moon.

Arthur Chapman is doing in verse what Alfred Henry Lewis has done famously in prose for the Great Southwest. In his new volume, "Cactus Center" (Houghton Mifflin) is no single poem to compare with Mr. Chapman's scrapbook favorite, "Out Where the West Begins," but the tang and flavor of the new book may be sampled in these two selections:

DISCIPLINE IN CACTUS CENTER

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

WE welcome folks in Cactus if they've got
an honest lay;
If their game ain't too durn crooked, we
never stop the play;
But a get-rich-quicker blew in, with a game
we didn't like,
So we didn't waste the minutes in invitin'
him to hike.

He advertised extensive in the paper 'way
down East
That he run a school for cowboys, and there
weren't no bronco beast
That his graduates was 'feared of, and a
feller was a fool
If he couldn't learn rough ridin' in this cor-
respondence school.

When Bear Hawkins heard about it, and
about the tons of mail
The feller was receivin', his brown face near
turned pale;
And he says: "Boys, now jest tell me, am I
dreamin' or awake,
That our town of Cactus Center stands for
any such raw fake?"

So we gathered on the quiet, and we yanked
the feller out,
And we made him ride our bronchos, till
he'd qualified past doubt
Fer the title of Perfesser, which we give him
then and there,
And we left him filled with needles from
the festive prickly pear.

THE DEBATE IN CACTUS CENTER

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

DOWN in Poker Bill's old 'dobe, we was
talkin', gent to gent,
On the subject of employment for our next
ex-president;
We was sure that writin' stories wouldn't
suit no such as he,
And at last on punchin' cattle we was ready
to agree.

"The cow biz," says Bear Hawkins, "shore
will test a feller's worth;
It's the noblest occupation on this good old
Mother Earth;
And it's good enough for presidents, and it's
good enough for kings,
And I'm here to back my say-so with the
gun or knife, by jings!"

But while we all applauded, Loco Jackson,
near the door,
Sez: "I see that I'm outnumbered, but I've
gotter have my roar;
When it comes to occupations that ex-presi-
dents should foller
The game of herdin' woollies skins the cow-
boy game all holler!"
Well, we set there quite dumbfounded while
the snoozer had his say,
And he'd slid out in a minit, and had made
his getaway;
And it discomposed the talkers, did the
sheepman's jarring note,
So the dee-bate's still unsettled—fer we clean
fergot to vote!

Under the general title, *Repetitions*,
Miss Hall has written, in *Poetry* (Chi-
cago), a series of striking poems, three
of which we quote as an example of the
poetic virtue of needlework:

TWO SEWING

BY HAZEL HALL

THE wind is sewing with needles of rain;
With shining needles of rain
It stitches into the thin
Cloth of earth—in,
In, in, in.
(Oh, the wind has often sewed with me!—
One, two, three.)

Spring must have fine things
To wear, like other springs.
Of silken green the grass must be
Embroidered. (One and two and three.)
Then every crocus must be made
So subtly as to seem afraid
Of lifting color from the ground.
And after crocuses the round
Heads of tulips, and all the fair
Intricate garb that Spring will wear
The wind must sew with needles of rain,
With shining needles of rain
Stitching into the thin
Cloth of earth—in,
In, in, in—
For all the springs of futurity.
(One, two, three.)

INSTRUCTION

BY HAZEL HALL

MY hands that guide a needle
In their turn are led
Relentlessly and deftly,
As a needle leads a thread.

Other hands are teaching
My needle; when I sew
I feel the cool, thin fingers
Of hands I do not know.

They urge my needle onward,
They smooth my seams, until
The worry of my stitches
Smothers in their skill.

All the tired women,
Who sewed their lives away,
Speak in my deft fingers
As I sew to-day.

A SONG FOR SEWING

BY HAZEL HALL

A FIBER of rain on a window-pane
Talked to a stitching thread:
*In the heaviest weather I hold together
The weight of a cloud!*

To the fiber of rain on a window-pane
The talkative stitches said:
*I hold together with the weight of a feather
The heaviest shroud!*

When the editor of *The Atlantic* nods
a poem like this creeps into its pages:

HOME-BOUND

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

THE moon is a wavering rim where one
fish slips,
The water makes a quietness of sound;
Night is an anchoring of many ships
Home-bound.

There are strange tunnelers in the dark, and
whirls

Of wings that die, and hairy spiders spin
The silence into nets, and tenants
Move softly in.

I step on shadows riding through the grass,
And feel the night lean cool against my
face;
And challenged by the sentinel of space,
I pass.

Lissauer's German song of hate finds a
resonant echo in these timely verses for
which we are indebted to the *New York
Times*:

A DRINKING SONG

BY ROSELLE MERCIER MONTGOMERY

GERMANY, lift up the chalice—drink the
bitter potion down!
And, while drinking it, remember that its
brewing was your own!

Blood and iron—so you brewed it—flavored
it with blood and sweat—
Tho you brewed it for another, your own
lips shall drain it yet!

Quaff the cup of reparation to its dregs—ay!
do not shrink!
Drink your years of preparation—to your
dream of empire drink!

Drink the flower of earth's young manhood,
lying low within the grave,
While above them blow the blossoms of the
lands they died to save!

Drink the ruined towns and cities, tortured
towers, shattered shrines,
Silent bells of old cathedrals, wasted forests,
flooded mines!

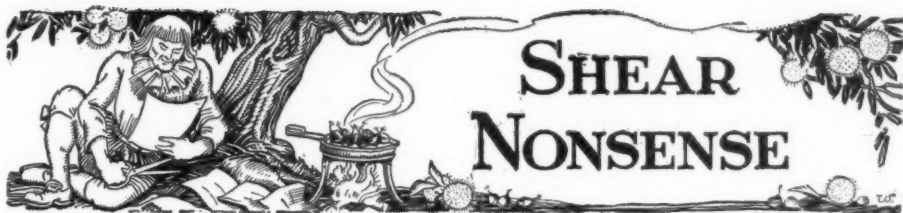
Drink the martyred babes and mothers, pris-
oned priests and ravished nuns,
Whose one crime was to be living in the
pathway of the Huns!

Toast the little maiden mothers—drink the
dead beneath the sea!
And the stately ships that bore them, sunk
in shameless perfidy!

"Ah!" you say, "it is too bitter"—and you
turn your head away!
Bitter?—Ay! but so you brewed it, when
'twas lifted to "The Day"!

Drink your cup of reparation—drink, now,
to another day!
Night has passed, with all the horrors that
you dreamed—come, wake and pay!

In the April *CURRENT OPINION* we
quoted two admirable poems from Alice
Corbin's new book, "Red Earth" (Ralph
Fletcher Seymour, Chicago), and inad-
vertently stated that most of the poems
were based on literal translations of In-
dian folk-songs made by Frances Dens-
more. Only one small group of poems
in the book is based on translations, the
others being entirely original work.



A Bachelor Girl's Reflection

"No man," says Helen Rowland, "has lost his beautiful faith in human nature, so long as he can look in the mirror, when his face is covered with shaving lather and his top hair sticking up in tufts, and still believe that some woman loves him for himself alone."

Backbiters

"Don't you detest people who talk behind your back?"

"Yes, especially in a theater."—Saskatoon (Can.) *Phoenix*.

R. S. V. P.

Here is a true story from a girls' school in the English Midlands: A "general knowledge" lesson was in progress. "Can anyone," demanded the teacher, "tell me the meaning of the letters R. S. V. P.?" There rose the daughter of wealthy parents, whose receptions drew all the local society. "Rush in, Shake, and Vanish Pleasantly," she replied.—London *Morning Post*.

A Timely Hint

A restaurant in Butler, Mo., displays this sign:

"Don't divorce your wife because she can't cook. Eat here and keep her for a pet."—*Life*.

At the Opera

Willy—"I wonder if sleeping sickness is as dangerous as they say."

Nilly (dryly)—"You ought to know; you've had it at the opera all winter."—*Musical Courier*.

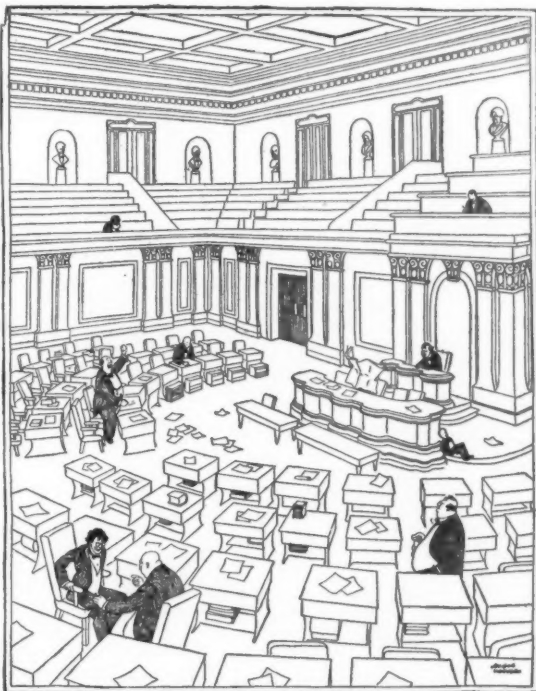
"Send this Guy the Bug-Letter"

In his recently published "Life and Letters" (Doran), J. C. Squire, editor of the London *Mercury*, tells a story of a traveler on an American sleeping-car who had written a complaint to headquarters about the presence of vermin in his berth. "He received back from the administrative head a

letter of immense effusiveness. Never before had such a complaint been lodged against this scrupulously careful line, and the management would have suffered any loss rather than cause annoyance to so distinguished a citizen as, etc., etc. He was very delighted with this abject apology. But as he was throwing away the envelope there fell out a slip of paper which had, apparently, been enclosed by mistake. On it was a memorandum: 'Send this guy the bug-letter.'"

A German Wooing

In the Autobiography of Andrew Carnegie we find an account of William Kloman, a German business man in the Carnegie em-



PREPARING FOR THE MILLENNIUM

Voice in the Wilderness—"How can we prevent another great war? Why, Gentlemen of the Senate, only in the same way in which all the great wars of history have been prevented—by being thoroughly prepared!"—Ellison Hoover in *Judge*.

ployment who rose to an income of about \$50,000 a year. He had gone to Germany to visit a former schoolfellow, and on his return he wished to tell Mr. Carnegie something "particular." His story was as follows:

"Well, Mr. Carnegie, his sister who kept his house was very kind to me, and ven I got to Hamburg I tought I sent her yust a little present. She write me a letter, then I write her a letter. She write me and I write her, and den I ask her would she marry me. She was very educated, but she write yes. Den I ask her to come to New York, and I meet here dere, but, Mr. Carnegie, dem people don't know noting about business and de mills. Her bruder write me dey want me to go dere again and marry her in Chairmany, and I can go away not again from de mills. I tought I yust ask you about it."

"Of course you can go again. Quite right, William, you should go. I think the better of her people for feeling so. You go over at once and bring her home. I'll arrange it." Then, when parting, I said: "William, I suppose your sweetheart is a beautiful, tall, 'peaches-and-cream' kind of German young lady?"

"Vell, Mr. Carnegie, she is a leetle stout.

If I had the rolling of her I give her yust one more pass."

An Old-Fashioned Girl

Anna—"Miss Prue is a very proper young lady."

Grace—"Very much so! She wouldn't accompany a young man on the piano without a chaperon."—*Houston Post*.

Troubles of a "Public Footwiper"

Palmer W. Johnson, ex-mayor of Marion, South Carolina, is the editor of a *Star* in which he has been telling his townsmen, who turned him out of office after six years' service, that altho republics may be ungrateful, ex-mayors are not. He wants them to know that he is happy to quit his job as "public footwiper," and summarizes his term in office as follows:

We have settled land disputes, family disputes, dog disputes, and some unfair accounts.

We have been insulted, disgusted, spat upon, and imposed upon.

We have locked up culprits for wrong-doing, and then envied them their place of limbo.

We have been blamed for stopped sewers, blocked streets, heavenly showers, poor telephone service, and the present price of cotton.

We have been cursed for cutting down trees, and threatened with death for allowing other trees to stand.

We have been blacklisted for the bum work of one policeman, and ostracized for the sterling work of another.

We have been called a liar until we almost believe it.

We have become widely known as a grand rascal, an arch criminal, a desperado, a policy player, and a bigoted fool.

We have been accused of attempting to give the Presbyterian Church title to the Town Hall.

They cursed our name when mosquito time came.

• They yelled at us when the ditches ran over after having been filled to capacity by the good Lord.

They blamed us for the many peculiarities of their neighbors' chickens, dog, man-servant, maid-servant and mule.



THE HOLE IN THE UMBRELLA

"Why, Max, what is that big hole doing in your umbrella?"
Max—"The boy next door cut it out for me so I could see when the rain stops."—*Fliegende Blätter* (Munich).



BOOKS IN BRIEF



The Truth About the Treaty, by André Tardieu (Bobbs Merrill), is the work of one of the French participants in the Paris peace conference. M. Tardieu not only played a foremost rôle in the making of peace; he was, Colonel House tells us in a foreword, "the one really indispensable man at the conference." This book might not inaccurately be termed "The Truth About the Treaty from Clemenceau's Point of View." It carries an introduction by the former French Premier, and interprets his attitude toward peace problems in the most favorable light. M. Tardieu shows that the French reaction against the treaty has been almost as intense as the American, but for different reasons. The vital French objections to the treaty have lain in the vagueness in which the question of reparations was left and in the failure of the French peace commissioners to secure the Rhine barrier which Foch advocated and which Clemenceau at first supported. Of the book as a whole a critic who signs himself "Eye-Witness" in the *Chicago Tribune* declares: "It is at once one of the saddest and one of the most curious of post-war books—a strange, heartachening recital of evasions and maladroitness, of fear in the heart of the victor for the vanquished, of secrets and of deviousness, of radiant dreams and of barterings that would have shamed the skill of an old clo' man; of bravado and of bluff; of a structure that was to be grand, everlasting, and ameliorating, and of a constructure that was spongy with deceit and self-interest, and finally of something done, something gained."

The Life of Whitelaw Reid, by Royal Cortissoz (Scribner), covers a public career that stretched from the time of Lincoln's first presidential aspirations until beyond Roosevelt's last term. Mr. Reid once defined his philosophy of personal progress in the following terms: "On the whole, that success gives most comfort while you are winning it and counts for most in the end which is made in the line of one's natural tendencies and which, not making haste to get on too rapidly, builds all the firmer the foundations of the superstructure to follow." His own career was an

illustration of this saying. From the *Xenia* (Ohio) *News* he passed to the *Cincinnati Gazette*, for which he wrote dispatches during the Civil War. In 1868 he became a leading editorial writer for the *N. Y. Tribune*, in the following year he was made managing editor, and in 1872, upon the death of Horace Greeley, he became the principal proprietor and editor-in-chief. Mr. Reid's activities as a journalist were finally merged in those of a diplomatist and ambassador. In all he did his Republicanism was his guiding star. His significance, for Charles Willis Thompson, of the *N. Y. Times*, lies in the fact that he was the last survivor of a school of editors who were party leaders rather than news-gatherers.

Things That Have Interested Me, by Arnold Bennett (Doran), contains 120 titles and treats of subjects as different as operatic performances, women at war-work, the Russian revolution, Balzac's technique, the prize-fight between Carpentier and Beckett, and Paris flats. We learn from this book that Bennett lived for five years in France. On returning to England he made the remark: "I prefer to live in England and regret France than to live in France and regret England. I think the permanent exile is a pathetic figure. I suppose I have a grim passion for England. But I know why France is the darling of the nations." The total impression left by the book on a writer in the *New York Herald* is that Bennett, even more than Wells, is a Cockney product. "We prefer Bennett," the *Herald* writer says, "since he is entirely free from speculation about the universe."

Jake, by Eunice Tietjens (Boni and Live-right), is the story of a failure. We get the impression that a man of Jake's type would have failed under any conceivable conditions, but in Mrs. Tietjens' novel the failure is made even more inevitable than it would otherwise have been by the strife of a wife and a mother. Jake earned his living as a newspaper artist in Chicago, but he never earned enough and his drawing lacked distinction. He had a weak body and "a straw for a will." His charm could not save him. There is something terrific in Mrs.

Tietjens' account of how two women fought against one another for possession of this derelict. "In this day of reversed sexes," says the *New York Sun*, "it might not be too far-fetched to call Jake a masculine counterpart of Ophelia or Lucy of Lammermoor. He wilts like an old-time heroine under the brutalities of the sterner sex, new style." The story is highly praised by Henry B. Fuller in the *Chicago Post*.

Blind Mice, by C. Kay Scott (Doran), is another tale of "the sterner sex, new style," and of man submerged by quarreling women. If in "Jake" the sinister figure is a mother, in "Blind Mice" the feminine schemer is a mother-in-law. Harry Hansen, in the *Chicago News*, calls her "a bungalow Borgia." He says that after reading this story he was seized by an impulse to seize a bread knife and dash out into the outer world in search of "one of the most pestiferous creatures that have ever blackened the pages of romance"—the neurotic Mrs. Merwent, mother of Lucy, the wife of John Winter, fictive resident in Chicago suburbs. "Never before," he continues, "has an author taken the jimmies and false pass-keys and sticks of nitro-

glycerin of the matrimonial burglar and used them with such tremendous advantage not only against the characters that he has limned on this unprotesting paper, but against those of us who have no recourse but to read on to the end."

The Narrow House, by Evelyn Scott (Boni and Liveright), is realism grim and unadorned. Mrs. Scott's effort is to show us the life of an American family motivated not by pure love but by the converse spirit which Blake saw in love—"love seeketh only self to please." Family life at its worst, she intimates, is a monster fed on pain. This book is hailed by Sinclair Lewis as the work of a true artist and appeals to a critic in the *Boston Transcript* as powerful, if brutal. "It requires," says the *Transcript* writer, "a very minute power of observation and a truthful and unsentimental soul to do what Mrs. Scott has done. She is as ruthless as a scientist, and we experience some of the sickening horror which we should expect to feel in watching the dissection of a living animal when we read this story." Mrs. Scott is the wife of C. Kay Scott, and like her husband revels in gloom.

GRIT, THE TALE OF A JUNK-MAN

(Continued from page 774)

THERE came another afternoon, another evening, another year and still another; but this narrative covers merely a part of two days—Great Taylor's first and last as a junk-woman. The latter came nearly ten years after the burial of Grit. For almost a decade Nell followed in his grimy footprints and the polyglot people of the lower East side, looking down from their windows as she passed through the congested streets pushing steadily with head bent, thought of her either as an infinitesimal molecule at the bottom of the mass where the light of idealism seldom penetrates or else as a female Colossus striding from end to end of the Devil's Own city only ankle deep in the debris from which she wrested an existence. But to Great Taylor it seemed not to matter what people thought. She sang her song through the cavernous streets, the only song she knew: "Rags, old iron, bottles and ra-ags." She pounded with a huge, determined fist on alley gates, she learned expertly to thread the traffic and to laugh at the teamsters, their oaths, their curses. "They ain't so bad." And, finally, bickering and bargaining with men of all classes, she came to wonder why

people called this the Devil's Own city. In all those years of toil she did not once see him in the eyes of men. But there came the day when she said, "I'm done."

On this day Great Taylor lifted the end of a huge kitchen range against two struggling members of the other sex. A pain shot through her breast, but she carried her part of the dead weight, saying nothing, and, at high noon, pushed her jingling, jangling cart through streets sharply outlined with sunlight and shadow to a dilapidated brick warehouse that, long since, had taken the place of Grit's junk-yard.

There, in the interior gloom of the shabby old building, could be seen piles of broken, twisted and rusty things—twisted iron rods, broken cam-shafts, cog wheels with missing teeth, springs that had lost their elasticity—a miniature mountain of scrap-iron, each piece of which at some time had been a part of some smoothly working machine. In another pile were discarded household utensils—old pots and pans and burnt-out kettles, old stoves through the linings of which the flames had eaten and the rust had gnawed. There were other hillocks and

mountains with shadowy valleys between—a mountain of waste paper, partly baled, partly stuffed into bursting bags of burlap, partly loose and scattered over the grimy floor; a hill of rags, all colors fading into somber shadows. . . . And in the midst of these mountains and valleys of junk sat Great Taylor upon her dilapidated throne.

She drooped there over an old coverless book, spelling out the words and trying to forget the pain that was no longer confined to her breast. From shoulder to hip molten slag pulsed slowly through her veins and great drops of sweat moved from her temples and made white bottomed rivulets among the smudges of her cheeks. "I'm done," she mumbled, closing Grit's book. "I got a right to quit. I got a right to be idle like other people. . . ."

Raising her head she appraised the piles that surrounded her. "All this stuff!" It had to be disposed of. She lifted herself from the creaking chair and, finding a pot of black paint and a board, labored over this latter for a time. "I could get rid of it in a week," she mused. But she was done—done for good. "I ain't going to lay a hand on the cart again!" She studied the sign she had painted, and spelled out the crooked letters: "MAN WAnTeD." It would take a man a month, maybe more, she reckoned, adding: "Grit could done it in no time." She moved to the arched door of the warehouse and hung the sign outside in the sunlight against an iron shutter and for a moment stood there blinking. Despite the sunlight and warmth she was trembling, the familiar noises were a babel to her ears, the peddlers with their carts piled high with fruits and vegetables and colorful merchandise seemed like strangers, the glossy-haired women with baskets seemed to be passing backward out of her life and the street was suddenly an alien land. "What's the matter with me?" she asked herself.

Returning to the interior gloom of the warehouse, she looked down upon the old junk-cart. The string of bells was the only part of it that had not been renewed twice, thrice, a number of times since Grit had left it standing on the vacant lot. "Guess I'll save the bells," she decided. The rest she would destroy. Nobody else was going to use it—nobody. She cast about for an adequate instrument of destruction, an axe or sledge, and remembering a piece of furnace grate upon the further pile of junk, made her way slowly into the deepening shadows.

There, at the foot of the rusty mountain of scrap-iron Great Taylor stood irresolute,

straining her eyes to pierce the gloom. She had not seen any one enter; and yet, standing beyond the pile with white hands stabbing the bottom of his pockets, was a man. She could not remember having seen him before, and yet he was vaguely familiar. One eye looked at her steadily from beneath a drooping lid, the other blinked like the shutter of a camera and seemed to take intimate photographs of all parts of her grimy person. His sleek hair was curled over his temples with ends pointing up, and she caught, or imagined, the fragrance of pomade.

"What do you want?" she breathed, allowing the heavy piece of iron to sink slowly to her side.

"Sit down," said the man. "Let's talk things over."

GREAT TAYLOR sank into a broken arm-chair, her huge calloused hands rested in her lap, wrists crossed, palms turned upward, fingers stiffly curled. "I know who you are," she mumbled, leaning forward and peering at him through the half-light. "What do you want?"

"You hung out a sign. . . ."

"You ain't the man I expected."

"No?" He rocked up on his toes and made a gesture that indicated the piles of junk. "You're done."

"I'm done," assented Great Taylor. "I ain't going to lay a hand on the cart again. Ten years. . . ."

"Uhm. You have a right to the things that other women have. But. . . ." He glanced around the dingy warehouse. "Is this all you have for your ten years?"

Great Taylor made no reply.

"It isn't much," said the man.

"It's something," said Great Taylor.

"Not enough to live on."

"Not enough to live on," she echoed. "But I can't go on working. I can't go on alone. The cart's too heavy to push alone. I'm done." She drooped there.

"I think we can arrange something." For a moment the man was silent, his queer eyes moving over her body. "I had something in mind when I entered—something aside from junk. I could make a place for you. I'll do better than that. With this rubbish you buy a half share in one of my places and sit all day with your hands folded. You can make more in a week than you ever made in a year. . . ." His voice flowed smoothly on until Great Taylor raised her head.

"I didn't come ten years ago."

The man laughed. "Who cares how you make your money? Do you know what peo-

ple say when they hear you calling through the streets? They say, 'It's nothing, its only Great Taylor.' And do you know what they think when they look down upon you and your junk-cart? They think of you just as you used to think of Grit. . . ."

SHE staggered to her feet. "You leave Grit out of it." For ten years a sentence had been pulsing through her mind. "Get out!" she cried, "*Grit warn't dirty underneath!*" The pain in her breast choked her and stopped her short as she moved threateningly toward him. The piece of iron fell heavily to the floor.

"Who sees underneath?" came the voice of the man.

"Grit," she moaned, "Grit sees underneath." And she hurled her tortured body forward, striking at him with her fists. She fell upon the pile of scrap-iron. Each heave of her breast was a sob. She struggled to her feet and glared around her. But the man was not there.

Moaning, she sank into the armchair. "What's the matter with me? There warn't nobody here? *He* warn't here. No man could stay the same for ten years." The piles of junk seemed slowly to revolve around her. "What's the matter with me?" she asked again. "Ain't I got a right? . . ."

"Of course you have a right to the things you want." From the top of the hill of rags came his voice. It brought Great Taylor to her feet, sobbing. But the pain in her side, more fearful than ever, held her motionless.

"Wash away the ugly grime of toil," said the voice. "You're less than forty. You're a woman. You can have the things that other women have."

"I got more than some women," she cried. "I'm clean—I'm clean underneath." She stumbled toward him but again sank to the floor. She tried to spring up. Her will sprang up, for her spirit at last was splendid even if her body was weak. It dragged her up from the floor. And now she could see him all around her—on top of the hill of rags, on top of the mountain of iron, amid the bursting bags of waste paper—blinking down as he sat enthroned upon the debris—the twisted, broken, discarded things of the city that people call the Devil's Own. "These are mine!" he called. "And you belong to the debris. You are one of the broken, useless things." From all points he moved toward her. She could no longer fight him off. There was no escape. "Grit," she cried, "Grit, you can stop him. You . . . you was a stone wall. . . ."

Stumbling back, her hand struck a familiar object. There was a tinkle of bells. She wheeled around, and there in the shadows of the dilapidated old warehouse someone was drooping over the handle of the junk-cart—a collarless man with baggy breeches, and a nose that leaned toward the smudges and hollows of his cheek. He was striving to move the cart. "Not alone," cried Great Taylor. "You can't do it alone! But we can do it together!" She took hold of the handle. The thing moved. "Easy as a baby carriage," she laughed. "We should always done it together. . . ."

Out of the gloom, through the arched doorway, into the sunlight moved the cart with its jingling, jangling bells. Glossy-haired women with their baskets made way for it and the cart bumped down over the curb. Teamsters drew aside their heavy-hoofed horses. Peddlars rolled their push-carts back to the curb.

"The street opens when we work together," laughed Great Taylor.

"Who is she talking to?" asked the people.

"Talking to herself," the ignorant replied.

"And why is she looking up like that?"

"Looking for junk."

"And why does she laugh?" they asked.

"Who knows? Who knows? Perhaps she's happy."

A song burst from her throat: "Rags," she sang, "old iron . . . bottles and ra-ags . . ."

People inside their houses heard her song and the bells of her cart. "It's nothing," they laughed, "it's only Great Taylor." A woman came to a window and waved an object that glinted in the sunlight. "How much?" she called down. But Great Taylor seemed not to hear. A child ran out with a bundle in her arms. "Rags," called the child, then stepped back out of the way, wondering. Great Taylor was passing on. An elevated train sent down a cataract of noise, but her song rose above it: "Rags . . . old iron . . ." And when she reached the avenue a policeman with a yellow emblematic wheel embroidered on his sleeve, held up his hand and stopped the traffic of the Devil's Own city to let Great Taylor pass.

AND so, like a female Colossus, she strode slowly across the city, her head tilted, her eyes looking up from the cavernous streets—up beyond the lofty roofs of houses, her voice becoming fainter and fainter: "Rags . . . old iron . . . bottles and ra-ags . . ." until the God of those who fall fighting in the battle of life, reached down and, drawing the sword, threw away the scabbard.

THE ELECTRIC DONKEY ENTERS THE GREAT WOODS

"TIMBER!" comes the long shout of the saw men as they back to safety from the base of a 400-foot fir, leaving their long cross-cut saw on the stump. A giant of the forest falls smashing its way through smaller trees to the ground, its six to seven hundred years of growing life ended. A tree that is to be turned into a dozen complete houses somewhere is ready to be stripped and "bucked" into forty-foot lengths. Then electricity, the new worker in the forest, takes over the job. From this moment until the tree emerges from the mills as flooring, trim, shingles and other finished forms, electricity does all the work.

Altho, writes E. W. Davidson, for the *Foreign Press Service*, lumber mills in this country have long been operated throughout by electricity, in the forests slow oxen and wasteful, dangerous steam donkeys still persist. Only in the past two years has electricity been replacing them in the great woods of the northwestern states. The successive stages of the work are interesting. The ax and saw crews advancing beyond the end of the logging railroad "fall" great trees with precision. Behind them, at railhead, the "yarding" and loading outfits are busy dragging in the logs. The first thing they do after their bunk cars, clean and electrically lighted, reach the camp site and have been hoisted off the springs and put on a solid base, is to establish their electric "yarding" and loading engines. These are at the foot of the spar tree, whose top has been chopped off at 250 feet by a skilled axeman on climbing spurs and a life-line like a window-washer's.

An inch-and-a-half steel cable from the drum of the yarding engine runs up over a wheel at the top of the tree, slanting out across the logging area one thousand yards or even more. This is the "high lead" system of dragging in logs. The "choker" end of the cable is looped around one end of a log, the 225 horse-power motor at the base of the spar tree begins to purr, and across the cutting area comes the 35-ton

log, smashing anything in its way until it reaches the tree, up-ended. The motor lets it down into a pile and, reversing, pulls the "choker" back across the cutting, by a small pull-back cable running through a wheel anchored at the distant point.

If the irresistible force that carries the immense log across the cutting strikes the well known immovable body, when a steam engine is doing the pulling, one of two things happens: the inch-and-a-half cable snaps or the donkey outfit starts climbing the spar tree. With an electric donkey doing the "yarding," an automatic cutout breaks the current when the pull reaches a certain pre-determined overload, say 400 horse-power, and the situation is relieved. Dragging the logs and dumping them in a pile is only one service of electric motors. On the other end of the pair of 60-foot logs which form the immense sledge base for the yarder is a pair of 75-horse-power motors doing the loading which the old steam donkey used to do. They also work cables operating through wheels high on the spar trees. Their grapple hooks pick any log in the yarder's pile, and drag it out to be loaded on a waiting train headed for the mill where other electric motors take it in hand.

The first venture of electricity into one of these logging operations was made for the Snoqualmie Falls Lumber Company in the State of Washington in 1918. Its outfit was built by the General Electric Company and the Willamette Iron Works. During its first few months, that pioneer outfit dragged in and loaded an average of 71,000 feet a day. Few steam donkeys can average better. And the cost was computed by the lumber company to be 52 cents per thousand feet cheaper than steam. The next year the same outfit with additional transformer capacity logged off an average of 77,000 feet and the worst skeptic in the woods of Washington was won over.

This electric yarder and loader has shown the lumbering industry that timber can be got out of the woods at a speed

that would have made the old-timers gasp. The first outfit ran the yarder main-line at 300 feet per minute and this has been raised to 450 feet. "But other conditions have come about which make it seem necessary to far exceed this," R. E. Gray, an engineer for the lumber company, recently told the Pacific Logging Congress. Nobody knows to-day how fast the electric outfits may soon be snatching in great logs. Already it is a puzzle to know how to keep the average gang of tree-fallers far enough ahead of the yarding outfit.

There is no great difficulty about moving on from setting to setting on a log railroad, with a power line hung from tree to tree following it anywhere to supply current. This line is from the generating plant in the sawmill, a few miles back, which takes the timber the outfit logs off. The power for this first outfit is 13,200 volts, stepped down at the yarder to 550 volts by transformers on big log sledges which are dragged along with comparative ease and which go wherever the outfit goes.

YAP, MAP AND EPP

AN American reporter has been visiting Yap, the Pacific island that figures in our dispute with Japan. This is what he finds:

When the last typhoon leveled the cocoanut palms on Yap, the islanders' supply of winter clothes was destroyed, this reporter begins. "They do not need much," he goes on to say, "but what little they wear is home-made from the fiber of the palm."

Missionaries have not come to Yap. The natives bathe and are healthy. They do not litter the tropical landscape with blue Mother Hubbards or cotton breeches. The stranger who strays a hundred yards from the little pier meets one of the leading local dames arrayed in her town gown, consisting of a necklace of beads and a skirt of palm leaf. The town skirts reach to the ground, giving the wearer the appearance of a dusky mermaid emerging from a straw stack of variegated yellow, red and brown. In the country, or home, knee-lengths or shorter, in natural colors, are favored.

The garments of the men are more gorgeous, tho they cover less area. The Yap man's thick hair is tied into an Ibx-like horn over his right eye, with a bunch of feathers and comb at the peak. Strings of beads hang over his shoulders and, if

he is a chief, two boar's teeth ornament the ends of the string. Arms and legs are decorated with bracelets made of palm leaf.

The Yap islanders to-day are industrious workers for this section of the world, and when once told how to do a job can finish it alone, something which few other islanders do. In recent years they have had hard luck. A typhoon on February 20, 1895, swept the island almost bare. About the time it was producing again one of the plant sicknesses prevalent in the tropics blighted the cocoanuts. That died out and the palms were again starting to bear when another typhoon struck the island, on December 7, 1920.

The principal industry of the island is drying cocoanuts into copra. Tho there is an abundance of other fruit and vegetables, it is all consumed by the natives. The houses are well constructed, and the villages are fairly clean.

Yap, instead of being a single island, as generally supposed, is a cluster of four high volcanic islands, surrounded by a coral atoll extending fifteen miles north-east and southwest and four and one-half miles across its widest point. Epp, which is the native name for Yap, is the southern and largest, the others being Torei, Map and Rumong.



NERVOUS AMERICANS

By Paul von Boeckmann

Lecturer and Author of numerous books and treatises on Mental and Physical Energy, Respiration, Psychology, and Nerve Culture

We are the most "high strung" people on Earth. The average American is a bundle of nerves, ever ready to spring into action, mentally and physically. The restless energy of Americans is proverbial.

We may well be proud of our alert, active, and sensitive nerves, as they indicate the highest state of civilization, courage, ambition, and force of character, but this high nerve tension has not been without its grave dangers and serious consequences. Neurologists agree that we are more subject to nervous disorders than any other nation. Our "Mile a Minute Life" is tearing our nerves to shreds and we are deteriorating into a nation of Neurasthenics.

Since the Nervous System generates the mysterious power we term Nerve Force, that controls and gives life and energy to every muscle, every vital organ, every drop of blood and cell of the body, nerve exhaustion necessarily must result in a long train of ailments and weaknesses.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says: "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased. In nearly every case it is Nerve Exhaustion—Lack of Nerve Force.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

FIRST STAGE: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

SECOND STAGE: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

THIRD STAGE: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and, in extreme cases, insanity.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve Force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves—how to relax, calm, and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Publisher's note: Prof. von Boeckmann is the scientist who explained the nature of the mysterious Psychophysic Force involved in the Coulton-Abbot Feats; a problem that had baffled the leading scientists of America and Europe for more than thirty years, and a full account of which has been published in the March and April issues of Physical Culture Magazine.

I have written a 64-page book which is pronounced by students of the subject to be the most valuable and practical work ever written on nerve culture. The title of the book is "Nerve Force." It teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the nerves. The cost is only 25 cents (coin or stamps). Address Paul von Boeckmann, Studio No. 123, 110 West 40th St., New York.

The only way to judge the value of this book is to read it, which you may do at my risk. In other words, if after applying the advice given in this book it does not meet your fullest expectations, I shall return your money, *plus* the out-

lay of postage you may have incurred. I have advertised my various books on health, breathing and other subjects in this and other magazines for more than 20 years, which is ample evidence of my responsibility and integrity. Over a million copies have been sold.

You should send for this book to-day. It is for you whether you have had

trouble with your nerves or not. Your nerves are the most precious possession you have. Through them you experience all that makes life worth living; for to be dull nerved means to be dull brained, insensible to the higher phases of life—love, moral courage, ambition and temperament. The finer your brain is, the finer and more delicate is your nervous system, and the more imperative it is that you care for your nerves. The book is especially important to those who have "high strung" nerves and those who must tax their nerves to the limit. The following are extracts from letters from people who have read the book and were greatly benefited by the teachings set forth therein.

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

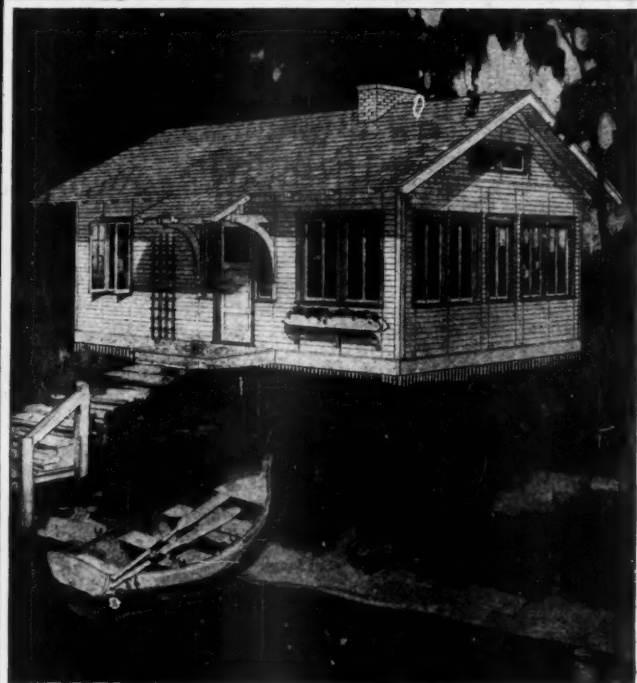
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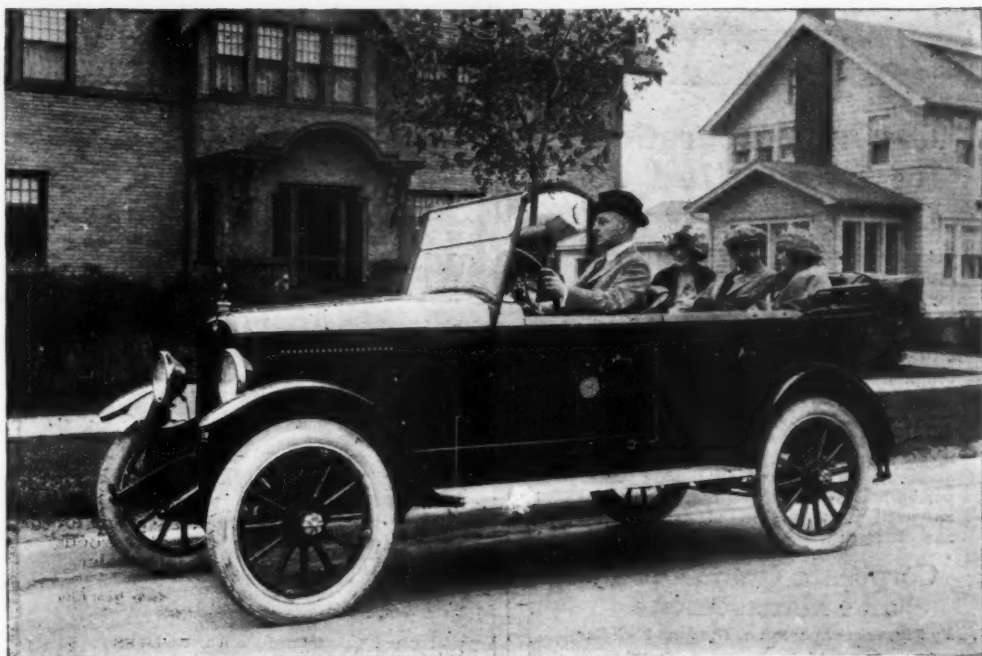
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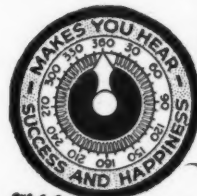
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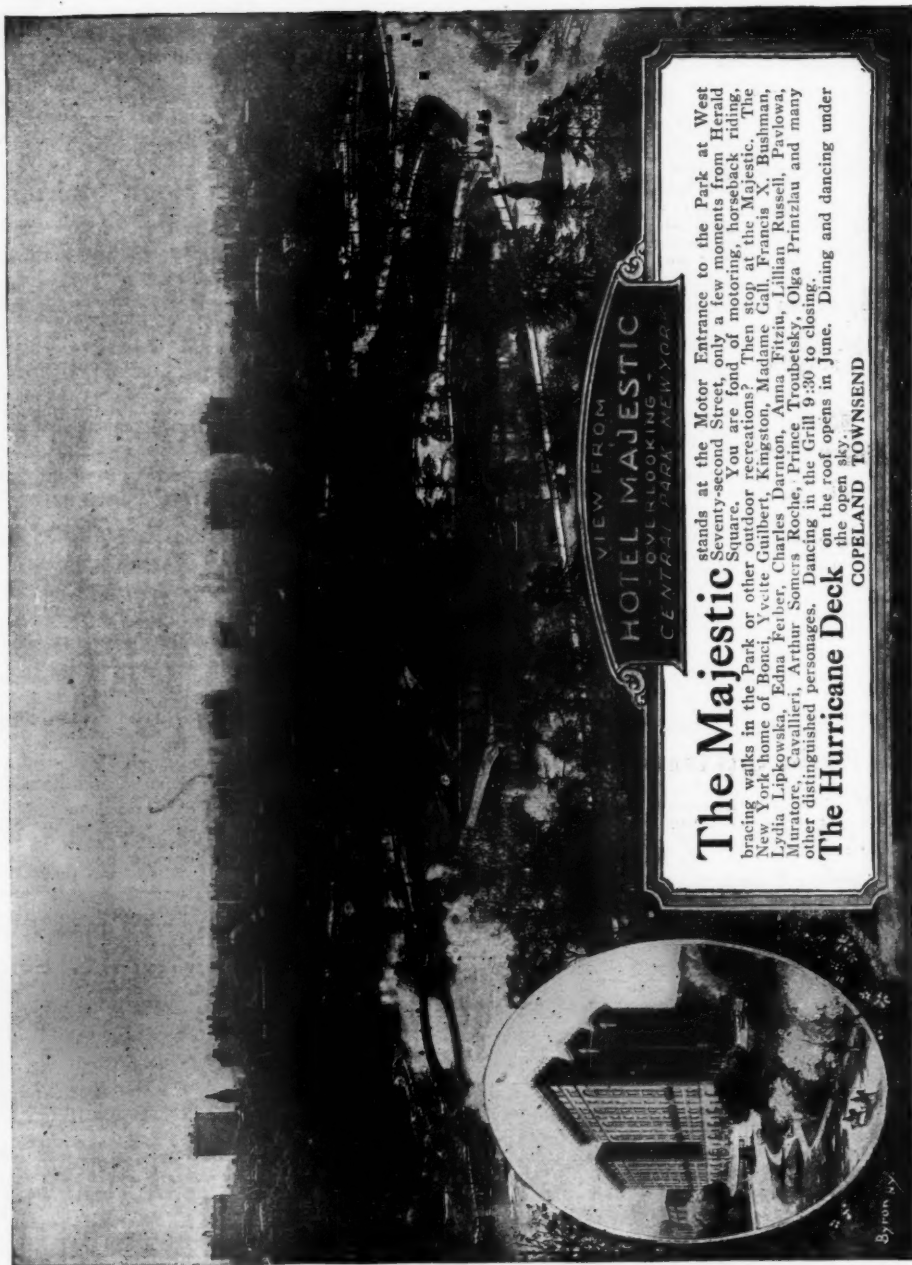
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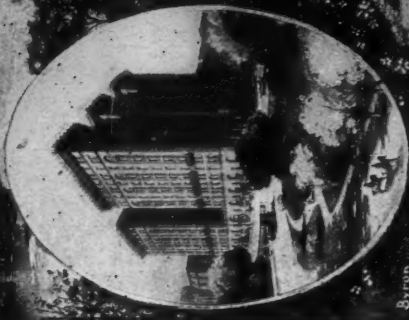


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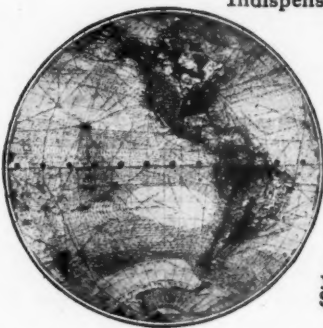
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